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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

PAPAL STATES,

FROM THEIR

SS.C.

ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT DAY.

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BY

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AUTHOR OF

"ROME UNDER PAG..ISM AN.. T.. E POP.."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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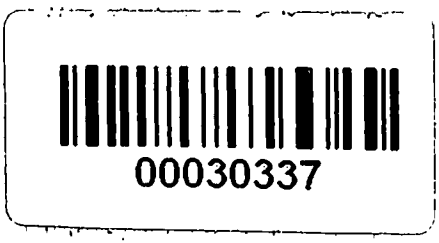

"One thing more we do most sincerely hope,—that the Romans will forget all nonsense about Romulus and Remus, and all the Brutuses; and give up the She-wolf, with all the sickly classicalities of Arcadia, and the puerilities of academical mythology. 'Rome of the Popes' is their birthplace, and the heroes of the Church are their best forefathers. 'Pagan Rome' is no longer theirs; it belongs to the schoolboys—to those who get impositions for not remembering who Mummius was, or how many divisions there are in an *As*."—*Dublin Review, No. XLVIII. p.* 485.

"If we calmly weigh the merits and defects of the ecclesiastical government, it may be praised in its present state, as a mild, decent and tranquil system, exempt from the dangers of a minority, the sallies of youth, the expenses of luxury, and the calamities of war."—Gibbon. *Decline and Fall, &c. ch. LXX. p.* 407.

"Presso agl'Italiani la tutela della publica libertà, e la potestà, che dee servir di freno a chi ha il governo in mano, male, anzi pessimamente sarebbe commessa ad assemblee numerose, popolari e publiche; e chi ciò facesse, non constituirebbe un modo laudabile di reggimento, ed aprirebbe la fonte di estremi, e forse eterni mali all' Italia."—Botta. *Storia d'Italia, l.* 50. *p.* 271.

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HISTORY OF THE PAPAL STATES.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

We have seen the Papacy at the head of the struggle for the emancipation of the "Church and the world," from a "despotism which sought to degrade mankind into beasts of prey and beasts of burden:"* we are next to behold it at the head of a memorable struggle for civil liberty. The latter, like the former conflict, characterised by vicissitudes the most startling and reverses the most terrible, was fierce, protracted, and often doubtful. But, "ultimately, the triumph of right over might, of liberty over tyranny, was signal and lasting." The haughty pretensions of Barbarossa were literally humbled to the dust, and the Lombard cities, grateful to Pope Alexander III., as to the chief author of their liberties, gave his name to the new city which was erected to commemorate their victorious assertion of their independence. Frederic Barbarossa,

* Edinb. Review, April, 1845, Art. "Hildebrand," p. 327.

in making a separate treaty of peace with this city, a short time after the peace of Venice in A.D. 1177, insisted that it should no more be called Alessandria, a name hateful to him as a monument of his humiliation and of the triumph of the Papacy over the Empire. It was decreed that it should thenceforth be called Cæsarea. But here again the enthusiasm of the people for the see of Peter proved an over match for Cæsar—that city continues to be called, not Cæsarea, but ALESSANDRIA, to the present day.*

A work relative to this subject, entitled the History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, by M. Sismonde de Sismondi, has attained to great celebrity. But this gifted writer detested the Popes. Never does he let slip an opportunity (and when such does not offer he often makes one) to disparage themselves and misrepresent their actions and their motives. Now, as it is notorious that the Popes were the life and soul of the Lombard League—the arch-antagonists of Barbarossa, around whose banner the men who struck for freedom ranged themselves, and thus the leading character of the historic drama, it may be easily surmised how great were the resources of that creative genius, by which M. de Sismondi was enabled to triumph over a difficulty hardly less embarrassing than that of the manager who produced the tragedy of Hamlet, with the part

* Vid. Muratori Annali L'Ital. an' 1183, p. 61.—Con obligatione di deporre il nome, primiero D'ALESSANDRIA, odiato da Federigo, e di chiamarsi CESAREA.

of Hamlet left out. The *history*, therefore, of the Lombard Republics, still remains to be written; which makes it the more fortunate for us, that we have merely to glance at the subject so as to render more intelligible certain transactions in the Papal States' history, to which we purpose to rigorously restrict ourselves in this concluding volume.

"The designs which are agitating the mind of the Teutonic Kaiser," writes John of Salisbury to a friend, "as it so happens, are no mystery to me. I was at Rome during the pontificate of Eugenius III., when some words, let fall inadvertently, revealed the inordinate tendencies of his ambition. To change the whole face of the empire, to subjugate the universe to Rome, to reduce the whole world beneath his power, all, it was said that all he needed was the concurrence of the Pope; that is to say, that the Pope should be ever ready to strike with the spiritual sword those against whom the Kaiser should unsheath the sword of the flesh. Up to the present time," concludes John, "no Pontiff has been found to consent to such iniquity."* We have the words of

* Joan. Salisb. Epist. 59, apud Rohrb. l. 69, p. 80—81. Barbarossa only wanted a Pope who would manœuvre the Church, so as to perform the part of an artillery brigade to a modern army; to be ready, like a cannoneer standing match in hand, to rake with anathemas and the thunders of the Vatican, all who should refuse to be the slaves of the Teutonic Kaiser. Some even who had grand parks of artillery of their own, were as eager as Barbarossa to have that of the Pope as well. Napoleon used to complain that the priests kept the soul, leaving the body only for his purposes.

Barbarossa himself to the same effect, in writing to his uncle, Otho of Frisinga, as the latter informs us in his history. Being crowned emperor of the "City and of the World"—"ORBIS ET URBIS," he had resolved, he said, not to wear an empty title.* Elsewhere the same historian, who enjoyed the bosom intimacy of his sceptred nephew, tells us that his soul was on fire with this ambition.† During his second descent on Lombardy, the Emperor put the question to the two celebrated jurists, Doctor Martinus and Doctor Bulgarius, as they rode out one day, one on each side of him, whether he was *de jure* the master of the world? Bulgarius said, that his Majesty's right over the world did not amount exactly to a right of property—that is to say, such a right as the husbandman hath to the fruits of his toil, the artisan to the production of his skill, or the merchant to what he has purchased; but Doctor Martinus, on the other side, maintained that the right of his Teutonic Majesty to the world was precisely of that description. Enraptured with the decision of Martinus, Barbarossa, bounding from the steed he was riding, presented it, on the spot, to the incomparable doctor of laws. On which the learned Bulgarius observed: "Amisi equum, quia dixi æquum, quod non fuit æquum;" that is, though I did solve it like a base sycophant, I am done out of the horse.‡

* De Ges. Fred. L. 2. c. 60. † Ib. L. 2. c. 1.

‡ Otto Morena. Hist. Laud. apud Murat. Scrip. Rer. Ital. l. 6. p. 1018. Otto himself very probably was of the party.

In short, the same delirium which from age to age has intermittingly affected the imaginations of the more excitable among the Romans and Italians generally, from gazing on the relics of Pagan grandeur and elegance, as well in the classic writers as in material structures, between which and themselves there is not a shadow of moral connection, (except, indeed, it be that of an antagonism of a most unmistakeable character,) the jurists of Bologna—where the study of the Roman law had been recently revived—were seized with a mania of the most fatal type, in favour of Roman, that is, of Heathen, despotism in its most baleful form. The four great legists of Bologna, namely, the aforementioned Martinus and Bulgarius with Doctors Jacobus and Hugo, all disciples of Guernieri the founder of the school, being summoned before the Emperor at the Diet of Roncaglia, held at Martinmas, A.D. 1158, were ordered to lay down the law as to the regalian rights belonging to him in Lombardy. They excused themselves from doing so, without first consulting with the local judges. Whereupon twenty-eight others, two from each of the Lombard cities, were commissioned by Frederic to consult with the four oracles of Bologna. Returning into the presence of the Emperor and of the assembly, consisting of the archbishops and bishops of the twenty-three principal Lombard sees, of a great number of princes, dukes, marquises, counts, and of the consuls and judges of all the cities, the lawyers reported

unanimously—the whole thirty-two—that to the Emperor alone belonged all the royalties, and that under that designation were included all the duchies, marquisates or marches, contados, consulats or townships, the right of coining money, of levying tolls, the monopoly of provisions, all tributes, sea-ports, mills, fisheries, and revenues of every sort derived from rivers !*

The Lombard sanctuary had been cleansed to a great extent by Hildebrand and the Popes who immediately followed him, but the hereditary prestige of race and of feudal ascendancy still remained unbroken. The ancient Romanze populations gathered in the cities who had fought the battle of the Church against the Lombard aristocracy in Church and State: upon them the battle of civil liberty is about to devolve. And the heirs of those who were partizans of the Henries, in their efforts to maintain the prescriptive abominations of simony are

* Otto Morena, ubi supra, p. 1017—1020. Such are the obligations of liberty to the lawyers, in the enthusiasm of their first fervour. But there have been glorious exceptions to the general rule, descending pure and undefiled from the great fountain head at Roncaglia. The school of Law at Bologna was loaded with privileges and favours by Frederic. It became a propaganda of principles the most slavish. Sycophancy towards the Frederics, Henries, and Othos, fanatical hostility to the independence and temporal dominion of the Papacy and to the freedom of the Italian cities and states, became its characteristics. The sect formed by the Jurists—for they did form a sect—was ever on the side of the oppressors of Italy, and against the Popes. See *Hurter, Innocent III.* t. 3. p. 108. *Mariotti, ubi supra,* vol. i.

now prepared to strike on the side of Barbarossa, in his efforts—cheered on by the jurists—to extirpate every vestige of civil liberty and natural right. The archbishop of Milan rose when the jurists had delivered themselves of their report, and threw over it the sanction of his unqualified approbation. "Your will," said his Grace, addressing the Emperor,—"your will is law—it is justice, according to the dictum of the code (the *Pagan* code), that whatever is pleasing to the prince has the force of law, seeing that it is with him and in him the entire power and empire of the people is reposed; for everything constituted by the emperor, or decreed, or ordered, whether by letter, sentence, or edict, acquires on the instant the sacredness of law."*

The Lombard clergy received a reprimand from Pope Hadrian IV.† for acquiescing in those tyrannical doctrines: the Lombard cities, especially Milan, already at war with Barbarossa, resolved not to submit to them, though sanctioned by 100,000 German lances; and thus began the alliance of the

* Ib. c. 4. Sismondi gives an extract from the Archbishop's address—"Votre volonté même fait a elle seule la règle de justice: une lettre de vous, une santance, un edit, deviennent a l'instant la loi du peuple."—But his readers would never imagine that his Grace had only risen to re-echo what the four oracles of Bologna, assisted by the eight and twenty judges, had solemnly and unanimously defined; that is, they could never collect from Sismondi's HISTORY how this not unimportant transaction *really* took place. Vid. *Hist. des Rep. Ital. etc.* t. 1, p. 302.

† Rohrb. l. 69. p. 98.

people and the Popes, in this arduous but sacred struggle for civil liberty. But to connect these great transactions with the history of the Papal States, we shall be obliged for a few paces to retrace our steps.

With the first visit of Barbarossa to his Lombard subjects, the days of Attila returned. That garden of the earth, he ravaged with fire and sword, and whenever he could overtake them made an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants. The process he pursued with cities was this. Free rein was first given to his semibarbarous and licentious troops to deal with the inhabitants—their lives, property, and honour—as their passions might suggest; the city was next set on fire in different places and burned: the walls, and whatever survived the fury of the conflagration, were then industriously subverted, so as to leave of the former sojourn of happiness and prosperity only a disfigured and solitary mass of ruins.* It was thus he served Tortona twice, Piacenza, Crema, Spoleti, and Milan afterwards, besides several others. His own kinsman, Otho of Frisinga says, that the Lombard cities met in Barbarossa a more ruthless destroyer than Pagan Rome had met with in Alaric. The

* "L'Empereur fit raser les murailles de Plaisance, combler ses fossés et battre ses tours."—*Sismondi, ubi supra*, t. 1. p. 304.

citizens of Crema, he threw by means of the balista and other engines, from his camp into their native town. He used to cut off the hands of the peasants and husbandmen. In A.D. 1174 he burned Susa. He even strove to burn St. Peter's.

Pope Hadrian was residing at Viterbo, when he heard that this tyrant was on his march, expecting to receive the imperial crown at his hands at Rome. Not choosing to leave himself at his mercy, he withdrew to the citadel of Città di Castello, a fortress deemed impregnable in those ages.* From thence he negotiated through his legates and the ambassadors, who continued to pass to and fro between the Pope's head-quarters and those of Frederic who lay at San Quirico in the Sienese, until all preliminaries were adjusted. The Pope refused to meet him or to give him the imperial crown, until it was reported to him by the legates, that by the most solemn oaths upon the relics of the saints, the cross, and the gospels, the king had bound himself not to harm Pope Hadrian or his cardinals in life, members, liberty, honour, or any of their rights or possessions; to resist all attempts to do them injury, and for any injury they might suffer to make reparation. A time and place was then appointed for their meeting. This, like many another memorable scene, took place close to the walls of Sutri. Barbarossa's camp was spread over

* "Ad civitatem Castellanum festinanter ascendit, præsidium inexpugnabile."—*Acta Hadr. ap. Baron.* an. 1155. n. 5.

a memorable plain—the Val grasso—where the verdure grew the more luxuriantly, from the tide of battle having often ebbed and flowed thereon in bygone times—now carrying the champions of Etruscan freedom to victory, and now their Roman invaders: until, after rolling to and fro during ages of warlike vicissitudes, the last blood-crested wave, alas, bore the irresistible aggressor to his triumph.

The Pope made two days of it from Città di Castello, pausing about midway at Nepi. The German princes, and a great procession of ecclesiastics and lay persons came forth to meet him as he approached to where Barbarossa and his army lay encamped beneath the walls of Sutri; but as the king did not appear to render the accustomed homage to the successor of the Apostle, by holding his stirrup as he alighted, the cardinals and the bishops of the Pope's suite turned their horses' heads and retreated again to Città di Castello. When Hadrian had alighted and was seated, surrounded by his attendants in the throne prepared for him, the king came and prostrated himself before him, and having kissed his feet, approached to receive the kiss of peace. But the Pope said, this token of mutual goodwill he must refuse so long as that honour was withheld from him which it had been the custom of the orthodox Emperors to render to his predecessors through respect for the Apostles. The king, maintaining that he was not bound to hold rein or stirrup for the Pope, refused; but Hadrian was firm in maintain-

ing that such homage was his right, and that until this form was complied with it would be impossible to proceed.

To correctly appreciate the tone assumed by the Pope towards the haughty Barbarossa, on this occasion, it must be remembered that Hadrian IV. had risen to that throne in which he is now seated, from being a beggar boy. Born at St. Alban's, in England, of humble parents, and without any means of subsistence but such as was doled out to him at the convent gates, young Nicholas Breakspear—for such was Pope Hadrian's original name—after making his way to France, and after many wanderings and privations, from being an outcast youth, and a mendicant at the porch of Saint-Ruf, a noble monastery of Provence, became its abbot. His government becoming distasteful after some time to the community, who had unanimously elected him and in a manner forced him to be their abbot, they sent envoys on two successive occasions to complain of him to the Pope. After listening to the charges on the second occasion, Eugenius III. who was the then reigning Pontiff, said: "You are right, he is not fit to be your abbot: go, therefore, and elect another; as for this Nicholas, I name him Cardinal-bishop of Albano." He served as legate in all the countries of the north. He is described by his contemporaries as a man full of kindliness and good nature, mild,

patient, profound: versed in Greek and Latin literature: eloquent: a complete master in ecclesiastical music: powerful in handling the Word of God, not easily ruffled, prone to forgive, liberal of alms and gifts, and altogether a most amiable and perfect character. It is not so stated in any record that we know of, but it is likely that Hadrian was thus exacting in the case of Barbarossa, of the full meed of honour which by venerable and immemorable custom was his right, lest the Apostolic dignity should seem to contract a stigma from his own lowly origin. At length, when the king became convinced—both from the testimony of those who had been present at the interview between the Emperor Lothair and Pope Innocent II. and from the ancient records which he caused to be examined—and when he saw there was not the slightest likelihood that Hadrian would give in, he made up his mind to act as equerry to the Pontiff. In effect, he did so the next day, in the presence of his whole army, and then Pope Hadrian admitted him to the kiss of peace. This first encounter must have convinced Barbarossa that Hadrian IV. was not of one mind with the jurists who had told him at Roncaglia, that his "will was law."

The envoys of the Arnaldist faction, at that moment in revolt and in possession of the Capitol and of all the city on that side the Tiber, exhibit a very

different spirit in the harangue they address to Barbarossa on arriving at his camp. Thus they begin:—"Ambassadors of the Eternal City, we—Urbis legati nos, urbis non *parvum momentum!*" Then these sons of Brutus add:—"Rex optime, ad *tuam* a Senatu Populoque Romano, destinati sumus *excellentiam*—Best of Kings, we come to your excellency from the senate and the Roman people." Their city is "Alma Orbis Domina"—very true of the CITY OF ST. PETER, but the City haunting their distempered fancies had ceased for ages to exist. Alaric struck it the first blow, Totila gave it the *coup de grace*. Of this "Alma Orbis Domina," the second Attila is implored to become the "Princeps, Imperator, et Dominus"!! by these champions of republican liberty. As he "affects to sway the sceptre of the world," let him come and establish his universal monarchy in Rome, which is "Orbis Urbs," and from thence crush the "insolence" of the nations—very proper doctrines for liberals. He, Barbarossa, is to know—"Scis"—that it is not alone the whole world "from ocean to ocean" that the Senate and Equestrian order, whom they (the present ambassadors) have the honour to represent, have vanquished; they fearlessly stepped beyond its limits, and conquered one knows not how many islands not belonging to the world at all;—"a mari usque ad mare palmites extendens—insulas extra orbem positas orbi adjiciens." Their valour he may judge of from the fact that nothing could stop it;—

"Non procellosi fluctus, non scapulosæ et inaccessabiles rupes Alpium." The spokesman of the Campidoglio then requests the particular attention of his "excellency," Barbarossa, to a few observations personal to himself; "for he thinks it right to begin from Jupiter" "etenim ab Jove principium." Then looking Barbarossa straight in the face, he continued:—"You were a foreigner—hospes eras; I have made you a citizen—civem feci; a wanderer in transalpine places, I have made a prince of you! —Advena fuisti, ex transalpinis partibus, principem constitui." This successor to Marcus Tullius (considered on the Campidoglio to be second only to Arnald of Brescia himself) was only beginning—just warming to the subject; his "excellency" Barbarossa, however, could stand it no longer. "Inflamed with just indignation," as his historian says, he suddenly unsheathed an eloquence which fell upon them as the sword of Brennus or Alaric had fallen on the real Romans of old. When he came to the charge for "expenses"—5000 lbs. of silver—he cries, "Proh nefas! a tuo, Roma, exigis principe, quod quilibet lixa potius petere deberet ab institore." —Such were the disciples of Arnald, who were to become "Lords of the world." Rome, he told them scornfully, was no longer what they imagined. The power of the heathen city had passed, first to the Greeks, then to the Franks. "It is not true that I come," he continued, "on your invitation, or that I am your citizen or your prince; I am

your master! As for the oath you demand, it is not for subjects to dictate laws to their sovereign; as for 'five thousand pounds of silver,' am I your prisoner, that I must bargain with you for my ransom? If what you crave be alms—know that I am accustomed to dispense such, not by bargain, but at my own discretion."*

But fierce and crushing as was this invective—this speech from the throne to the would-be "lords of the world"—the merciless tyrant whom they, the disciples of the "Apostle of liberty" forsooth, came to flatter and entreat to plant his iron-shod heel upon their necks (so tired are they of the paternal sway of the successors of St. Peter), has a peroration in store for them, which he will deliver ere to-morrow's sun has set, with such an emphasis as to leave no room to hesitate between the crozier of the Pontiff and the sword of Barbarossa.

It, ere long, became the darling project of Barbarossa to depose the Pontiff, at whose hand, on the following day, he received the title, the insignia, and the authority of another Charlemagne, before the altar of St. Peter. From what had happened at their first meeting, it was not difficult for him to conjecture that Hadrian was not the sort of Pope to do his work; and that if his schemes of universal

* Barbarossa's speech would be too long to translate. Demosthenes never spoke with greater force. No doubt the report of Otho of Frisinga has done him more than justice.

conquest were to depend on the excommunicating power being brought to bear on all objects pointed out by his ambition, their triumph was not likely to take place so long as that English beggar held the Papal throne. The existence of these dispositions were no secret to the Pope; no one knew better the power and vengeful passions of the autocrat who had justly earned for himself the reputation of a second Attila. He knew his own embarrassing position. The Norman power of the south which had been the main stay of his predecessors in the war of investitures, being now wielded by William the Bad, was no better than a broken rod to lean on. Indeed the Pope, while in his own city of Benevento, was besieged by William in the year 1156. The Great Countess, too, the Deborah of the former conflict, had gone to her reward; and to crown his perplexities, the inhabitants of a moiety of his own capital had become hardened in their revolt. Yet all this could not deter him from the calm peremptory vindication of the rights confided to his wardship, or induce him to dissemble, even where the delinquent was to all appearance armed with the power, as he most certainly was with the will, to crush him.

Under the same pretence, of which Napoleon availed himself in the present century, with regard to the injured Josephine, the Empress Adelaide, his first wife, was repudiated by Frederic. He then, in A.D. 1156, attempted marriage with Beatrice, who brought him the opulent and powerful realm of

Burgundy as her dower. A prompt and energetic remonstrance against this procedure from Hadrian was the first; the second and more immediate cause of the explosion of the emperor's wrath which soon after took place, was this. One of the most eminent and venerated personages of his time was Eskil, archbishop of Lunden. In a visit to the Limina Apostolorum, he had been received with great distinction, and was appointed legate for Denmark and Sweden; but being on his return through Germany to his own country, he was seized by some of the titled brigands, who, falling sword in hand on the aged prelate, and his suite, first plundered and maltreated him in a manner the most savage, and then threw him into one of those feudal dungeons from which the transition to the grave, such were their horrors, was an enviable release. An outrage so atrocious was soon bruited through all countries. Frederic winked at it, however, and the perpetrators were far from having forfeited his good graces. The Pope wrote demanding redress.* But justice still slumbered, and the letter remained unnoticed. Two legates were then selected from the Sacred College. They were the bearers of a second letter from the Pontiff. It is a document in which the firm assertion of right and the claims of justice are made to harmonize with a spirit of dignified conciliation and charity.† It was presented to the emperor at Besan-

* Vid. Pagi, an. 1157. n. 3.

† Vid. Radevic. l. 1. c. 9. Mansi, Epist. 2. p. 789.

çon—where the legates found him adjusting the affairs of the new kingdom he had acquired by his union with Beatrice—or rather it was read aloud by Roland, cardinal of St. Marks, at the public audience.

Having set forth the outrage, of which the venerable Eskil—an archbishop, the legate of the Apostolic See, a peaceful stranger journeying through his kingdom had been made the victim—the letter, in language the most conciliating, alludes to the rumour that the guilty parties instead of being punished, have risen in favour. Why such a policy should have been adopted by the emperor, to the manifest abetting of outrage, where the cries of justice conspired with what was due to the Holy See, in the persons of its ambassadors, to dictate a course the very opposite of this, the Pope protested that he could not imagine. "For our conscience," he continues, "does not reproach us with having acted in anywise to the detriment of your glory. On the contrary, we have always loved you with a sincere charity—in proof whereof, most glorious son, you have only to recall to mind, with what honour and affection you were received last year by your mother, the holy Roman Church, and how in all cordiality she conferred on you the plenitude of authority, represented by the insignia and the imperial crown. We repent not of this, but on the contrary, had benefits still greater, if that were possible, been received by your majesty at our hands, we should have rejoiced at it, considering

the immense good you have it in your power to effect for the Church of God and for us."

The imperial Chancellor who interpreted the letter sentence by sentence, into the Teudesque tongue, that it might be understood by the emperor and his paladins, gave this passage such a turn as to make it appear that Frederic was the vassal of the Apostolic See, not only for the imperial dignity, but also as king of the Teutonic realm: for the word "beneficia,"—benefits, favours—of the original was rendered by the Chancellor according to the German idiom, as if it meant *fiefs* or *feudal benefices*; and as empire and kingdom are expressed in German by the same word, it was not plain that Frederic's homage was not claimed in both capacities—as king and as kaiser. The latter pretension, however, which could never have been suggested but from the poverty of the language, was not even alleged as the ground of the explosion of wrath the most violent which followed, the moment the Chancellor had done translating the sentence. The ambition of Frederic, as we have said, was to revive the despotism of the Pagan Cæsars, in all its universality and intensity, and in what spirit his views were seconded by the new hierarchy or sect of the Jurists, we have also seen. Ignoring one of the most memorable transactions in history, namely, the establishment of the Christian empire of the West in the person of Charlemagne, for the avowed purpose of raising up an "advocatus," or champion

of the see of St. Peter, the Jurists, in their fanaticism for the Pagan codex,—the tenets of which were for them a religion,—insisted that between the relation in which Frederic Barbarossa, and Tiberius, or Trajan stood to Augustus, there was not a shadow of difference! The fact that a Pope was the founder of the imperial dignity; the fact that its primary object was to uphold the See of Peter, which it was the primary object of the Pagan Cæsars to annihilate; the fact that the Carlovingians, who were the first to be invested with the imperial dignity, (and from whom it was the boast of all the succeeding dynasties that they derived it,) had ever rested their claim to it on the Papal authority;*—all this, with the still, if

* This is the position taken by Ludovic II, when vindicating his claim to the title of Emperor of the Romans. Ex quâ (*i. e.* from the Papal authority) et regnandi prius (alluding to Pepin and the Popes Zachary and Stephen) et postmodum imperandi auctoritatem prosapia nostra seminarium sumpsit. Epist. Ludov. II. ad Basil. Imp. apud Baron. an. 891.

A constitution of an antipope, Leo VIII., intruded by Otho the Great John XII. being still alive—Leonis Antipapæ, Cenni, t. 2. Dissert. iv. p. 165—first edited from Cod. Vatic. no. 1984, by Georgius, in nov. ed. Ann. Lucencio, copied from Theodore Niemo by Goldasti (Const. Nup. t. i. p. 221.) and given by Baronius, ad an. 964. n. 22, is the only semblance of proof the German Jurisconsults can adduce to support their assumption. Struvius de Jure Publ. says, c. i. § 3.: "*Ex hoc pocto, inquit, jura Imp. Romani, quod hucusque Franci possederant, ad Germanos delati, sunt petendo,*" &c. p. 167.

Thenceforward the possession of the Germanic crown became a *sine qua non* for the obtaining the empire, as is clear from the case of Conrad, brother of Fred. Duke of Suevia and Lothario II.

possible, more startling fact, that Barbarossa himself had recently stooped to the office of the Pope's stirrup-holder, not from spontaneous reverence for the vicar of the Apostle as the Carlovingians were wont to do, but in order to secure from the Pope's hands the concession of that dignity which he and the Jurists would have the world believe had devolved on him as had the purple of Augustus on the Pagan Cæsars, was regarded as nothing. The excuse long wished for, to proclaim that hostility openly against Hadrian which had long been smouldering in his breast, was too telling to be let slip. It was seized therefore with fury. On the obnoxious expression above mentioned being read, "the emperor," says Hadrian, in a subsequent letter to the German bishops, "broke forth into such wrath, and so overwhelmed the legates, men emi-

(ad 1138.) The order was—1st, to be crowned in Germany, usually at Aix-la-Chapelle, "Rex Romanorum;" next, in Italy the Emperor *elect* received the Iron crown (of Lombardy at Monza), and thus was *qualified*, but not entitled as of right, to the imperial crown. The candidate, even after receiving both crowns, was not emperor *de jure*, until the Pope (who could reject him) had chosen him for that dignity. This is manifest from the case of Henry IV., of the aforementioned Conrad II., of Rudolph, of Adolphus, of Albertus I., of Ludovicus Bavarus, of Winceslaus, of Robertus, of Albertus II., and of Maximilian, all of whom were Reges Romanorum, but not emperors. And this supreme power over the empire is clearly evinced by the Codex Rudolphinus, and by the Aurea Bulla Caroli IV., quâ sanctius monumentum jurisconsulti iidem (germanici) constantissime affirmant non reperiri.—*Cenni*, p. 168.

nent amongst our brethren, and so violently assailed ourselves with the most injurious epithets, that it makes me sad to think of it."* And Frederic himself, in his violent manifesto against the Pope, says that it was with difficulty he restrained the palladins from cutting the legates to pieces on the spot. When the clamour was at its height, the Cardinal Roland of San Marco, unmoved in his serenity by the wrath of Barbarossa and the menaces of his courtiers and barons, calmly said, "If not from the Pope, then, from whom, will they inform us, has the Emperor received the crown?" The head of the legate had fallen with the last syllable of his question, had not the arm of Otho de Wittelsbach, Count Palatine of Bavaria, been restrained by the grasp of Frederic. Nevertheless, he drove the legates from his presence, and ordered them without delay to quit the kingdom. He forthwith interdicted all intercourse with Rome under the severest penalties, and then issued a manifesto, which bears an ominous likeness to those of Napoleon against Pius VII. The legates are "two caitiff priests," the Pope "the promoter of discord;" as for his own character, at a time when he was moving heaven and earth to reduce the Concordat of Worms to a dead letter, he sketches it thus: "Now, as up to the present we have applied ourselves to deliver from the thraldom of the Egyptians the honour and the liberty of the Churches—a liberty but too long oppressed

* Vid. Radevic. l. 1. c. 15.

under the yoke of an unjust servitude ; and as we seek to preserve intact all their rights and dignities, we would have you all to participate in the indignation we feel at the enormous outrage offered to us and to the empire : persuaded that in your fidelity, devoted and indivisible, you will not brook that the honour of the empire, *coeval with the foundation of Rome, and the institution of the Christian religion,* shall in your days be curtailed by an innovation so unheard of."*

Passing over the epistolary war that followed, we come to another scene between the Emperor and the Papal legates. Frederic lay encamped in the environs of Bologna, after the Easter of 1159, when four legates presented themselves with the following demands on the part of Hadrian IV : "It being the right of St. Peter to appoint to all offices in the magistracy of Rome, and to receive all tributes called royalties, the Emperor shall not send a nuncio to interfere with the exercise of these rights ; forage shall not be levied by him within the Papal dominions, except at the time of his coronation ; the Italian bishops are to be called on only for the oath of fidelity, but not to pay homage to the Emperor." Moreover, his Holiness demanded the restitution of such portions of the States as had been usurped, as also the tribute

* Radevic. l. 1. c. 10. Frederic had no doubt as to the historical proficiency of his subjects, to whom he addressed these rather original views, as to the imperial dignity conferred on him by the Popes, dating as high as the FOUNDATION OF ROME!

of Ferrara, of Massa, and of all the provinces bequeathed by the Countess Matilda; of all the territory from Aquapendente to Rome, of the Duchy of Spoleti and of the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. To the first, Barbarossa thus replied: "He says that the magistracy and regalia dues of Rome appertain to St. Peter. This article is important, and demands mature deliberation; for as I am Roman Emperor by Divine ordination, I wear but an empty title if Rome is not mine."* In a letter written by Hadrian to the Archbishop of Cologne, not long after this date, we find this remarkable warning: "This division, which the Emperor provokes, will recoil on his own head. He is like the dragon who sought to fly through heaven, and dragged after his tail the third part of the stars. But his fall was into the abyss, leaving to his imitators this lesson: 'Whoever exalteth himself shall be humbled.'"† Nothing, in short, could be more menacing than the language on both sides; the formal rupture, however, between the Church and the Empire was reserved for the pontificate of Hadrian's successor, who was Alexander III.

The obsequies of Hadrian IV.—whose remains, (though he died at Anagni on the 1st of September, 1159,) were deposited beside those of his immediate

* Radevic. l. 2. c. 30. Ap. Rohrb. l. 69. p. 103, 104.

† Hahn. Collectio Monumentar. t. i. p. 122.

predecessor, Eugenius III., in St. Peter's—having been performed, the election was entered on as prescribed by the constitution of Nicholas II., exactly one hundred years previously; and after three days spent in fasting, prayer, and works of mercy, the deliberations ended in the election of Alexander III.—that same Roland of San Marco whose head was in such risk, for asking,—"From whom, then, if not from the Pope, did the Emperor receive the diadem?"—He was a native of Siena, the son of Feruccio. From Pisa, where he first served the Church as a canon of the cathedral, he was invited to Bologna, and there attained to such renown, not only as a professor—at a time when Gratian taught in the same schools—but also as one distinguished by the most eminent virtue and an address that won him all hearts,—that he was summoned to Rome by the venerable Eugenius III., who named him to the title of San Marco. Soon after he appointed him Chancellor of the holy Roman Church, for he was profoundly versed in knowledge sacred and profane—together with being prudent, affable, patient, merciful, meek, sober, chaste, open-handed to the poor, and indefatigable in every good work."*

The election of Alexander had been all but unanimous—there being but three cardinals out of the entire college who did not give him their votes—and it was not without a struggle that his brethren suc-

* Vid. Murat. Rer. Ital. Script. t. iii. p. 448. Baron. ad an. 1159.

ceeded in placing on him the insigina of an office, of which he foresaw the dangers, and of which he loudly protested he was not worthy. But that said Otho de Wittelsbach, Count Palatine of Bavaria, whose sword had such a tendency, on a former occasion, to lop off the very head now selected to wear the tiara, had been for some time in Rome. He and the Count de Blandrate were there as Frederic's ambassadors, by every means—*per fas aut nefas*—to secure such a Pope as the Kaiser required.

That the schemes of the Emperor should have recoiled in defeat and humiliation on his own head, seem very surprising. According to all human foresight and calculation, they ought to have triumphed. They were planned in a manner that would do credit to the greatest general in any age—indeed, one who stood pre-eminent as such in the present century, would seem, when making war on Pius VII., to have had them in view. For carrying them out also, Barbarossa had at his command the most unbounded resources,—he was then in all the force and pride of manhood, at the head of a vast and mighty empire in which his will was law; while those who were not inclined that the Church also should be similarly submitted to his dictation, apparently had nothing on their side but truth, the enthusiasm of faith, and eternal justice. Nor can it be said it was for want of perseverance Barbarossa failed. Through seventeen years of incessant conflicts, he renewed the persecution in every shape, and with

an animosity, a perfidy, and a brutality of vengeance, of which the worst of the Pagan Cæsars, whom he claimed as his predecessors, need not have been ashamed. In fine, though the Popes of his creation did not seem to prosper—falling off rapidly one by one, Barbarossa was never disconcerted thereby, but filled the vacancy as easily as a gap in the ranks.

A short time previous to the demise of Pope Hadrian, the Emperor writes in the following terms to all the archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the empire: "The great want of the age is a Pope who will secure peace to the Churches. But, alas! we have our apprehensions that at the coming election there will be divisions at Rome: let us, therefore, exhort and request, that you will withhold your approval of any one whom they may elect there, until you have previously consulted us. Know, also, that our ambassadors in France and England have already secured, that between the kings of those countries and us there shall be but the same thought and the same wish."* What more could human foresight suggest, so far as the foreign relations, for securing the Emperor's object?

The next step was to take care that the "apprehended divisions at Rome" should infallibly happen. For this purpose two cardinals, who had been kept safely under lock and key by the Emperor, were liberated for the occasion, and sent to Rome—furnished no doubt with the best advice as to how they

* Bouquet, t. xvi. p. 686.

were to dispose of their votes—that is, to give them in favour of a certain Octavian, who was probably of the Alberics. He bore the same name as John XII. of ill-omened memory; he belonged to a family then most potent in Rome, and in the discords of the late pontificate had been ever loudly and violently on the side of the Emperor.*

The energy in action of Barbarossa's instruments was only to be surpassed by the mastery and judgment with which their parts in the great drama had been cast. Proving himself not unworthy of the rôle that was assigned him, Octavian threw himself on the Pope-elect in the conclave, while the cardinals and assistants were adjusting the Papal insignia on his person. The purple with which they had robed the pontiff, Octavian laid hold of, and in a fit of phrenetic rage endeavoured by main force to tear it from his shoulders. Defeated in the attempt by the intervention of one of the Senators who was standing near, he cried out to his chaplain to bring him the pontifical robe with which he came provided; but in his hurry, he put it on wrong side foremost. This excited laughter, and thenceforward the populace had no name for the antipope but Smantacompagno.† But if the laugh was against

*Ibid. Rohrb. l. 69. p. 82.

† "In tantam vesaniam quod ipsum (mantum) tanquam arreptícius a collo ejus (Alexandri) propriis manibus violenter abstulerit. Clamans—et innuens ut mantum quod secum postaverat celeriter sibi offerret—mantum impudenter assumpsit. Sed divino judicio

Octavian, the money power and the imperial ambassadors were with him. The bands of armed men who were held in pay for that purpose, bursting into the conclave sword in hand, the bishops and cardinals—foreseeing that they would be laid hold of and forced by violence to the audacious usurper—betook themselves into the strong tower which was at that time attached to St. Peter's.* Their place of refuge speedily became their prison. They were kept closely guarded there day and night, by those who were commissioned and paid for supporting the Emperor's Pope; and when at length, after they had been for nine days thus shut up, the public indignation became too menacing to be further provoked, under pretence of setting the Pope and his cardinals at liberty, they transferred them to a fortress in Trastevere, still stronger than that of St. Peter's, and where they were completely at their mercy. "Great, says an eye-witness of these scenes,

contigit, quod ea pars manti, quæ operire anteriora debuerat, videntibus cunctis atque ridentibus, posteriora contexit.——Et alia derisoria verba decantabant nominantes eum *lingua vulgari*, smantacompagnum." From a contemporary biography of Alex. III. ap. Baron. ann. ad an. 1159. n. 30, 31. et. Murat. Rer. Ital. ss. t. iii. p. 448.

* "Armatorum catervæ quas prætio conduxerat, evaginatis gladiis cum magno stepitu cucurrerunt. Fratres vero inspicientes tam execrabile facinus, et a sæculis in auditum: timentes etiam ne ab eisdem conductis armatis adorare erectum idolum cogerentur, in munitionem dictæ ecclesiæ cum suo Electo, sese pariter recesserunt."—*Ib.*

was the grief of the clergy; the judges and seniors of Rome were weighed down with sorrow, and a helpless stupor had seized the people, until at length, after the august victims of persecution had been three days in the dungeons of their new prison, the spirit of Hector Frangipani and the other nobles who were of the same mind could brook the outrage no longer." They marched at the head of the Roman people against the fortress and so terrified those who held it, that the gates were thrown open, and the Pope and cardinals left at liberty to depart. This they did, surrounded by joyous multitudes, amidst hymns and peals of joy ringing from all the belfries, as they passed on their way towards the south under a strong escort of their deliverers, that thus they might be beyond the reach of the arch-enemy of the Church. They halted at Cisterna, a secure position,—midway between Velletri and Terracina, on the verge of the marshes. There, on Sunday the 20th of September, A.D. 1159, Pope Alexander III. was consecrated according to the ritual of the Church, and crowned, as the biographer expresses it, "with the turbinated mitre, adorned with a crown,"—that is, with the tiara of that day. The cardinal-bishop of Ostia, as Dean of the Sacred College, officiated, assisted by the cardinal-bishops of Sabina, Porto, and Albano: the bishops of Segni and Terracina, with the cardinal-presbyters and deacons, being present—besides a multitude of abbots, priors, judges, advocates and notaries of the

Roman courts, the Primicerius and Schola Cantorum, a great many of the nobility, *et plurima parte populi Romani.** The Pope then fixed his residence at Terracina, a position incapable of being surprised: impregnable: opening on the sea: the key at once of his own dominions and of the south—where William the Good of Sicily and the whole Norman power were, ere long, to be enthusiastic in his favour.

The mighty Barbarossa was, in the meantime, proceeding with his plans on a scale of the most imposing grandeur, as may be imagined from the imperial ordonnance in which he reserves it to himself to decide—after mature and impartial investigation—the claims of the two pretenders between whom he informs the world that, as he had predicted, the Church is now unfortunately torn asunder. "I, Frederic," he begins, "by the grace of God, Emperor of the Romans and eternal Augustus, &c. Seeing that, as there is but one God, one Pope, one Emperor, the Church also ought to be one: we cannot utter it without grief, that two laying claim to the Apostleship have started up at Rome. Wherefore, as it appertains to the imperial office by Divine ordination, to save the Church from such evils, we convoke a Council to be held at Pavia (his own capital) in the octave of Epiphany." He then proceeds to say that he has summoned thereto not only the prelates of the whole Christian world, but also the "two pretenders" to the successorship of St. Peter,

* Acta et Vit. Alex. *ubi supra.*

that his invitation to attend the Council is to be considered as having the force of a command; in the interim, it is interdicted to adhere to either of the two, "calling themselves Popes."*

Devouring, however, as was the solicitude of Frederic to secure the "peace of the Churches," and—enthroned in the Council of Pavia, to give to the Apostolic See a Pontiff with whom the one only Emperor of the world could proceed in harmony—his hands were so full of other work (the siege and destruction of Cremona, to wit, which he reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins) that the Council convened for Epiphany was not held till the Lent of 1160, it being impossible for Frederic to be present sooner; and, as may be imagined, it would never do to have the Fathers deliberate or decide during his absence. We have testimony of two kinds as to the manner in which this solemn investigation, entered on as a hypocritical pretence by the tyrant reeking from the destruction of Cremona, was conducted. The one consists in the precise, dispassionate statements of two Englishmen of that day: the other consists of the fact that Radevicus—the panegyrist of Frederic—(who had taken up the history of his exploits where it had been left off by Otho of Frisinga, the Emperor's kinsman,) and Gunther, a noble poet, whose muse till then had hymned the praises of Frederic, are both so shocked at the scandals enacted in the conciliabulum of

* Radevicus, ap. Baron. an. 1159. n. 52, 53.

Pavia; that the historian throws down his pen, and the muse of the noble Gunther hangs her head in shame and eternal silence.* After dwelling on the outrageous irregularity of the whole proceeding at Pavia, and insisting on the first principle of the ancient canons—that to judge the Roman Church is reserved to God alone—that most accomplished prelate John of Salisbury, in writing to his friend Roul de Serre, at that time at Rheims, continues thus:—"Who has subjected the Church universal to the Germans, or constituted them the judges of other nations? Who has given authority to them—as arrogant as they are brutal—to dictate according to their fantasy who is to be the head of all mankind? Their blind fury has made them attempt it more than once; but each time, through the grace of God, the attempt has been confounded."† This is in allusion to the seven antipopes raised up in succession by Henry IV. He then proceeds to inform his friend of what he had discovered as to Frederic's schemes for establishing a universal empire through the instrumentality of the Papacy. William of New-

* "Stetit et hic ipse auctor Radevicus, qui in ipsum Fredericum duos libros appendices ad Ottonem Frisingsem conscripsit, in quarum posterioris postrema parte laudes celebrans ipsius imperatoris, libens volensque finem scribendi fecit, conscientia repercussus. Ubi enim andivit, &c.—Eadem quoque causa (ut apparet) Guntherum cohibuit nobilem hujus temporis poetam ——cumque ulterius prosequi (ub ipse profitetur) instituisset, turpitudine rerum omnino conticuit."—Vid. *Baron.* ad an. 1160, n. 30.

† Joan. Sarisb., Ep. 59. Bibl. PP. t. xxiii. p. 424.

bridge says, that, in the Council, the bearing of the Emperor and his dukes was something to strike terror into the stoutest bosoms. Napoleon surrounded by his marshals, with the old guard within call and his heart set upon carrying a position, comes nearest to it: but it does not come up to the Barbarossa scene. There his ferocious will was law to the exclusion of every other.* It is hardly necessary to say that Octavian was pronounced to be the true legitimate and only Pope. This sentence is received with becoming reverence by the Emperor. He is content at last. He has a Pope after his own heart: and having obtained the instrument, the next suggestion of wisdom is to turn it to the best account.

Tortona, Rosate, Trecale, Galiate, Spoleti, had been already burned and razed to the ground, Cieri and Asti had been subjected to such horrors as to make them deplore that the same had not been their lot; fire and sword had year after year laid waste the teeming fields of Lombardy, when the corn was whitening for the sickle, and the purple burden of the vine was mature for the vintage: the smoke-cloud of its destruction still hung over the ill-fated Cremona; and Milan alone, as enthusiastic in favour of Alexander as it was in its resistance to the tyranny of Barbarossa, remained to be crushed. His Pope convened a Council at Lodi, and fulminated an anathema against the doomed city, while fresh and powerful reinforcements were pouring down

* Guill. Neubrig. apud Rohrb. l. lxix. p. 135.

through the passes of the Rhetian Alps to beleaguer it on every side. Twice during the same autumn did these forces disperse themselves over all the surrounding country, to destroy the harvests and all the fruits that the earth blessed by the Creator brings forth for the sustenance of man. Such of the peasantry as were detected bringing provisions towards Milan were hanged at the next tree, or as an act of clemency, were only sentenced to have *their hands cut off!*

The Emperor would cause the hands—hard with toil—of as many as five and twenty of a day of these poor husbandmen to be cut off. But it is not for us to describe the suffering of the Milanese, or the total destruction of their ancient city. His whole army and his dukes and margraves shed tears at the spectacle of these horrors, but Barbarossa beheld them,—and heard the vanquished imploring mercy (as they lifted up the symbol of mercy, infinite as well to him as to the whole world) without emotion. That Milan was to be razed to its foundation, and its inhabitants blotted out from the list of the peoples, was his inexorable sentence.

The 25th of March—a day sacred among Christians as that on which the incarnation of the Saviour was announced to his Virgin Mother—was that which, after long deliberation, he selected for this deed of worse than heathen vengeance. In a letter to the Count of Soissons, he tells how he caused it to be carried into execution: "The walls and their fosses

we make level with the ground: we destroy the towers: of the entire city we make a ruin and a solitude."*

"The victory of Frederic over the *first city of Italy*," says Sismondi, "and the severe chastisement he had inflicted on it, were celebrated by the partizans of the Emperor, as a triumph noble and glorious, as a brilliant act of justice of the mighty monarch. The deputies of provinces, bishops, counts, marquises, the podestas and the consuls of cities, flocked to Pavia to offer their felicitations to the Emperor; and when he appeared with his spouse, both arrayed in all the pomp of imperial magnificence, the applause was tremendous."† The terror of his arms and of his cruelty spread through Italy: the heart sunk within the stoutest breasts; and the cities, such as Genoa, which were formerly loudest for the war of liberty were now loudest and most unmeasured in the rivalry of adulation.‡

On the part of Barbarossa himself, and of his great adulators, the antipope Octavian and the Jurists, his grand project of subjugating all nations to his sway begins to be more openly and distinctly avowed: the Emperor begins to speak of the monarchs of France and England as the "kings of the provinces;" Waldemar, king of Denmark, who had

* Vid. D'Acheri, Spicileg. t. iii. p. 536, in Fol., and Murat. Rer. Ital. SS. t. vi. p. 915—918, for details as to how the city was destroyed.

† T. i. c. 10. p. 321. ‡ Ib. p. 323.

the imprudence to accept an invitation to the Imperial Court is obliged to pay homage for his crown: it has become an axiom with the Jurists, that Frederic the victorious Augustus is the "Living Law."*

It is time that we now return to see how it has fared with Alexander III.

Imprisoned on the day of his election, instead of proceeding in state to the Lateran; obliged, after his consecration in a remote village-church, to betake himself for safety to a mountain fortress: one time at Terracina, another time at Anagni or at Tusculum; descending on the shores of France in triumph; cast away upon the shores of Sicily; flying from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom: exposed like his predecessor the Apostle of the Gentiles, to dangers in the cities and in the deserts, to ambuscades and sieges on land, and to shipwreck at sea; returning to his own capital only to be obliged to escape from it again at narrow risk,† or

* Vid. Rohrb. l. lxix. p. 187, 188.

† "Alexander Papa qui tunc in torri cartularia morabatur in habitu pelagrini cum paucis urbem exiit et Cajitum usque pervenit et ibi assumpto Pontificali habitu Beneventum veniens a civibus honorifice est susceptus Romuald Salemit."—*Ap. Baron.* an. 1167. n. 5. Change the name, and you have in the record of what happened seven centuries ago what happened to Pius IX. the other day.

be beleaguered in it by the armies of his implacable and terrible persecutor,—who has usurped his dominions, raised up enemies for him every where amongst his own subjects and brethren, made it treason to recognise him for what he is, and all but put a price upon his head,—Alexander III. would seem to have lived for the first seven years of his reign, rather as a fugitive and an outlaw than as one crowned with the brightest diadem of the world. Even now—when ambassadors from the great Barbarossa are coming at length to seek him in the year 1176—it is not towards Rome their steps are turned, but away across the Campagna by the ancient Gabii and Prenestæ, on through the lands of the Hernici, until the sequestered Anagni receives them within its walls. This is on an evening in autumn, the 21st of October, A.D. 1176. The next day the Pontiff, outlawed by the mighty Frederic, whom nothing but universal empire can content, is surrounded by his little senate when the envoys of the great Emperor present themselves. It is a stately embassy. They are four of the first princes of the Germanic kingdom who compose it—Christian of Mayence, Wicman of Magdeburg, Conrad of Worms, and Weremond, prothonotary of the empire. Nevertheless, their bearing is not that of men who come to dictate or menace. In reverent mood, and with a dignified meekness, they declare their errand: it is on the part of their mighty Monarch—to sue for peace.

"We are filled with joy at your arrival," replied the Pope, "and nothing in this world can give us greater happiness than the message of peace which you are the bearers of, if it be true, as you state that our Emperor—whom we recognise amongst the first of earthly princes—is in all sincerity disposed for peace. In order, however, that the peace be perfect, it must include our allies—principally the king of Sicily, the Lombards, and the Emperor of the East."

In the halls of the Lateran or in St. Peter's, a language more dignified than this, or more expressive of conscious superiority—albeit there is question of no less a potentate than Frederic Barbarossa—has never been heard from any of the Pontiffs. Would it not seem that for the Popes the secret of their power is not to be found in any particular locality, no matter how renowned or consecrated in the estimation of mankind? A fugitive at Anagni, Alexander appears to be not less master of the position, or confident of his power, than if firmly seated on his throne in the Eternal City, with another Charlemagne to support him in the assertion of his apostolic prerogative. These amicable approaches of the Emperor, at whose hands he and the Church have had such protracted and cruel wrongs to suffer, he is ready to hail with rapture, *if*, as on so many former occasions, they are not resorted to merely as a snare. The re-establishment of peace is above all other things in this world near

his heart, but that peace he will not hear of—much as he longed for it—unless it include his allies.

Between the Pontiff and the Lombard cities, an alliance the most firm had existed from the outset. This it was, as much as any thing else, that exasperated Frederic against Alexander, and made him strain every nerve to destroy him; while on the other hand his vengeance fell on the Milanese with tenfold cruelty and weight, because at his dictation they refused to abjure their allegiance to him whom they believed to be the legitimate successor of St. Peter. The struggle of the Milanese against Frederic was a religious war: and if they saw their city razed it was because they refused to acknowledge the antipope and treated the so-called Councils of Pavia and Lodi, as acts of schism.* But if it was chiefly because of its fidelity to Alexander that Milan was destroyed, it was also through his influence that it was again rebuilt. "The Roman Pontiff," writes John of Salisbury in one of his letters,† "after long and patiently awaiting some token of repentance on the part of the Teutonic persecutor, Frederic, and perceiving that he only added sin to sin (for no sooner did one of his antipopes expire than he set up another, thus perpetuating the schism), the vicar of St. Peter, established over nations and kingdoms, absolved the Italians from

* Vid. Rohrb. l. lxix. p. 165.

† L. 2. Epist. 210. Labbe, t. x. p. 1450. Mansi, t. xxiii. p. 33.

all allegiance towards him—whether as king of Lombardy or as emperor—and thus at a blow deprived him of nearly the entire of Italy. In this he only imitated the example of his predecessor Gregory VII., who acted similarly towards Henry IV. in a Synod which he held at Rome. This sentence," he continues, "had its effect: the Lord appeared to have confirmed it as proceeding from that privilege he had bestowed on St. Peter; for at this news, the Italians shook off the yoke; THEY REBUILT MILAN, drove out the schismatics, brought back the Catholic bishops and adhered unanimously to the Holy See."

On the destruction of the city in March, 1162, the archbishop, Hubert de Pirovane, betook himself to the court of Alexander—who was at that time in the south of France—and returning with the Pontiff died while he was at Benevento, in the March of 1166. His successor was a Saint—the Cardinal Galdino, born at Milan, of the noble family of the Vavassore de Sale. His prayers and supplications to heaven, even to the shedding of tears, were incessant that his country might be restored. The better to promote the object of his holy patriotism, the Pope called together the dispersed clergy of the extinguished city, in the year 1166, and after consulting with them and the former treasurer, Algiro of the Pirovani, imposed hands on St. Galdino and instituted him archbishop of the Milan that was to be. Disguised as a pilgrim, in order to escape the vigilance of the schismatics, the new

archbishop made his way by sea to Venice. He there assumed the insignia of his dignity. The news of his approach had gone before him, and the Milanese—who like the Israelites in the days of Esdras were day and night engaged in rebuilding their walls—suspended their task to hasten to welcome their noble pastor and fellow-citizen. And although as yet there was nothing to be seen but ruins within the enclosure to which they conducted the Cardinal-archbishop with the accustomed hymns, on both sides the exultation and hopes were unbounded. The Milanese had commenced their task in the end of April, 1167. They were now in the first days of September of the same year: it appeared as if nothing had yet been done, except in the reconstruction of the external defences and the gates. But all hearts were now filled with new hope and courage. We are told that in moving the minds of his people by his words, this prelate—so worthy to be successor of an Ambrose, the predecessor of a San Carlo Boromeo—had received a peculiar gift from on High. It was not a mortal that seemed to speak, but the Spirit of God residing in his heart, depured from sin and inflamed with the love of his people. Ere the close of his reign, which lasted exactly ten years, he saw his country restored in more than its former splendour, his vast ecclesiastical province reclaimed from schism, the Lombard cities—formerly at deadly feud with each other—united heart and hand in that famous

league, which made them invincible; and in dying he bequeathed to his flock the example of a saint.*

Not content with having rebuilt Milan, the Lombards—that is to say the people of Cremona, Milan, and Piacenza—coming together in great force at a villa called Rovereta, resolved to erect there, in honour of God and the blessed Peter, as also of all Lombardy, a new city. Accordingly, on the kalends of May, in the year of our Lord's Incarnation 1168, they traced its foundations and commenced the strong ramparts by which it was to be defended. "The situation," continues the contemporary writer, "was pleasant, the soil most fertile: the great highway ran close under its walls: three rivers surrounded it on every side. The place abounded in many good blessings, and in such crowds did the people flock thither from the neighbouring towns, *viz.*—Marengo, Garundio, Foro, Bergalis, Sevilla, and Sebastia, that all of a sudden it became a great city. Between horse and foot, it was able the first year to send fifteen thousand stout warriors to the field. But that the new city might be made more glorious in the eyes of the whole world, and more famous, it was resolved unanimously—through reverence for St. Peter and Pope Alexander—that its name, to last for ever, should be ALEXANDRIA. Moreover—the year after it was built, the consuls of the city presented themselves before the Pope, who was then at Benevento, offering to him, and through

* Vid. Acta SS., 18 April et 4 Junii.

him to the holy Roman Catholic Church, the right of dominion and property over the said city, and of their own free will made it tributary to St. Peter. All this they sanctioned by an oath of fealty to be renewed from year to year by their successors in office, and by the citizens. They then in great joy, and with the blessing of the Pontiff, returned home, the Lord guiding them on their way."*

In A.D. 1174, Barbarossa sat down before the new city of St. Peter with all his forces—swearing not to leave a vestige of a monument, erected in honour of that Rolando Ferucci, "calling himself Pope." The animosity with which he prosecuted the siege may be gathered from the fact that whenever any of the citizens fell into his hands, he caused their eyes to be plucked out. But the skill and heroism of the Alexandrines, together with the admirable defensive position they had selected for their town—

* "An. Dom. Incarn. &c. Pontificatus Dom. Alexandri an. nono, Cremonenses cum Mediolanensibus et Placentinis—in manu valida convenerunt—ad villam quæ dicitur Rovereta, ubi ad honorem Dei et beati Petri, et totius Lombardiæ, constituendæ civitatis ambitum designarunt. Ut autem gloriosior ubique haberetur, atque famosior; placuit omnibus, ut ipsa civitas pro reverentia beati Petri et Papæ Alexandræ in perpetuum nominaretur Alexandria.—In sequenti anno consules ipsius civitatis ad præsentiam Alexandri venerunt Beneventum, offerentes ei, et per eum S. Romanæ ecclesiæ, ipsum civitatem in jus et proprietatim; eamque tributariam beato Petro sponte fecerunt," &c. The Acts from which we quote this passage are highly praised by Sismondi.—Vid. *Baron.* ad an. 1168, n. 65.

with no doubt, that blessing of God which their behaviour was so calculated to merit—all the force and cruelty of Barbarossa were exhausted to little purpose. He then turned to that perfidy in which he ever approved himself the legitimate successor of the Swabian Henries, and a fit pattern for the Hohenstauffens who were to come after him. He therefore proposed to the townsmen—now reduced to the last straits by famine—that through reverence for their common Saviour's crucifixion, they should have a truce on Good Friday. But this was only an impious stratagem; for he had a mine that penetrated under the very heart of the city filled with armed men, and the whole army ready with scaling-ladders to rush to the assault, the moment he thought the townsmen would be engaged in adoration within their churches. But in this instance also his perfidy recoiled on himself in confusion and signal defeat. The mine became the sepulchre of those who had entered it as the path to victory; at all points the assailants were hurled from the battlements, which in many instances they had gained while the Alexandrines were still on their knees; and the night following setting fire to his own camp, he left the city of the "so-called Pope," in the possession of liberty now consecrated by the glory of an achievement well meriting to be held in admiration as long as heroism is honoured, or perfidious and ferocious tyranny held in execration. It was to testify his sympathy with this brave and devoted

city, that Pope Alexander, at the petition of St. Galdino, archbishop of Milan, erected Alexandria into a bishop's see, immediately after Barbarossa was driven from before its walls.

On his retreat, he was met by the bands of the Milanese pressing forward to the relief of their now victorious brethren; and both armies were prepared for the attack, when Frederic expressed his readiness to those who interfered to try and prevent the effusion of blood, that the quarrel should be adjusted by arbitrators chosen by both parties. The Lombard army, on their side, declared their willingness to adopt the same course, reserving always, as principles not to be questioned, their devotion to the Roman Church and their liberty, for which they were then in arms.*

* "Tunc imperator *suspirans*, post multa quæ hinc inde allegata fuerunt, sic respondit: Ego *Salvo Imperii jure* (how *universal* that was the Jurists had told him!) paratus sum super hoc controversia stare arbitrio bonorum virorum utriusque partis consequenter et communitas Longobardorum dixit: SALVA ECCLESIÆ ROMANÆ AUCTORITATE ET LIBERTATE PRO QUA DECERTAMUS, nos ad idem veniemus."—*Acta Alex. &c. ap. Baron.* ad an. 1175, n. 6.

May we be permitted here again to ask, how could the history of this struggle be written by one of M. Sismondi's principles? These heroes of Milan and Alexandria are before and above all things Papists. They build cities in honour of the Pope, volunteer to become the vassals and tributaries of the Pope. If they stand ready to meet the shock of German chivalry; yea, and not reel before it, but smite it to the earth: it is, in the first place, for their "devotion to the Roman Church," and, in the next place, for

But though Frederic "sighed," as if weary of the conflict and heartily anxious to be rid of it, at any cost—*salvo imperii jure*, his proposal of an arbitration was made with the same faith that proposed the truce of Good Friday to the Alexandrines, and no sooner was he apprized that powerful reinforcements which he had sent for to recruit the losses sustained in a protracted and disastrous siege were near, than he hastened by forced marches to take Milan by surprise, entirely taken up as it was at that moment with the "arbitration." But the truly brave, with a cause such as was dear to the stout and devoted hearts of Milan, are not easily taken by surprise. In their own courage and faith they have a fortress where they can ever rally.

At Lignano, of a Saturday, the 3rd of June, A.D. 1176, the two armies met. In the first charge of the heavy German cavalry, the vanguard of the Milanese was broken. Then the band of the Carroccio—falling on their knees, with a loud voice called on God, through the prayers of St. Peter and St. Ambrose, to help them and then ran to the charge against the iron-clad ranks advancing at a gallop. The shock was such as might be looked for; and then it was—when brute impetus, by a law as irresistible as that which holds the planets in their

"liberty." For a Genevese Calvinist, a modern liberal, a first principle of whose religion it is to scoff at, and execrate, and, if possible, destroy, all that the heroes of Lombard freedom and republicanism fought, and bled, and conquered for,—to write the HISTORY of such Roman Catholic heroes, is, a thing simply IMPOSSIBLE.

spheres, was crushing and trampling even heroism beneath its hoofs—the "band of death" knelt down, and renewing with a loud voice, their vow to die but never to recoil before the foes of their country, threw themselves into the fight with such irresistible impetuosity, that the standard, first, with his bravest who were around it: and next, the horse and the gigantic body of Barbarossa himself were stricken to the earth. After the rout and the pursuit which lasted for ten miles, they searched for the emperor amongst the heaps that strewed that bloody field. Frederic, however, had not lost his life. That alone he saved, by a flight less ignominious than the march which brought him to the just recompense of his perfidy, on the never-to-be-forgotten plains of Lignano. This decisive overthrow it was, and not any sincere or honourable disposition to give peace to the Church which he persecuted, or his subjects whom he sought to enslave, that brought his four ambassadors before Alexander at Anagni. Of this there was no one more thoroughly cognizant, or who, from experience, had a better right to be so, than the Pontiff. Hence, while in all sincerity, he hailed every hope the most slender, of that heavenly blessing which it was his chief office to propagate amongst "men of good will," he was determined to trust nothing to the promises or oaths of a prince, whom the whole world now knew by repeated instances was as regardless of promises and oaths as of the idle winds.

So long back even as the pontificate of Hadrian, nearly all the Adriatic moiety of the States had

been usurped by Frederic. That similar was the fate of the lands of Matilda and of the duchy of Spoleti, even at that time, appears from the reclamations made at the Diet near Bologna by the legates of Pope Hadrian. We find from the same protest that Rome also, he aimed at reducing to the class of provincial towns; and after Octavian the antipope had been set up, the imperial faction acquired such an ascendancy in Rome that, though a miserable minority, they were able to make it too hot for the Pope. Sabina, also, both upper and lower, were in the hands of the schismatics. The prestige at Farfa had always been in favour of the Lombard Kings and German Kaisers as opposed to the temporal rights of St. Peter; the abbots, we have seen, were proud of being under the Lombard rather than the Roman code. Indeed, one of the host of antipopes of this epoch was an abbot of Farfa. This, as may be supposed, was a great help to the usurpers of the patrimony in Sabina. Thus the Pope had no footing except in the hill cities from Tusculum to Terracina, in the Val di Sacco and in some of the cities on the Tuscan side of the Tiber, amongst which the city of Montefiascone is particularly mentioned.

On the side of the Adriatic there was one city, before the extraordinary heroism of whose inhabitants the pride and the arms of Barbarossa were doomed to meet with an additional disgrace. While his allies the Venetians blockaded the port of Ancona and attacked its sea wall, on the land side the forces

of Barbarossa sat down before it on the 1st of April, 1174. The place was partly taken by surprise, being at the time but ill provisioned; but the inhabitants found resources in their heroical determination never to yield to the tyrant persecutor of the Church, which made them superior to every deficiency and privation. Ancona also had its Judith, and Samura, like the heroine of Bethulia, was a widow. With a drawn sword in one hand, and a flaming torch in the other, she headed, with complete success, a sortie for the purpose of destroying the wooden castles and balistas of the besiegers. While this was taking place on the land side, that towards the sea was the scene of a still more extraordinary exploit on the part of a priest. It blew a hurricane at the time, and great, even within the harbour, was the agitation of the waves; when a priest, armed with a sharp sword, plunging from the ramparts, swam to the admiral's galley, and amidst a shower of arrows, succeeded in cutting the cable! whereupon the galley driven by the tempest and the waves was dashed to pieces on the shore—a spectacle that infused such daring into the other citizens, that taking advantage of the consternation of the Venetians, they destroyed in all seven galleys. In short, a more vivid or stirring description of a truly heroic and protracted defence there cannot be than that which has been left us of this siege of Ancona by Messer Boncompagni, to whose pictured pages we refer the reader who takes an interest in

such recitals.* For the arms of Frederic the siege ended in discomfiture: thus one of his darling schemes—to usurp the patrimony of St. Peter—was utterly defeated. Indeed, as John of Salisbury tells us, it was remarked at the time that he was everywhere attended by defeat, as if in force of that clause of the excommunication prohibiting, "by authority of God, that he should any more prevail in battle, or gain a victory over Christians."† Instead of his world-wide ambition being gratified, he came at last to rue the day he had ever set foot in Italy. What cut him to the heart more than all was that his barons, secular as well as ecclesiastical, who had hitherto allowed themselves to be dragged by him into the abyss of schism, now loudly threatened to abandon him, unless he made his peace with the Apostolic see. In fact, the most powerful of them all, Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, had already put this threat into execution.

But although the Pope, as we have already observed, was perfectly well aware of all this, and had, therefore, some grounds to suppose that Barbarossa in sending the embassage had really some disposition to put an end to a war which had gone so completely against him, he was resolved to proceed in this momentous affair with the greatest precaution. Wherefore, notwithstanding the protestations of the

* Magistri Boncompagni de Obsidione Anconæ apud Muratori, Ital. Rer. SS. t. vi. p. 926—946.

† L. 2. Epist. 210.

ambassadors as to the friendly dispositions of their imperial master: of his readiness to give up the prefecture of Rome, the lands of the Countess Matilda, and to guarantee the safety of his Holiness and the cardinals in going to Lombardy—where it was agreed the conference for finally adjusting the treaty was to take place—Alexander, without rejecting these offers, had his own mind made up to conclude nothing but in concert with the Lombards, and to take his own way for getting to Venice. Frederic, he knew, was posted in Romagna, and on to the terra firma, while the Venetians, if not in open alliance, having at least a rather sinister-looking understanding with him, had their cruisers every where in the Italian waters of the Adriatic. To have acted, therefore, as if an ambuscade was intended, was not evidence of over-weening suspicion on the part of Alexander; for the solicitude of potentates who happen to be negociating with the Pope, to have him under their own "PROTECTION," is not, it must be remembered, peculiar to modern times. While, therefore, he sent as his legates Humbald cardinal-bishop of Ostia, and Rainieri, of the title of San Giorgio in Velabro, to arrange as to the place of meeting and the safe-conducts with Frederic, the Pope himself taking the opposite direction down the Val di Sacco and by Monte Casino, came to Benevento. There he celebrated the Christmas festival. After Epiphany, he moved over towards the lower Adriatic. Remaining

at a small but strong place called Guasto, until the winds were propitious, he then mounted one of the galleys which William the Good of Sicily had manned with his brave Normans and sent round, to be in readiness at his Holiness's commands. The embarkation of the Pontiff and his court took place on Ash Wednesday, A.D. 1177, after he had celebrated mass and distributed the ashes. The Sunday morning following, the galleys cast anchor before Zara; for, instead of sailing up towards Venice or Ancona, as was expected, the Pope, when they had lifted their anchors and were on the main, gave orders to turn their prows towards the opposite coast. That part of Dalmatia where Zara is seated, at that period formed a portion of the Hungarian kingdom; and, as never before had Pope set foot upon that soil—the entire of which was consecrated as a fief of St. Peter—the rejoicings with which a Pontiff so renowned as was Alexander III. through the whole world, may be more easily imagined than described. They prepared a white horse for the Pope to ride on, according to the custom of Rome, and conducted him—amidst canticles, chanted in the Sclavonic tongue, and acclamations of joy—in great pomp through the principal streets of Zara to the church of St. Anastasia, where was reposed the body of that holy Virgin and martyr. From Zara, after four days delay, the galleys again put to sea; and, taking the Venetians quite by surprise, the Pope disembarked at the monastery of San Nicola. Next day

the Doge, with the patriarch of Aquileia, accompanied by his suffragans, and an innumerable people covering the sunny waters of the lagoons in their gay barges and gondolas, came to surround him with enthusiastic demonstrations of homage and welcome to their country. They then conducted his Holiness to the church of San Marco, where, after he had prayed before the altar, he gave his Apostolic benediction from the balcony to the Venetians, thronging that famous Piazza of their city. He then entered the Doge's galley, and was escorted amidst the same rapturous triumph, to the patriarchal palace—appointed for his residence during the rest of his stay at Venice. On the feast of the Annunciation, at the prayer of the Doge, the Pontiff, assisted by the Sacred College, sung the solemn mass in St. Mark's.

Frederic had adavnced into the States of the Church and lay at Cesena, expecting Alexander by that route. When he heard of his arrival in Venice he sent ambassadors requesting the place of conference to be changed, as his Chancellor Christian had informed him, that Bologna which had been at first agreed upon, was not a place *sufficiently safe to meet in.* How could Alexander distrust the sincere anxiety of Frederic for his safety after this? The Pope replied that without the consent of the Lombards he would arrange nothing: that as Bologna had been agreed on with the Cardinals and the Lombards, he could not break new ground; but

that to accelerate the peace he would come to Ferrara, there to confer with the Lombards. This he did, in effect, arriving in his own good city of Ferrara on Passion Sunday, still guarded by the brave Normans, who brought their galleys up the Po in magnificent state. When he landed, the Pontiff found himself surrounded by a devoted people and in the midst of the heroes of Alexandria and Lignano. And thus, at length, in this strong city, with nothing between him and Venice but the galleys of William the Good which awaited his orders, he was free to take counsel with the League, without risk of surprise.

Next day there arrived at Ferrara the patriarch of Aquileia, the archbishops of Ravenna and Milan with their suffragans, the chief magistrates of the Lombard cities, with counts and marquises in great numbers; and when they were all assembled in St. George's church—which was crowded with the Ferrarese and strangers from far and near—Alexander thus addressed them:

"You know, my dear children, the persecution the Church has suffered at the hands of the emperor, who was bound to protect it. You know, that thereby, the authority of the Roman Church has been undermined; because crimes remain unpunished and the canons without effect,—not to speak of other woes, such as the destruction of churches and monasteries, pillagings, burnings, murders, and crimes of every sort. During now eighteen years God has permitted these evils; but at length com-

manding the tempest, he has turned the heart of the emperor to sue for peace. A miracle of his power it is, that a priest—old, without armies—has been able to resist the Teutonic fury, and to conquer without war an emperor so puissant; but this has come to pass that all the world may know it is impossible to fight against God.

"Now, although the emperor sent ambassadors to us at Anagni to demand a peace *for the Church and the king of Sicily* (the old Macedonian policy), and although he was anxious to conclude it without any reference to you; nevertheless, being mindful with what devotion and with what courage you fought FOR THE CHURCH AND FOR ITALIAN LIBERTY, we would hear of no peace in which you were not included—in order that, as you had been partners in our tribulation, you might be partners also in our joy. On which account—regardless of our dignity, of our infirmities and our old age—we have braved the perils of the deep to come and deliberate with you, whether we are to accept this peace or not."*

The Lombards, as eloquent as they were brave, replied as follows:—"Venerable Father and Lord;

* Is that the speech of an old, selfish, heartless, and "false priest," as by Liberal and Ghibelline *historians* Alexander III. is made to appear in this great debate, which by his management of it was the foundation of two hundred and thirty years of comparative peace, prosperity, and astonishing progress for Italy? But in such *histories* there is not a word from which the reader could surmise that a scene such as this at Ferrara ever took place.

ALL ITALY CASTS ITSELF AT YOUR FEET TO RETURN YOU THANKS, and to testify her joy at the honour you have conferred on your children and your subjects, in coming thus to seek the sheep that were lost, and bring them back to the fold.* Too well do we know from our own experience, the persecution carried on by the emperor against the Church and against you. We were ourselves the first to oppose his fury, and we threw ourselves across his path to prevent him from destroying Italy and oppressing the liberty of the Church: a cause from which neither the loss of treasures, nor labours, nor disasters, nor dangers, have had the power to turn us aside. Right, therefore, Venerable Father, is it that you have refused the offered peace, as we *have refused that offered to us without the Church.* (The *divide et impera* ruse again). Withal we will gladly make peace with the emperor—refusing him nothing of his ancient rights over Italy: but our liberty, which has been handed down to us from our fathers—that we will relinquish only with our lives.† As for the King of Sicily, it pleases us much

* How very like the exordium of a liberal harangue! Yet liberals would have it believed, that these champions of genuine liberty—*that founded on Christianity*—were only mediæval editions of the Mazzinis, Sterbinis, *et hoc genus omne!*

† How like the modern liberal theory of the Republic (Red) "One and indivisible," from end to end of the Peninsula, is this demand of the Lombard League for *municipal* liberties differing but little from those which Pius IX. has so wisely and generously granted, by the Proprio Motu, to his faithful subjects

that he is to be a party to this peace: because he is a prince who loves peace and justice, (his own people called him William the Good). They who travel so much (as do our merchants) know it well by experience, for in the forests of his kingdom one is more secure than in the cities of other potentates."*

Three days after came the imperial ambassadors, seven in number, who declaring in the solemn consistory in which the Pontiff, the Lombard and Sicilian envoys being present, gave them audience, that they had full powers to treat, seven cardinals, seven of the League—of whom four were bishops—and the two envoys of William the Good, held warm debate for several days regarding preliminaries, and *chiefly as to the place of meeting of the Pope and the emperor*, (the latter still clinging to his last hope of getting Alexander within his grasp). At last it was agreed that Venice should be the place—the Pope, however, taking his pledges not from Frederic but from the Doge and the Venetians. On this the imperial chancellor, Christian, pretending to think he was not safe at Ferrara, posted off to Venice; arriving there many days before the Pope, who celebrated Easter at Ferrara, and did not put to sea to return to Venice, until the 24th of April, 1177.

His reception was what might have been expected. He immediately on his arrival called a meeting of the Congress, in the hall of the patriarchal

* Romuald. Salernit. p. 219—221. In the concluding remark there is a cutting allusion to the plundering of Pope Hadrian's legate.

palace where he resided, and directed that they should *begin with the Lombard peace*, as that was likely to be the most tedious branch of the three.* On this no accord could be come to. The Pope then proposed a five years' peace with William, and a six years' truce with the League. This also Frederic refused—that is to say, his public answer was to that effect; but by a private message, he assured his Holiness that through his love for him, he would consent to both the one and the other, on one condition, which was to be a secret. The Pope sent two cardinals to know what this secret condition was. The emperor told it to the cardinals, but under a pledge not to tell the Pope till he had first given his consent to the treaty. The Pope refusing this, it came out that Frederic wished to be left in possession for fifteen years of the lands of the Countess Matilda, binding himself to surrender them at the expiration of that term, *provided the Church would then make good its title!* To his holding them for fifteen years Alexander agreed, the land to be then surrendered—leaving it to the Church to satisfy any claims thereon which should be proven to appertain, if right, to the emperor.

The emperor had two sets of negociators, one for the public, the other for the secret service. His tenacious perfidy still clung to the hope of being able, by a bold stroke, to get the game into his own

* How like "selling the League," is this stroke of the "false priest."

hands. It was represented that much time was consumed in this passing and repassing to and fro of the envoys on both sides, between two so widely separated points as Cesena and Venice. The Pope and the Lombards then agreed that the emperor might approach as near as Chioggia. But no sooner was the rumour spread in Venice that the mighty Frederic was so near, than there was a tumultuous rising of a party in his favour, demanding loudly that the emperor should be received into the city; and the Doge and the chief senators—whose oaths were pledged for the security of the Pope and the Congress—came in much perturbation to announce their fears that they could not restrain the people. On the instant the Lombards withdrew across the lagoons to Treviso, and the Sicilian ambassadors—ordering the Normans to man their galleys—fiercely upbraided the Doge and the Venetians with their perfidious conduct. They told them that, so far as their royal master's dominions were concerned, their trafficking should not derive much profit from it for the future. These menaces had their effect. The Doge, at the entreaty of the rioters themselves, besought of the Pope not to allow the Sicilians to lift their anchors and to prevail on the Lombards to come back. In fine, the Chancellor Christian and the other ambassadors boldly told their imperial master, that they would not violate the oaths they had sworn to the Pope at Anagni—that, *in coming to the Conference his liberty and person should be respected.* "We are

ready," they continued, "according to the laws of the empire, to obey you in things temporal and to render you all lawful service; but as you are the lord of our bodies, and not of our souls, we are unwilling to damn those souls for your sake, or to set the blessings of earth before those of heaven. Know, then, your majesty, that we receive Alexander as Catholic Pope, and that we obey him as our father in things spiritual. As for the idol you have dressed up in Tuscany, we will, on no account, acknowledge or obey him."

This was in allusion to the third antipope, whom Barbarossa had set up in place of the successor of the unfortunate Octavianus, unexpectedly called to his account; the Emperor making oath at the same time, that this antipope, and him only, with his successors, would he ever allow to be Pope. He also caused him to inscribe the name of Charlemagne in the list of canonized saints—to prove, no doubt, that axiom of the jurists, *viz.* that it was not from the Popes, but from the Pagan Cæsars who had held it "from the foundation of Rome," that he held the imperial diadem! Not until thus defeated in all his perfidious attempts to get hold of Alexander (who would never have left his hands alive, except by abjuring the Papacy); not until thus fearlessly and nobly confronted by the most devoted of his own barons, did he fairly strike his colours and agree to the joint peace according to the conditions already laid down. It was accord-

ingly concluded and sworn to at Venice, the German princes being made parties to it as well as Barbarossa himself. Immediately after the ratification, the Venetians, by command of Alexander, went in six galleys to bring the Emperor from Chioggia. He arrived at Venice on Saturday, the 23rd of July. On Sunday morning—which was the vigil of St. James—the Pontiff sent six cardinals, two bishops, three priests, and a deacon, to the Emperor, to absolve him (from the *censures*). He renounced the schism of Octavian, the first; of Guido de Crema, the second; and of John de Struma, the third anti-pope he had established, and promised obedience (notwithstanding the rash oath) to Alexander and his legitimate successors; whereupon he was absolved by the cardinals from the excommunication, and reconciled to the Catholic Church. The prelates and princes did in like manner, and were absolved. *Then* came the Doge, with the patriarch of Grado, and a vast multitude of the clergy and people to San Nicola da Lido, where the Emperor was lodged, and conducted him processionally along the canals to San Marco. The Pope—surrounded by the Sacred College, the patriarch of Aquileia, the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy—awaited him at the portals, all being vested in full pontificals and seated. The multitude of spectators was immense. On coming near to where Alexander was enthroned, the emperor took his mantle from his shoulders and prostrated himself at full length on the ground

at the Pontiff's feet. The latter, MOVED EVEN TO TEARS, affectionately lifted him up, blessed him, and embracing him, gave him the kiss of peace. At this sight, all who were there—Germans and Italians—as if with one voice, made the high heavens above and the deep blue waters round about resound again, with the outburst of the *Te Deum laudamus*—THEE GOD WE PRAISE! The enthusiasm and the outpouring of joy from the great and generous hearts that were there are not to be described or even imagined in times like ours. The emperor took the Pope by the right hand, conducted him to the choir of the church. The Divine offices concluded, and the excommunication having been solemnly removed by the Pontiff, Frederic again conducted him to the portals of the church, holding the stirrup for him to mount his horse; but Alexander would not consent to his performing the rest of the ceremony by taking the rein from the Papal equerry to perform the office in his stead. In a familiar interview on the day following, their felicitations were mutual and hearty, on the happy conclusion of the peace.* Before the expiration of the six years, the truce—as Alexander had foreseen—was superseded by the celebrated treaty of Constance: so called from its having been ratified in that city, on the 22nd of June, A.D. 1183. It secured for the Italian cities

* Vid. Baron. ad an. 1177, Romuld. Salern. in Chron. t. vii. Vit. Alexand. ap. Murat. Rer. Ital. SS. ubi supra.

all the regalien rights possessed by them within their own walls at any time, and the same rights in their contados or territories, so far as they could establish them by prescription. These with the right to levy armies, to raise fortifications, and within their contados to exercise both criminal and civil jurisdiction, were the fruits of the victory which the Pope and a brave people enthusiastically devoted to the See of St. Peter, had struggled for with such heroism, and with such success. They were the foundation of Italian greatness, progress, fame, prosperity and liberty. Modern republicanism has no moral connexion under heaven with those Papal republics. Inaugurated by a Pope—whose successors never ceased to watch over them with paternal solicitude—they were plunged into an abyss of ruin and crime, by the triumph of the same species of tyranny which struck down the independence of the Papacy, in removing its seat from Rome and Italy. Then it was they fell, alas! to rise no more. Before resuming the thread of our history, it may be satisfactory to add, that Frederic, taking the cross, marched to the East at the head of 90,000 warriors; but in the midst of his successes, and while acquitting himself like a truly Christian hero, he was struck it was thought with apoplexy, on the 10th of June, A.D. 1190, from having plunged his horse into the icy cold waters of Salef, while heated by the march, and under the influence of an Armenian sun.*

* Vid. Baron. ad an. 1190, n. 9.

CHAPTER II.

The theatre of the struggle against what was essentially a reactionary attempt to restore the imperial despotism of Pagan times, and which we have just seen crowned with a triumph, as decisive as it was unsullied, was by no means confined to Lombardy. Strange to say, the heroes who founded Alexandria, and so gloriously defended it: those who to the cry of St. Peter, charged for death or liberty at Lignano, had, no where, antagonists more decided, men who were more elated at their misfortunes or disappointed at their victories, than in the majority of the Romans—of those at least of them who dwelt on what we may call the old Pagan side of the Tiber. No where, we repeat it, were these pretensions which we saw relinquished by Barbarossa, only as a tiger gives up its prey, embraced with such enthusiasm as by the ignorant excited population, who, at that period, had their abodes on the Campus Martius and gathered in tumultuous assemblies on the Capitol.

It sounds like a paradox we admit, but listen to the proof of it, in none other than their own words. We quote the letter which they sent to the predecessor of Frederic, in the year 1144, by the hands

of their three ambassadors; it is to the following effect:—

"To Conrad, most excellent and illustrious, Lord of the city and of the whole world—*Urbis et totius orbis*—Eternal Augustus, salutation from the Senate and Roman people, with government of the empire, felicitous and renowned:—Already in letters very numerous, our exploits and our affairs, we have assiduously expounded before your Royal Excellency, and every day we are battling for your imperial crown; in order to exalt it and augment its sway, by every means in our power. But, though we entreated to have an answer: none has it been pleasing to your Regal Industry to send us: at which, as sons and vassals of our father and master, we are not a little astonished; for in all that we have done, nothing else but to shew our fidelity to you and to exalt your honour, have we had in view. We have set our hearts upon restoring the Roman empire, just as it was in the time of Constantine and Justinian, when, *through the vigour of the Senate and the Roman people*, they held the universal world in their grasp! On restoring, did we say!—we have resolved on exalting the empire of Rome to a still greater pitch of glory. And, as a proper foundation for this fabric, and as a means for completing it effectually, we have restored the ancient Senate, and all who were averse to, or derided our plans for thus exalting your power and making the Roman empire itself again, we have

for the most part trampled under our feet. Down with all opposition to Cæsar is our cry; vehement is our determination that your sway shall be universal and unqualified."*

At the time this letter was written the posture of affairs in Rome was very singular. The Pons Ælius in front of Sant' Angelo, so far as political theories were concerned, might be regarded as an isthmus between two worlds, the one as enthusiastic for Paganism, as the other was for Christianity. The votaries of St. Peter and the votaries of Romulus (so far we mean, exclusively, as governmental views were in question) were divided only by the

* In this manifesto of the disciples of Arnald, whom M. Sismondi styles the "Apostle of Liberty," the following amongst other equally sublime aspirations occur. Be it remembered it is to the ultramontane Barbarian, to the Tedesco, they are writing—"Quidquid vultis in Urbe obtinere, poteritis—SUMUS ENIM PER OMNIA VESTRÆ VOLUNTATI SEMPER OBTEMPERARE PARATI.—Nos enim quidquid agimus, PRO VESTRA FIDELITATE ET HONORE FACIMUS.—Precamur, NE REGIA DIGNITAS NOS VESTROS FIDELES ET FILIOS DESPICIAT!!"—Behold the souls—too magnanimous, too Roman to brook the rule of the Pontiffs or be satisfied with any thing short of the reconquest of the whole world.—"Et quidem regnum et imperium Romanorum—exaltare ATQUE AMPLIFICARE cupientes, in eum statum, quo fuit tempore Constantini et Justiniani (the hey-day of "Liberty") qui totum orbem *vigore senatus et Populi Romani* (!!) suis tenuere manibus, reducere!!!" The historical proficiency of the votaries of the "Apostle of Liberty" was only surpassed by their dignified notions of freedom. —Vid. *Otton. Frising. de Gest. Fred. I. Imp. etc.* l. 1. c. 27, 28.

Tiber. The key of the isthmus, Sant' Angelo, was in the hands of those who, like the heroes of Alexandria and Lignano, stood up for Christian right against Pagan aggression.

The cause of a schism so anomalous in itself and in its consequences, as disastrous to religion as it was fatal to himself, was a native of Brescia, a second-rate city in Upper Italy.

From an indigent home, he made his way to the University of Paris, at that time a little world in itself; and for those, at least, who, like the young Brescian were thrown on their own resources, an exceedingly unruly, unquiet, and contaminating world. At the feet of Peter Abailard, young Arnald sat, an apt and enthusiastic listener, from the opening hours of his youth, until—in the bloom and pride of manhood and now second only to his master in the gifts and accomplishments which captivate the multitude, or such as think only through the imagination and the passions—he tore himself away from Paris and its associations, to find himself in the obscure and lowly position of a catechist in one of the parish chapels of his native place. As Arnald spoke, the words, it is said by his contemporaries, distilled like honey from his lips. He was the most accomplished sophist of his times—unequalled in the art of carrying away his auditors by fallacies, and in making truth subservient to the establishment of false-

hood. Thus eminently possessed of those gifts which run away with popularity,—as no one exulted more in the applause and favour of the multitude, neither was any one prepared to go to greater extremes to please it, than was Arnald.

That the lecturing of unruly youngsters, or of a few semi-barbarians, only more stupid for being more advanced in age, could have consorted with the tastes or the aspirations of a genius and a nature such as belonged to the glowing, gifted, ambitious Arnald was not to be thought of. Accordingly, at our next meeting with the tonsured catechist of Brescia, he is standing in the Lateran at Rome; and although the supreme Pontiff is there upon his throne, although the rank, learning, sanctity, and majesty of the Christian world are represented there, in the Synod by which he is surrounded — nevertheless, it is Arnald of Brescia who is the cynosure of every eye. He stands impeached of disseminating errors—chiefly against the Divine sacraments of baptism and the eucharist—and with stirring up the Roman people to dethrone the successor of St. Peter, to throw off the Christian system of government, not only in the State but in the Church also; and to set up the German Kaiser with the ancient Pagan form of government, in their stead. Arnald of Brescia is—after a fair and deliberate trial — convicted of these charges, and solemnly condemned—'to be burned as guilty of heresy and sedition?'—No,—Arnald is reprimanded, warned to mend his ways and no more to travel so

far out of his sphere as from Brescia to Rome, to scatter heresy and drive an excitable mob to folly and to ruin.

The Brescian disturber departed from Rome, but the delirium he had lighted up in the popular mind did not depart with him. His disciples remained to complete his task. Arnald had harangued on the Capitol.—Even the philosophic Gibbon was infected by the insanity that lingers about that hill—more deadly than the malaria that infests the Pontine marshes. The hymns of Christianity intoned by barefooted friars—falling on his ear as he sat amidst the ruins of the hill where Pagan Rome "embraced her heroes," and looked out over the Forum, the "Via Sacra," the Coliseum and the Palatine with their majestic ruins—was too much even for him. On the instant he devoted himself to avenge the cause of fallen Paganism, of Roman grandeur, on up-start Christianity! In the 14th and 15th centuries, with those devoted to the revival of arts and letters, this enthusiasm for antiquity was extremely like idolatrous worship. What must it have been in the days of Arnald! His harangues were poured on the already fervid imaginations of an ignorant multitude. It was not of MSS. or statues, or bronzes, or arabesques, *they* dreamt, like the enthusiasts of *Cinque Cento*. The grandeur of the ancient Romans as butchers of the human race, as the exterminators of cities, as the strong-handed robbers who had enriched that very place with the spoils of a vanquished and plundered world—behold the feature in the

character of those who once lorded it on the Capitol that caught the fancy and fired the blood, when the mania for feud and havoc and rapine was at its crisis. To call Arnald of Brescia a heretic is not logically to describe his character. He was no more a heretic than Mazzini is. He was simply a firebrand and a revolutionist. That he was infected with heresy, or that he laboured to propagate it, there is no denying; but Mazzini also laboured with might and main to indoctrinate the Italian, the Roman mind with heresy; yet no one dreams of calling Mazzini anything but a revolutionist; because it is known to everybody that heresy in his hands was only a lever for overturning that upon which he knew the "cathedra of iniquity" could never be established. It was in the same sense that, Arnald of Brescia was a heretic. He was inspired by a compound mania to destroy the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, and to reinstate the Pagan order of things on the Capitol. The example of the Pagan republic was the inexhaustible theme of his harangues. The wisdom of the Senate, the discipline and warlike ardour of the Roman youth in those ages of conquest when they had made the whole world their own, he lauded to the skies, and then called on the ignorant multitude—wound up to the highest pitch of excitement—to rebuild the Capitol, restore the Senate, reorganize the equestrian order: to leave not a shred of temporal power to the Pontiff, allowing him to attend only to Church

affairs;—while they, taking the reins of power into their own hands and beginning the career of conquest with Tibur, Tusculum, Albano, and the other Latin cities, as their sires had done before them—were ere long to remount that Hill of Triumphs, after making the round of the nations in the chariot of victory: after bearing away the riches and the spoils of the universal world.*

Nothing under heaven saved Italy and the world from the rehearsal of the bloody tragedy opened by Romulus, but the ludicrous incapacity of the disciples of Arnald to carry their feverish dreams and thirsting wishes into realization. The mad ambition, the insatiable thirst for blood and plunder still haunted the Capitol: but alas! the military and political genius of the ancients was not forthcoming.

These disciples, or dupes, more correctly speaking

* "Proponens antiquorum Romanorum exempla, qui ex senatûs maturitatis consulto, et ex juvenum animorum fortitudinis ordine et integritate, totum orbem terræ suum fecerunt. Quare reædificandum Capitolium, renovandam dignitatem senatoriam, reformandum equestrem ordinem docuit. Nihil in dispensatione Urbis ad Romanum spectare Pontificem: sufficere sibi ecclesiasticum judicium debere. In tantum vero hujus venenosæ doctrinæ cæpit invalescere malum, ut non solum nobilium Romanorum seu (et) Cardinalium diruentur domus et splendida palatia, verum etiam de Cardinalibus reverendæ personæ, inhonestè sautiatis quibusdam, a furenti plebe tractarentur."—*Otton. Frising. de Gest. Fridei.* l. 2. c. 20. Behold an accurate and graphic epitome of the Mazzini Revolution, written seven centuries before that atrocious event.

of Arnald, had long set their hearts on the destruction of the surrounding cities. Never do they get from under the restraining hand of the Pontiffs, that they do not rush to arms and renew hereditary feuds with their neighbours of Tusculum or of Tibur. Again, all the atrocities of the burgher wars in the days of Romulus and the Tarquins are renewed. From the gate of St. John or of Tibur, a summer night's march brings them before dawn to the lands and enclosures of their neighbours. They set fire to the harvests and the huts of the shepherds, of the herdsmen and poor labourers scattered here and there through their fields. The vines they pluck up, the fruit trees they destroy. If any thing that can be of service to their owners escape destruction, it is from the eagerness of the ravagers to get back within shelter of their walls—driving before them with dogs, and goadings, and savage shouts, the cattle and the flocks they have plundered—ere they can be overtaken by their much injured and exasperated pursuers. Sometimes, however, they are overtaken and suffer the most sanguinary defeats, or have their own fields and vineyards and gardens laid waste up to the very walls, from which they are looking on. Such disasters, it may be well imagined, were far from damping their enthusiasm for conquest. On the contrary, they only inflamed it more and more by adding to the flame of an insane ambition, a thirst the most deadly and implacable for revenge.

With the little city of Tibur, now better known as Tivoli, they had a long and heavy unsettled account of this description. As often as the feud was renewed, some new and oftentimes very serious items were added to it. Now, it happened that soon after experiencing a check of this description, that the Tiburtines who had inflicted it, were brought by the fortune of war within their power. It was resolved on the Capitol that the policy of the Romans, which had blotted out so many cities in ancient times, should now be carried out in the present case. The walls of Tibur were to be razed to the ground, and the inhabitants stripped of all their property and possessions, to be driven far from the Roman borders. The then reigning Pontiff, Innocent II. set his face against this inhuman mania. He was ready to oblige the Tiburtines to live in due subordination to the Roman government and to the laws; but the destruction of the city and the extermination of its people, "*more Romano,*" he would not hear of. This was little more than twelve months after the inflammatory harangues of Arnald had been interrupted: the flame which he had fanned and to which his disciples had continued to add new fuel in his absence, at length burst forth in the shape of a violent insurrection. To the cry of the Roman empire for ever, and destruction to Tivoli, the enthusiasts rushed to the Capitol. Wild rhapsodies about the Pagan times, such as would excite the contempt of school boys, were then delivered:

it was decreed that they should take immediate steps for enforcing their domination over the universal world. For this end, the Senate which, in reality, had expired with Cato and Marcus Tullius, but to which they, in their fantastic imaginings, assign illimitable jurisdiction—at a time when their city had no constitution but the caprice of an irritable and vindictive eunuch — they re-established on the spot. Two burghers—who it is likely, were not sure whether the Gracchi had been dukes under Constantine, judges under Justinian, or captains of their rione under some of their Popes—they elect as tribunes: and then with infinitely more excitement and uproar than occurred when the invasion of Africa by Scipio, or a Parthian expedition by Corbulo, was decreed, the "*Senatus Populusque Romanus*" decreed the renewal of the war against Tivoli, in defiance of Pope Innocent, who was at that moment on his death-bed. Before expiring, this most liberal-minded and holy Pontiff was said to have had revealed to him the bitter fruits his people were destined to reap from their insanity.*

* "Populus vero Romanus volens ut eos (Tiburtinos) per obsides et sacramentum ad durissima præcepta id est, ut muris ruptis, omnes provincia cederent, cogeret (Innocentius): dum noblissimus ac liberallissimus Sacerdos tam irrationabili et inhumanæ petitioni annuere nollet, seditionem iidem Romani movent, ac in ipso impetu in Capitolio convenientes, ANTIQUAM URBIS DIGNITATEM RENOVARE CUPIENTES, ordinem senatorum, qui jam multa curricula temporum deperierat, constituunt, et rursum cum

The Arnaldisti, or those who were for the Pagan reaction, by no means composed the entire of the Roman people. The whole of Trastevere and the Leonine City, as has been remarked before, remained faithful to St. Peter. Even in the midst of the great monuments, such as the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Palatine, round which the malaria of Pagan glory and ambition seemed to hover, there were many whose heads were not turned by the prevalent delirium. There are symptoms which leave no room to doubt, that this enthusiasm in favour of Pagan despotism and the moral plague which, under the guise of so-called Republicanism, has in our own times inflicted such disgrace and havoc,—were diseases of the same type. It is on that account the less surprising that the Roman barons—prone though they were to aggressive feuds—were still averse to this movement: exactly in proportion to their superiority in intelligence to the faction of the Arnaldisti, and as they had more to lose. Thus we discover at the head of those who refused to pass over from the banner of Christ and St. Peter to that of the She-wolf, the Frangepani, and the sons (with one exception) of Pierleone, the most wealthy and powerful of the Roman princes of that age. He held Sant' Angelo, and with it the complete command of the Tiber, for the Church.

Tiburtinis bellum innovant."—*Otton. Frising.* l. 7. c. 17. Otho, an imperialist or Ghibelline himself, was writing at the very time these events were taking place.

On the accession of Pope Lucius II. who was greatly revered by his contemporaries, the refractory, it would seem, were for a while, by one means or other, induced to relinquish their schemes of universal conquest.* The lull was but for a moment, however; and the revolution, on its next outbreak, seemed to become more violent from having been for a moment restrained. In the letter to Conrad already quoted, and of which, or of the ambassadors who were the bearers of it, the Teutonic Kaiser, "their father," did not deign to take the slightest notice,† they recount, amongst their other achievements "done for his love and to exalt his power," that, of the fortresses of the baronial potentates, their towers and palaces, some they have got possession of and hold as his "vassals;" while in other instances, they have uprooted them from their foundations.‡ The Frangepani, the sons of Pierleone (excepting Giordano), also Ptolomæus, and a multitude besides are attacking us. They continue harass-

* "Hic tanquam vir prudens et fortis, habitâ cum ecclesiæ, fidelibus consilio, senatores, qui contra prohibitionem prædecessoris sui Papæ Innocentii Capitolium conscendere, senatum abjurare coegit."—*Codex Vatican. ap. Baron.* ad an. 1144. n. 2.

† "At Christianissimus Princeps hujusmodi verbis *sive næniis* præbere aures abnuit."—*Otto Frising. ubi supra.*

‡ "Fortitudines id est, turres et domos potentûm Urbis, qui vestro imperio una cum Siculo et Papa resistere parabant, cepimus, et quasdam in vestra fidelitate tenemus, quasdam vero subvertentes solo coæquavimus."—*Ubi supra.*

ing us on all occasions; lest we, as is right and proper, should place the crown of empire on your royal head. But we—because to love all labour is light—endure it all for your love and honour without a murmur! Our losses are many and weighty; but we look forward to the dole from our father's hand, and to his vengeance on the foes of his empire."* They next, very judiciously, implore of his Royal Highness not to "despise" them—which it appears he did, most heartily—*ne regia dignitas nos vestros fideles et filios* DESPICIAT! In this spirit of baseness at least, and disgusting adulation of despotism, even when it spurns them with scorn, they have imbibed to admiration the principles of their chosen prophet. As his character is drawn by those who seem to have known him thoroughly, the same were its characteristics. Gunther the poet, who was of the Ligurian Riviera, says that while Arnald was "*Plebis adulator*," he was not less an adulator of princes—maintaining with the Jurists at Roncaglia, that to them all

* "At nos, *quoniam amanti nullus labor gravis est*, licet inde plurima damna sustineamus; pro vestro *amore et honore* (the barbarian despot who had scorned to notice their repeated rhapsodies of vilest adulation!) gratanter patimur! Scimus namque (now for the high souled motive of these sons of Fabricius) nos a vobis proinde (as a *quid pro quo* for the crown) præmium sicut, a patre, accepturos: vosque in eos (our fellow citizens!) sicut in imperii hostes, *vindictam* daturos." The champions of Guerra agli Tedeschi, of "liberty, equality, fraternity," and the *Triumvirate*, may well look back with pride to their precursors of the 12th century, under the Mazzini of that day.

property belonged. The same is stated of him by Otho of Frisinga; and St. Bernard warns the Papal legate, the Cardinal Guido de Castello—who treated Arnald with great kindness, (after he was censured at the Lateran), in the futile hope of converting him—that the Brescian, if he ever found himself sustained by an armed force, would forthwith commence a war against the whole ecclesiastical system.* And in fact it turned out precisely as St. Bernard had predicted; for we find Eugenius III. (the Pontiff being at Brescia, on his return from beyond the Alps, and the Brescian being at Rome, working double tides during his absence) that Arnald had carried the war into the very heart of the sanctuary. He had succeeded, to some extent at least, by his maddening harangues to the inferior and younger clergy, in stirring them up to rebel, and to throw off the yoke, as he called it, of the Cardinals and the clergy who were charged with the government of the eight-and-twenty titles or parishes. He also called on the chaplains, or those who had care of the various oratories, cemeteries, and catacomb chapels—dependent on their respective titles,—to repudiate all subordination, and like true-hearted heirs of Brutus and Cassius to strike for liberty.

* "Dicebat (Arnaldus) cuncta hæc principis esse."—*Ott. Frising.* l. 2. c. 20. "Plebis adulator—Omnia principibus terrenis subdita," &c.—*Gunther. Liguria de Gest. Fred.* l. 3. "Demum videbitis hominem aperte insurgere in clerum, *fretum tyrannide militari*: insurgere in ipsos episcopos et in omnem passim ecclesiasticum ordinem desævire."—*Epist.* 195.

The topics which such a theme was suggestive of to an invention such as the arch-disturber was gifted with must have been irresistible in the circumstances in which he was placed, when wielded by his master hand.—"There was he, already arrived at the very pinnacle of fame and influence, dictating laws from the Capitol and preparing to conjure back that spirit of universal empire, whose skeleton they beheld left to moulder in base and ignominious decay and oblivion. This was *his* lot. —If they believed not his words, let them believe their senses. There was he on the Campidaglio, who only the other day, had been but an obscure catechist in a Lombard town. Why had he risen? He knew not,—except that he had determined not to submit to slavery; not to make a pack-horse of himself for drones, who while away their lives in idleness and in every indulgence. They were eye-witnesses of what a little becoming spirit had done for *him*—for Arnald, the obscure, the down-trodden, chapel-sweeper of Brescia; and were they—Romans! the really working clergy of the "Mater et Caput" of all Churches, to submit without a murmur to penury; while those drones who were placed over their heads, were more like the Dives than the Lazarus of the Gospel? Were they to plod on day after day, aye, and night after night, in the dull, obscure, fatiguing, monotonous round of duty, while the Cardinals—the persons really and even according to the clear letter of the law, responsible for the parishes—of which, by

the way, they also derived the fruits—had nothing to do forsooth, but to hold long consultations in consistory or in his cabinet with the Pope; to act as governors of the cities and provinces of the States, by right the property of the empire of which Rome was the head; or to go travelling through all the wonderful countries of the world, living magnificently in the palaces of kings and emperors."—It was, in fact, in pouring out the vials of his wrath upon all orders in the Church, from the Pope down to the humblest ascetic, that Arnald of Brescia surpassed himself.* Some of that grade of the clergy to whom he addressed his sedition were not more firm than the angels whom Lucifer drew after him in his revolt; and as we said, there is a rescript

* Gunther says of him:—

"Fallebat sermone rudes, clerumque procaci,
Insectantes odio, monachorum accerrimus hostis.
Plebis adulator," &c.—*Ubi supra.*

The only difference between Otho of Frisinga and Guntherus is, that the former says, while lacerating the clergy, he allowed no one else to escape the lash of his tongue—"Omnia lacerans, omnia rodens, nemini parcens, clericorum ac episcoporum derigator, monachorum persecutor, laicis tantum adulans."—*Ubi supra.* St. Bernard, who was no patron of real abuses amongst the clergy, or one who feared to demand reform with a voice of thunder, but withal in a befitting spirit, has engraved the portrait of Arnald as if with a pencil of lightning:—"Arnaldus de Brixia, cujus conversatio mel, et doctrina venenum, cui caput columbæ, cauda scorpionis est, quem Brixia evomuit, Roma exhorruit, Francia repulit, Germania abominatur, Italia non vult recipere, fertur esse vobiscum."—*Ep.* 196.

bearing date from Brescia, A.D. 1148, "to the universal clergy of Rome, that chaplains promise obedience to the Rectors of the Titles." It says, that "some of the chaplains—*quidam capellani*—listening to the false and envious foe of the human race, suggesting to them through Arnald the schismatic to make pieces of the Church which, like the garment of the Lord, ought not to be torn—have rebelled against that obedience and reverence due by them to their archpriests and Cardinals." From the same Pontiff there is a mandate to the archpriest of San Marco affirming the obligation of the Capellanus de Pinea to be subordinate to St. Mark, which listening to Arnald, he had refused to be. There is another similar mandate from Hadrian IV. relative to a chapel dependent on San Pietro in Vincoli, which Arnald had instigated the congregation to declare independent.

In fact, the dictatorship of Mazzini, in our day, for the little while it lasted, was not more despotic than would appear to have been that of the Brescian firebrand, seven centuries ago. With the successors of the Conscript Fathers of the glorious Pagan epoch at his back, he had set Pope after Pope at defiance. His doings seem to have hastened the death of Innocent II. Lucius II. with difficulty escaped from the persecution raised against him; Eugenius III. it would appear, on the day of his election, was obliged to fly for his life. It was at Farfa he was consecrated; and although he returned soon after, he was obliged again to abandon Rome. Eugenius,

after remaining some time at Viterbo, made a progress through the provinces of the Church beyond the Alps.* It was on this occasion he held the Council at Rheims, and visited at Clairvaux his beloved St. Bernard,—who had been so long his abbot and guide in the path of religious perfection. No sooner has Hadrian IV. ascended the apostolic throne than from the Capitol, in his harangues to the infatuated people who flocked to hear him, the most atrocious invectives are hurled against him by Arnald—*publice atque atrociter.* There is nothing new under the sun. The stiletto, in those days, was the talisman to freedom, to fame, to the empire of Italy and the world, 'one and indivisible,' as well as in our own. The Cardinal Gerrardo, of the title of St. Pudentiana, is coming along the Via Sacra, to have an audience of the Pope: he is rushed on by the Arnaldisti, and all but stabbed to death—if not to death outright—*ad interitum vulneraverunt.* After this atrocity, Pope

* In speaking of the Pope's stay at Viterbo on this occasion, Gasp. Ant. Petrina says:—"I popoli più rimoti spediscono a Viterbo lor' ambasciadori ad Eugenio a riconoscerlo vicario di Cristo e capo visibile di tutta la chiesa. Riflette su questo avvenimento il Card. Baronio, e vi riconosce adempiuta la minaccia del redentore, quando disse: che verranno dall' orienti é dall' occidente a sedere a mensa con Abramo, Isaacco, e Giacobbe, ed i figliuoli del regno saranno cacciati nelle tenebre esteriori. Poiche non solo i Primati della *Scozia*, e *dell' Irlanda*, ma quelli della Siria, e dell' Armenia portaronsi per mezzo dei loro legati a prestargli ubbidienza."—*Vit. S. Bernard.* vol. ii. p. 14. *Torino*, an. 1737.

Hadrian, then in the Vatican—which, from first to last, with the entire of Trastevere, had rejected the foreign incendiary—thought it high time to act. He struck the Cistiberine city with interdict.

On this the people with the clergy rose. They compelled the Senate to present themselves before his Holiness and there make oath on the four Evangelists, to expel the arch-disturber with the most violent of his disciples, should they refuse to bind themselves no more to relapse into their turbulent practices, but to live in due subjection to Papal authority. It appears that this they refused to do. There was a power apparently stronger than himself driving their unfortunate ringleader, at least, towards his horrible fate. They were expelled the city, and the contemporary writer tells us that an outburst of joy and canticles of acclamation and praise were heard, when it was announced that they were gone and that the interdict was raised. On the next day, which was Thursday in holy week, the Romans flocked to St. Peter's. Seldom had there been seen such multitudes of pilgrims from all nations. The holy offices concluded, the Papal procession advanced from the Leonine city, across the bridge of St. Angelo, and on through Rome, to take possession of the Lateran. Hadrian remained there to celebrate the festival of Easter, but immediately after returned to St. Peter's side of the Tiber.

As yet the Romans of the Seven Hills were far

from being cured of the Arnaldist mania for reviving the Pagan grandeur of the Eternal City. This is plain enough, from that extravagant oration addressed to Frederic Barbarossa at Sutri, and which made them objects of scorn and ridicule even to the semi-barbarous but still strong-minded Germans who heard it. Such were the disciples. As for the author of all this mischief—and so much more that is yet to ensue from the insanity with which he had inoculated the Roman populace—Arnald himself was taken prisoner in his retreat from the city and confined at Otricoli: over which town Cardinal Gerrardo, of the title of San Nicola, presided as governor. In an evil hour for Arnald, certain viscounts of Campania, his admirers, made a sudden irruption into the place: rescued the prisoner, and carried him away to their own districts in triumph. These "visconti," it would appear, were somehow connected with the emperor-elect; and as Arnald, under their auspices, was indefatigable in spreading the flame of sedition and heresy already lighted up on the Capitol, through those remote and untutored regions, where he began to be looked up to as a "prophet,"—in their first audience at San Quirico, the legates demanded that the "visconti" should be obliged by their royal master, Frederic, to replace Arnald of Brescia in the hands of Cardinal Gerrardo, from whom they had unlawfully rescued him.*

* "In quibus (literis) continebatur inter cætera, ut redderet eisdem cardinalibus Arnaldum hæreticum (in *manus enim ipsius*

Frederic immediately sent his officers, and having arrested one of the viscounts, the others brought in the fugitive. According to the acts of Hadrian's Pontificate, he was surrendered to the cardinals; but Otho of Frisinga, who heard the details from the lips of Frederic himself, contradicts this. He says that the viscounts having given up their protege into the hands of the prefect of Rome, he was reserved for examination by the Prince himself—that is by Frederic—and ultimately brought to the stake by the said prefect, who caused the ashes of the pyre on which the wretched man was burned to be swept into the Tiber, lest some of his misguided votaries should gather and regard them as the relics of a martyr.*

We ventured to express an opinion that it was in an evil hour for Arnald himself that the Visconti interfered to rescue him from the hands of the Papal governor of Otricoli. And we did so, in the first place, because from the uniform lenity and paternal forbearance of the Popes, when there was question of delinquents hardly less mischievous or in-

devenerat) quem vice comites Campaniæ abstulerant a magistro Gerrardo Cardinali diacono S. Nicolai apud Otriculos, ubi eum ceperat, quem tanquam prophetam in terra, sua cum omni honore habebant."—*Acta Hadrian, ex Codice Vatic. ap. Baron.* an. 1155. p. 41.

* "Tusciæ finibus captus, Principi examini, Frederici scilicit reservatus est. Et ad ultimum a præfecto Urbis ligno adactus, ac rogo in pulverum redacto funere, ne a stolida plebe corpus ejus venerationi haberetur, cinis in Tiberim sparsus est." *Ubi supr.*

corrigible than Arnald; and, in the next place, because from the treatment the misguided man himself had, on former occasions, met with from Popes and cardinals, it is, we think, quite manifest that, if left in the hands of Cardinal Gerrardo, his life—forfeited though it was even according to the laws of the present humane and enlightened age—would never have been injured. It will be in the reader's memory that Arnald, after being convicted and condemned in the Council of Lateran, was not consigned to the flames, but dismissed with an exceedingly lenient punishment—a solemn admonition to amend his life and desist from turning the heads of the ignorant with his absurd and seditious rhapsodies.*

And where do we next meet with him? Why, we find him taken up by no less a personage than Cardinal Guido, formerly governor of Benevento, and at the time we speak of the Pope's legate in Switzerland. The legate hoped, by treating him with mildness and even with favour, to win him from his error and pernicious mania for overturning all order in the Church; and to such lengths did he proceed in his

* "In magno Concilio Romæ sub Innocentio habito ab episcopo civitatis illius Brixiæ virisque religiosis accusatur. Romanus ergo Pontifex, ne perniciosum dogma ad plures serperet, imponendum viro silentium decernit, sicque factum est."—*Otto Frising.* l. 2. c. 20. Not a harsh sentence this. The Socialists, Red Republicans,—the Arnaldisti of our days, are not let off so easily. Those who now hang and transport would burn as Barbarossa did, seven centuries ago. Gunther agrees with Otho.

charitable attempt, that St. Bernard addressed his eminence a letter of expostulation, couched in the strongest terms and warning him, that, far from reclaiming Arnald, he was only placing arms in his hands, which he would not fail in due time to wield with destructive effect against order and religion.* Instead of thirsting for blood, the Roman Pontiffs were notoriously, to use the modern phrase, the great humanitarians of those times so full of revenge and violence. To soften the ferocity of the feudal spirit and to turn all orders from their insane and suicidal broils and ever recurring reprisals, was with them a darling object, a sacred policy, a primary duty. One of the immediate predecessors of Hadrian IV. Pope Callistus II. rescued the antipope Burdino, who but for him would unquestionably have been put to death by the Romans, and sent him to one of the most enchanting cloistral retreats of the Abruzzi; and similar, beyond a doubt, would have been the lot assigned by Hadrian IV. to Arnald—guilty though he was of high treason, and of coming to stir up sedition in a city with which he had not the

* "Nam cum et artem habeat et voluntatem nocendi, si accesserit favor vester, erit funiculus triplex qui difficile rumpitur, supra modum (ut vereor) nociturus." After lauding the charitable intention of the legate and admitting that even from the stones God can raise up children to Abraham, St. Bernard adds: "It is not wrong to make the trial; but a prudent man will be cautious how he transgresses the warning of the Apostle on this head: 'A man who is a heretic after one or two admonitions, avoid,'" &c. —*Epist.* 196.

slightest connection, social or political—had not Frederic *jealous of his pretensions to be the* DE FACTO *as well as the titular emperor of Rome*, taken the law as we have seen, into his own hands.

But is it not notoriously an historical fact that Arnald of Brescia was put to death—was burnt as a heretic, by the Pope? The great oracle on Italian history for almost the universality of readers, certainly says he was.—One desirous to possess himself of the real facts of the case regarding Arnald's death, refers to M. Sismondi's work, called the History of the Italian Republics. In the index to tome the 1st, under the year 1155, he finds the reference: "Frederic causes Arnald to be delivered up to him, and sends him to the Pope WHO PUTS HIM TO DEATH—*l'envoie au Pape qui le fait mourir.*" Clearly, then, according to the standard authority on Italian history it was the Pope and nobody else—without any shadow of doubt expressed or implied—that killed the Brescian propagandist of Christian liberty. Observe, the reference does not tell the inquirer that Arnald was put to death by HADRIAN IV. To have done so, instead of disposing him to swallow with his eyes shut what was to be served up to him as the history of the case, would have had the very contrary effect. It would have been to make him look narrowly to the evidence and to not lightly credit a charge of vindictiveness or wanton barba-

rity against Nicholas Breakspear, a magnanimous and generous-hearted Englishman, though wearing the tiara and the stole of the Pontificate. Hence M. Sismondi thought it enough to apprize the inquirer in the index that this atrocity was the act of "the Pope"—an abstraction of which one is, of course, prepared beforehand to credit anything no matter how nefarious or cruel. Thus with his own latent prejudices set in a blaze of high and generous indignation, by the spark in the index—by that brilliant stroke of invention "Frederic sends him to the Pope who puts him to death"—the inquirer turns over to page 283, prepared to read and interpret, in a truly liberal spirit, what is there stated. The city prefect, to whom the "Apostle of Liberty" had been given up by the Campanian Count (probably one of the Alberics or Colonna), he is told resided in San Angelo and there kept his prisoner.*

* Sismondi, to fasten the odium of the Prefect's act on the Pope, says he was the Pope's officer: on the contrary, the Prefect represented whatever authority belonged to the *emperor* within the city, and this Sismondi knew right well from his favourite authority, Muratori, who constantly asserts it. Vid. *Hurter*, t. i. p. 109, with the authorities. "Sequenti die post consecrationem suam Petrum Urbis Præfectum ad ligiam fidelitatem recepit, et per mantum, quod illi donavit, de præfectura eum publicè investivit, QUI USQUE AD TEMPUS JURAMENTO FIDELITATIS IMPERATORI FUERAT OBLIGATUS, ET AB EO (IMPERATORE) PRÆFECTURÆ TENEBAT HONOREM." Now this refers to the state of the case so late as 1198.—*Vit. Innoc. III. ab auctor evequali. Edit. Baluz. ap. Murat. Rer. Ital. SS.* p. 487.

Thus far the story has *some* ground in historical vouchers. But for this other assertion there is not a shadow of proof, *viz.* that, if Arnald was tamely allowed by the insurgent Romans to be led in bonds through their city and delivered, (not very magnanimously we should say,) into the hands of the authorities, it was because they were cowed by fear of Hadrian and the Emperor. Equally baseless is the fabric thus represented before the reader by M. de Sismondi with as much of circumstance and detail as if the historian had been himself present at the execution, or had read a description of it by an eye-witness. "One morning," continues Sismondi, "the prefect caused his prisoner to be transported to the place destined for executions, before the Gate of the People. Arnald of Brescia elevated on a pile of faggots was fastened to a stake, looking towards the Corso." The Porto del Popolo and the Corso are here introduced some four or five hundred years out of their place: but this trifling anachronism, as also that which dates the Piazza del Popolo, the Strada Babarino and the Ripetta from the 12th century! we pass over, and proceed with the scene of the execution.—"He could measure with his eyes the three long streets which extended in front of his scaffold: they embrace nearly a moiety of Rome. There dwell the men whom he had so often called to liberty. They are still wrapped in peaceful slumbers, not dreaming of the danger of their lawgiver. But aroused by the tumult of the execu-

tion and the crackling of the blazing faggots, they seize their arms, they rush to the rescue—but ah! too late; the cohorts of the Pope repulse with their lances, those who, unable to save Arnald wished at least to collect his ashes as precious relics." For the vouchers of this account of the whole transaction, as graphic and glowing with the tints of reality, as if it had been reported by a looker-on for the Morning Papers, the honest inquirer is referred by the historian of the Italian Republics to two authorities, namely, the Life of Pope Hadrian, as found in Muratori's great collection, tom. iii. p. 442, and to the history of Frederic I. by Otho of Frisinga, l. 2. c. xi. p. 720. Now, in neither of these, is there a syllable about the Romans being deterred from rescuing Arnald when he was first given up, or about the "Gate of the People," or the "Corso," or about the "three streets" opening and stretching away in the clear still morning through that very region where peacefully slept, little thinking of his danger, the men whom "their lawgiver" had "called to liberty." Of the sudden rising, the rush to arms, the brave charge to the rescue—alas, too late!—there is not a vestige of any description, direct or indirect, by inuendo or otherwise, on the historic page. As for the "cohorts of the Pope" repulsing with their lances, the noble fellows—of whom we are not told that so much as one received a scratch—like Minerva from the brain of Jove, they have turned out

fully accoutred from the brain of M. Sismondi —a very unexpected quarter for an ambuscade, especially Papal cohorts, to come from.

Under the reference to Otho of Frisinga, who is followed, so far as he goes, by Sismondi, there is no mention whatever of Arnald of Brescia. The 21st chapter of the 2nd book, to which he refers, is exclusively taken up with the precious harangue of the Arnaldist liberals to Frederic, and with Frederic's rejoinder: but in chapter the 20th, there will be found the account which has been translated in a preceding page of this section, and quoted in the foot-note, *in extenso*. It is directly the reverse of what M. Sismondi wished his readers—we must add, his dupes—to believe; because it says, Arnald, being given up, "WAS RESERVED FOR THE EXAMINATION OF THE PRINCE (THAT IS, OF FREDERIC) AND ULTIMATELY BROUGHT TO THE STAKE BY THE PREFECT OF THE CITY." The statement of the Ligurian poet already quoted tallies to the letter with this. "Under our prince," he says, "he was vanquished and consigned to the gibbet."*

And Gibbon who, had there been a shadow of ground for it, would have seized the point with delight—instead of the Corso scene—simply tells us: "the prefect of the city pronounced his sentence: the martyr of freedom was burnt alive IN THE PRESENCE OF A CARELESS AND UNGRATEFUL PEOPLE."† Verily, that which is written is verified here again;

* Ligurni de Gestis Frederic, &c. l. 3.

† Ch. 49.

—"And their testimony did not agree." Mark, xiv. 59.

Another fact which is *sedulously concealed from his readers* by Sismondi is not without its weight —to wit, that the Pope and the Cardinals were *not* at Rome at all, from long before the surrender of Arnald, or for some days after his death. Yet the impression left on the mind of his reader by Sismondi is, that the Pope was at Rome when Arnald was delivered into the hands of *his* officer, and that it was not until after he was sure the ashes of his victim were floating down the Tiber, he set out for Viterbo. Having given the scene on the Piazza del Popolo, looking up the three streets, and so forth, the historian adds: "After this execution, Hadrian, accompanied by his cardinals, advanced as far as Viterbo." The unsuspecting reader would picture to himself the Papal cortege passing out under the gate of San' Pietro, ascending the Via Cassia towards Viterbo, and be as sure that all that took place immediately after the burning of Arnald, as if he had been standing on Monte Mario, or the Pincian Hill, and saw it. Could he ever have suspected from the *historian* of the Italian Republics' narrative that, *for a long time* previously Pope Hadrian had been RESIDING at Viterbo?*

* "Hearing that Frederic was on his march from Pavia, Hadrian, who was residing at Viterbo," &c.—"Hoc igitur cognito, Hadrianus Papa, qui apud Viterbium residebat."—*Acta Alex. III.* This, Sismondi *must* have read, for he constantly refers to these Acta, and praises their graphic truth.

He had been "residing" there, too, for reasons very similar to those which caused Pius IX. to reside at Gaeta: his capital was in the hands of the followers of the Mazzini of the twelfth century. Now, suppose the Arnald, "the apostle of liberty," the "eloquent antagonist of the Popes," the champion in the nineteenth century, of that Italian unity and Roman supremacy, which was preached, almost in the same terms, by the most notorious firebrand and terrorist of the twelfth, to have been brought some fine morning last June, and made the principal sufferer in such a scene on the Piazza del Popolo as M. Sismondi has pourtrayed,—would it not require all the eloquence of the Carbonari press to root out the conviction from all generous minded men, that they and their party had acted ignobly in allowing their "lawgiver," and their idol to be made a martyr of, without a blow struck in his defence? Or could any excess of effrontery set gravely about taxing the world to believe, that, in the heart of a city up in arms against his authority, the heart and soul of that revolt was ignominiously put to death by Pius IX., despite all the devoted efforts of the revolters to prevent it? But the inherent absurdity of Sismondi's fiction does not end even here. To appreciate it fully, we must suppose General Oudinot —having a fancy for such an *auto da fé* as the historian has so vividly painted — to have selected during the siege as a proper locality, if not the for-

mer scene, some other more central within the hostile city,—such as the Piazza Navona, or the Ghetto.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in discussing the fall of Rienzi (an incomparably more noble character than Arnald, and a real benefactor to the Roman Plebs), in an Appendix to his well known romance, has undertaken to prove that "Rienzi fell from the vices of the people." Now, when we listen to the vile adulation with which the arch-enemy of freedom, the very impersonation of tyranny, Frederic Barbarossa, who had caused their "Apostle of Liberty," their "Lawgiver," to be seized and put to death, is beslavered by the envoys of the Capitol, the Arnaldisti, ere the ashes of Arnald are quenched in the river on which they were cast; when we hear them not hurling their indignation at the destroyer of him "who had so often spoken to them of liberty," not so much as making an allusion to his existence, but only demanding a round sum "for expenses"—the idea not unnaturally starts to the mind that perhaps what was the case of Rienzi, two centuries later, had happened to another ignis fatuus of the Capitol. What stamps with something like sterling value this last-mentioned conjecture is this, that although, as we have already stated, Pierleone, who held St. Angelo, was one of the many Roman barons who was faithful to his allegiance, there is still—both in the Acts of Hadrian and in Otho of Frisinga's account of the battle on the coronation-day—enough

to render it probable, if not certain, that either by treachery or compact, or through some other cause, not patent on the surface of history, that at this juncture Sant' Angelo had come, partially at least, into the hands of the Arnaldisti. The proof of it is this:—

In the Acts or contemporary Memoirs of Hadrian, it is said that the people, while the coronation was going on, "were posted, with their gates closed, in the fortress of Crescentius."—*Populus Romanus, qui, clausis portis, apud* CASTRUM CRESCENTII *residebat armatus.* Our readers are already familiar with the fact, that the popular name for Sant' Angelo during the preceding two hundred years was the fortress or citadel of Crescentius, or of the Cenci. Again, in a curious description of the Papal procession from St. Peter's to the Lateran, written a few years later than the time we are speaking of, it is called the "Castle of Crescensius." Here, then, according to one contemporary writer, praised by Sismondi, as a witness jotting down that which he saw with his own eyes, we have the Arnaldisti posted and armed to the teeth, in the fortress from whose gates their "apostle," according to Sismondi, was led out to be burned. What is simply stated in the Memoirs, the details of the battle—as described to Otho of Frisinga by Barbarossa himself, who was from first to last in the thick of it watching every incident—very clearly establish.

We have heard Liutprand declare that but with the good will of those who held that castle, there

was no passing the Ælian bridge, *at the period we are now engaged in, the only bridge between Soracte and the sea;* in A.D. 1133, the emperor Lothair, with the allied forces of the Genoese and Pisani added to his own army, was not able to force the bridge, though he was in possession of nearly the entire city on the old Roman side of the Tiber; and in consequence Lothair, not being able to force his way to St. Peter's, was crowned in the Lateran. In fine, the Arnaldisti, in their letter to Conrad tell him, that as there is no possibility of crossing by the Ælian bridge—the Castel Sant' Angelo, being in the hands of Pierleone—they, in order to open access for him to the city and the Capitol, *are about to rebuild the Pons Milvius, or as the Italian name runs, the Ponte Molle.* It is, therefore, evident that Sant' Angelo being in the hands of a garrison hostile to the population on the Roman side, the latter could not force their way, much less pass freely on to St. Peter's. For over that narrow pass, of which Sant' Angelo is the key, is the only avenue. With this point, indisputably established, let us listen to Barbarossa's story, of what happened immediately after he and his troops (wearied from the forced march of the preceding night) had retired from the scene of the coronation ceremony to the camp, probably on Monte Mario, or Monte Gaudio, or Monte Malo, as it was indifferently called, if not at that period, at least very soon after.

"While these things were taking place, the

Romans," said the emperor to his uncle Otho, "were debating on the Capitol with their senators, and on hearing that the imperial crown was being disposed of without their stipulations being heeded, in a towering frenzy, *they rushed across the Tiber* (the bridge must have been free), *and near St. Peter's, meeting some of the grooms*—quosdam ex stratoribus—who had loitered behind, they dreaded not to slay them, in the very church itself. A din and loud cries strike the emperor's ear; he commands the soldiers—longing for a moment's repose after the heat, the thirst, and the toil of the long march and morning service—to fly to arms; urging them to the greater dispatch, as he feared the Pontiff and the Cardinals were likely to fall victims to the popular fury." He proceeds to depict the scene of slaughter in terms of singular and revolting atrocity. But what concerns our point is this; round the walls of Sant' Angelo is the scene of the fight between the steel-clad veterans of Frederic and the populace from the Capitoline side of the Tiber—juxta castrum Crescentii. Then follows a very singular passage. It states that the women, in their admiration of the gallant bearing of the Teutonic knights, from the housetops and the balconies from which they seem to have viewed the bloody fray as if it were a tournament—quæ in spectaculis stabant—cried out to those who were on the battlements of the Cenci's fortress, not to overwhelm them with stones and arrows, from sympathy

with their assailants—propter inertis plebis temeritatem.* The loss on the Roman side is set down at a thousand killed or drowned in the Tiber. Two hundred prisoners only were taken by the Germans. Through the strenuous exertions of the heart-broken Pontiff, they were all delivered from the hands of the exasperated and cruel victor, and sent back to Peter the prefect of the city.†

Whatever room for discussion there may be as to whether or not Arnald's own followers were consenting to his death, about this there can be none whatever—that M. Sismondi, in positively assuring his readers, in his index, that Arnald of Brescia was "put to death by the Pope," and in dressing up a

* Ott. Frising. de Gestis Frid. 1. Imp. &c. l. 2. c. 22.

† "Pontifex autem—super tanto excessu valde tristis, eidem populo, tanquam suo grege debita charitate compassus est. Cujus relevare desiderans pro liberatione suorum omnium apud ejusdem imperatoris clementium dicutius laboravit, et effectuosas preces instanter facere non cessavit, donec universos Urbis captivos, in potestatem Urbis præfecti Petri restitui fecit."—*Acta Hadriani ap. Baron.* an. 1155. n. 18.

The importance of the Tiber in a strategic point of view, on which we insisted in discussing the assertion of M. de Tournon as to the causes why the Latin, was subdued much earlier than the Etruscan, league by the ancient Romans, is placed in striking relief by the fact, that after the battle under St. Angelo, Barbarossa had to move a distance of upwards of forty miles up that river (to the foot of Soracte), in order to pursue his march towards the south—as he did passing under Tivoli by the Ponte Lucano. Thus the fortress of St. Angelo covered a frontier of more than sixty miles—that is the whole line from Soracte to Ostia.

scene in flat contravention of what he knew to be true, has written, not what the title of his book gave his readers a right to expect: but, instead of that, has imposed upon them what is commonly called in these realms "a false and malicious libel."*

Besides the loss of one thousand killed, the Romans are said to have had a vast many wounded —*sautiati innumeri.* How bitter are the fruits they reap from the lessons of the so-called "apostle of liberty." Are these the mighty and glorious advantages they have secured by throwing off the peace-loving, paternal sway of the Pontiffs, to thrust their necks under the imperial yoke? "Arabic gold you demanded to make our prince free of the city, and crown him on the Capitol—hurrah, proud Romans, take this Teutonic steel instead!" Thus the victorious soldiers of Frederic are represented as crying out, while they slaughtered the infatuated dupes of Arnald. "Here," cried another, stabbing his victim, "is your share of the five thousand pounds for expenses!" A third, cleaving his antagonist, shouted, "Thus do the Franks pay for empires!" These were not such allocutions and homilies as they were wont to hear from the Popes.†

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* Vid. Histoire des Republiques Italiennes, &c. par M. Sismonde de Sismondi, t. i. p. 283. Bruxelles, 1838.

† "Cerneres nostros tam immaniter quam audact, Romanos cædendeno sternere, sternendo cædere, ac si dicerent, accipe nunc

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The misfortunes the Romans were destined to reap from their insane and wicked projects of rehearsing the conquering career of the city in bygone times, did not end even here. At a season when nature, in those regions of the south, has arrayed herself in all her charms—towards the close of May, 1167—they marched out in great pomp, confidence, and numbers, from their gates towards that beauteous highland region extending from the country of the Catos, the favourite summer retreat of Cicero—extending from Tusculum to the domains of ancient Alba, in the midst of which the Mons Latiaris, now Monte Cave, lifts its woody summit, or glasses itself in the deep crater-formed lakes beneath it. The vineyards then in blossom they irretrievably ravaged: the fast-ripening fields of corn shared the same fate; the trees bearing fruit, and those most conducive to the embellishment of the landscape, they cut down, or burnt, as they stood. They next beleaguered Tusculum itself—determined to deal with it as those ancient destroyers, whose deeds they idolized, had dealt with Alba; that is, not to leave of it one stone upon another.* But here again the power for which

Roma pro auro Arabico Teutonicum ferrum. Hæc est pecunia, quam tibi princeps tuus pro tua offert corona. Sic emitur a Francis imperiam. Talia tibi a principe tuo," &c.—*Otton. Frising. &c.* l. 2. c. 22.

* "Mense Maja—in omni virtute suâ exivit communiter armatus, et procedens ad terram ejus non solum vineas et segetes cum arboribus hostiliter devastavit sed etiam muros Tusculanæ

they had most ungratefully forsaken the Pontiffs, was once more to become the instrument of inflicting a chastisement the most terrible, on their delinquent heads.

The Tusculani had shut themselves up within their walls, nor was it long before the succours which they had sent across the Apennines to implore from Barbarossa—then engaged in the siege of Ancona, arrived. The vanguard of the Germans had been already received within their gates, when the main body consisting of a thousand men-at-arms—became more and more distinct—even to the colour of their war steeds, the details of their rich caparisons and accoutrements—as they were viewed by the exulting Tusculans from the ramparts of their hill-city, in their rapid advance across the adjacent Campagna, from Monte Rotondo along under Tibur, past the lake Regillus and ancient Gabii: their burnished armour and helmets glittering in the sun, and their banners and bannerets streaming gaily but gently on the summer air. It hardly required the eye of a general to see how critical had now become the position of those misguided burghers

civitatis nihilominus destruere laboravit."—*Acta Alexandri III. ap. Baron.* an. 1167. n. 1. Of this expedition Sismondi says:—"Une haine invétérée animait le peuple de Rome contre ces deux villes (Tusculum and Albano): pour la satisfaire, bien plus que pour venger l'Eglise, les Romains, à la fin de Mai," &c. Pope Innocent II. was not more opposed to their attempt to destroy Tibur than was Alexander III. to their attempt to destroy Tusculum.

who had come out from the city of the martyrs and of St. Peter to mimic the drama which invincible legions from the permanent encampment amongst the Seven Hills had played, in earnest, two thousand years before—ere men had been taught to believe that they were brothers, and while yet the demon of battle and havoc was adored as the only god. They were now about to be charged in the open field by a thousand steel-clad veterans, all but invulnerable against stones or arrows, masters of the most formidable of all weapons—the lance: enabled in close quarters to bear down all such resistance as they had to encounter by the might and power of their war-horses which they wielded with the same ease and effect as if forming part of themselves. These thousand warriors were as sufficient for the destruction of the undisciplined thirty thousand, as the same number told an hundred times. A thousand were as good as myriads for a single charge, and that was all that was needed. Before such a charge the Romans (disciples not of Romulus but of the monk of Brescia) must inevitably have been broken; and the instant they were seen to reel by the hundred thousand eyes that watched from all the surrounding heights for an opportunity to be revenged for blasted fields and vineyards that stretched beneath them—that instant sealed their doom. As the summer sun was mounting the mid-heavens, there was a shout from the thousand horse, and a counter-shout that made the earth tremble from the

thirty thousand Arnaldisti—but ere the echoes had subsided in the hollow valleys and on the woody sides of that beauteous region then glowing in all the pride of summer—ah, me! they were spreading wider and farther every instant, over the recently ravaged vineyards and corn-fields and enclosures for the orchard, the fig-tree and the olive,—a scene of massacre without mercy, of flight without escape, of piercing cries for pity to which curses and death-gashes from dripping falchions and blood-red spears were the only answers. "In the first encounter," says one who heard it from the fugitives themselves, and from those who were lookers on as from the benches of an amphitheatre—"in the first encounter—rout irretrievable was the lot of the Romans; and so direful and merciless was the slaughter along the level fields, in the hollow glens and deep ravines and byways by which those declivities between Tusculum and the Campagna are broken and intersected in every fashion, that of the army that drew out at mid-day in all the pride of vastly superior numbers, *a third part* did not escape the havoc. That night was as woeful an one as ever drew its pall-like shadows over Rome. Through the darkness nought was audible but wildest shrieks, and howling, and sounds of anguish and wailing. There was desolation round every hearth. Even for those who stood behind the strongly bolted gates, or strove from the ramparts and the towers and the belfries to look towards the scene of the defeat,

despair and terror haunted the darkness that shrouded the headlong career of the pursuers. All this gave place to the glare of day, only to reveal in all their horrors the doings by which the hill cities—from Tibur to Albano, aided in the work of retaliation and plunder by the Campanian cities also—carried their reprisals into the lands of the Romans, as far as the banks of the Tiber, and up to the very gates of the ill-fated place.* The slaughter of Cannæ, the tide of raging war that followed it to break against the very bulwarks of the city, had come round once again in the cycle of Romish history, as is remarked by the same contemporary writer. There was also a Senate, he might have added, more pretentious than that great Council of generals and statesmen, who knew how to change the invasion of the terrible and victorious Hannibal, into an ignominious

* "Appropiequantibus, post horam nonam, repento clamor vehemens ad sidera tollitur, et strictis mucronibus nimis atrociter in hostes irruunt. Sed primo congressu Populus Romanus *irreparabiliter corruit*, et per campestria et convallium devia ita impie conitritus et dilapsus est ut de tanto agmine vix tertia pars evaserit. Ea igitur nocte in Urbe factus est dolor subitaneus et ululatus magni, insatiabilis luctus ea irreparabili jactura virorum et rerum. Quippe quod ab eo tempore, quo Hannibal Romanos apud Cannas devicit, tantum Romanorum stragem nullus recolit contigisse. Hostes vero pro adepta victoria nimium exultantes non fuerunt contenti victoriâ ipsâ, sed adjectis sibi Tiburtinis, et Albanensibus, Campanis et cæteris circumpositis *illico* festinarunt ad Urbem, et destruentes universas munitiones, et omnes segetes usque ad flavium Tiberis, circumdederunt usque ad portas universam Urbem."—*Acta Alex. ubi supra.*

retreat. But here lay the difference. The Romans under the influence of that malaria of Pagan enthusiasm, ever hovering like the miasm of the Pontine among the scenes of ancient and blood-guilty grandeur, had been driven by the harangues of the apostle and the vile adulator of an iron and universal tyranny, to run counter to their real destiny—namely, to co-operate with the viceroys of the God of Christianity in their charge, to bring all tribes and tongues and nations into subjection to His Empire, and to make His will a law for "every creature." This experiment on the sunny acclivities of Tusculum—within distinct view of the Lateran—ought to have cured them for ever of the Pagan fever that desecrated the blood in their Christian veins and drove them madly on destruction, temporal as well as eternal; under the delusion that what was, and never could be anything else, but an abortive and sanguinary burlesque on the *past*, was in serious truth, only the opening of a career of conquest, destined to progress as long as there remained a single nation that had not bowed to the yoke of the Capitol. Far, however, from that being the case, the fits of this most singular malady of the imagination will be seen to return at various intervals and in various forms, down to our own times. Nor had the power of the Emperor and his immense resources been exerted without effect in adding fuel to the flame. The virus of schism mixing itself up with the delirium of Pagan ambition, both elements

of mischief fermented together and became disseminated, until the clergy—as well those who adhered to the successive antipopes, as those who had been infected with the Arnaldist sedition,—were plunged into the same abyss of spiritual and temporal ruin as the people, whom it was their duty as pastors to have resisted instead of basely obeying. Over the consequences of a state of things so disastrous as this, we heard the venerable champion of religion and freedom in the Convention of Ferrara, pouring out his griefs into the congenial bosoms of the heroes of the Lombard League.* We now leave it to the contemporary writer so frequently referred to, to tell the sequel.

"In the mean time,† the Romans, both clergy and people, seeing that the Emperor Frederic had prostrated himself at the feet of Pope Alexander, and that through the Divine power the evil of schism was extinguished: being also sensible of the direful losses they had sustained, in their temporal as well as in their spiritual interests, by the long protracted absence of the said Pontiff—they met, and after deliberating, came to the salutary resolve to recall him to the seat of St. Peter. They accordingly sent to Anagni (whither his Holiness had returned

* See the allocution of Alexander on that occasion in a preceding page.

† A.D. 1178.

from Venice) an embassy, seven of the foremost men of the city, with letters from the clergy, the Senate, and the people, suppliantly entreating—suppliciter exorantes—that he would come and preside over the flock specially entrusted to his care. But the Pontiff—although his joy and that of his brethren was great at the devout and humble expression of their wishes—remembering that, when on a former occasion he had acceded to a similar petition, returning from beyond the Alps, where the greatest nations and kings had gathered round him with an enthusiasm that nothing could have long withstood, their vows of fidelity and love had been changed ere long into a renewal of outrages and affronts, he hesitated, and not unnaturally—*non immerito*—to give ear to their bland professions and return to a city, well known to be still infested by the enemies of peace in great numbers, without first receiving guarantees, both firm and well defined.* Three Cardinals, those of Ostia, of San Giovanni e Paolo, and of Sant' Angelo, were accordingly commissioned to proceed to Rome with the seven deputies, and there make known the guarantees—the unqualified recognition of his sovereignty—on which alone he could grant their petition."

* "Pontifex autem—Revocans ad memoriam, &c. non immerito dubitavit eorum blandis promissionibus credere et ad civitatem ipsam, *quæ multos disturbatores pacis habere dignocitur*, absque certâ et firmâ securitate redire recusavit."—*Acta Alexandr. ubi supra.*

From the outcry raised against Pius IX. for that most wise determination not to return to Rome, not to enter into any negociation whatsoever with the armed interlopers who had transformed the capital of the Christian world into something incomparably more horrible than a den of ravenous wild beasts—when they sent their deputies, not so much to invite him to return to his throne, as to inveigle him within their power, there either to become the mask and the tool of their wickedness, or else — one may surmise that this mild but firm refusal on the part of Alexander III. to return, (except upon the most distinct recognition, by the refractory, of his sovereign rights), will be judged unseemly, to use the mildest phrase, by that most numerous category of individuals who blush, it would appear, to think that a Pope—while assuming to be the immediate representative of the Meek and Ever-merciful—should be any thing else than a "good easy man," ever ready to surrender no matter what is demanded of him, or by whom, rather than ever have a second angry word about it. By an application of the text which they say, to them is as obviously just as it is cogent, more especially for the Pope—they protest their inability to see why Pius IX., when his prime minister has his throat cut, when his secretary is shot within the corridors of his palace, and that palace itself is carried by storm, should do otherwise than bare his own breast for the bullet or the stiletto, or volunteer to place his head, *with the tiara*

on it, under the knife of the guillotine. This, the Mazzini school of commentators contend is the genuine interpretation of the text, "if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other." By the next verse, they say, that if any shall covet Ancona, the Pope is bound by that saying:—"if a man take away thy cloak, let go thy coat also unto him"—to let him have Civita Vecchia, even before he asks it. And again, they contend, when it is laid down in the next verse, "whosoever will force thee one mile go with him other two," that when "forced" to grant the "Statuto," Pio Nono, of his own accord, ought to have proclaimed the Red Republic. Such is the mockery of those who—like one to whom even they are forced to cede the palm as to their master in the work of evil—know how to quote Scripture for their own purposes.

As Pius VII. told Napoleon, these glorious regions of Central Italy, of which there is question, were not his at all, that he could resign them by a stroke of the pen. They belong not to any Pope. The States are the patrimony of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. They are the appanage of the Immaculate Spouse of the Immortal King of Ages. Each Pontiff, for the time being, is their trustee, as Vicar of St. Peter: the Army of the Cross, UNIVERSAL CHRISTENDOM, is the Pope's standing army for their defence—the Romans and the people of the States generally having the sublime honour of being his staff and his immediate body-guard. The Pope,

were *he* to give up the sovereignty, besides the bar of his oath, would have to surrender what so many sainted predecessors defended, to the death, as the acropolis of the Apostolic See: Christendom, were it to allow that spot alone of all the earth—which the Being who owns the entire of it "in its plenitude," and to whom they stand indebted for more than worlds, has reserved for the special interest of his kingdom, (which "is not *from* this world," though it is "in it,")—to become the spoil of a banditti swept together from every corner of Europe—their imitation of the chivalrous, the John Sobieski-like, example of the "Renegade Bem," might not at all unnaturally be looked for as the next step.

True it is, that a man of the world and a romantic school boy (wild, froward, but fresh and true in all his instincts, and, at bottom, full of love and reverence, even in the paroxysms of his truancy) are not less like each other, than the Romans of the nineteenth century (heaven forbid we should confound them with those from whom they had such a narrow escape), and their refractory ancestors of the twelfth. We have seen the incontrovertible proofs, that, in political knowledge, the "senators" and "tribunes" of the Capitol were nothing but school boys (and not very bright ones either), with socialist beards, perhaps, and arms that could wield a battle-axe as stoutly as Horatius Cocles, or jump a horse like another Quintus Curtius. We have also seen such evidence as there is no evading, that the Pontiff

who wrested the freedom of the Lombard cities and the sovereign independence of the see of St. Peter (while attending to the affairs of the universal Church besides), had nothing puerile in his character. He was as many centuries in advance of the Arnaldisti visionaries, as those who cannot now look down on them from the eminence of seven hundred years of progress, without being amused at the mock majesty and enthusiasm with which they enter into the game of senators and tribunes, for the stake of universal empire,—making a play ground of the Capitol and Forum. With such a people insurrections partook of the nature of a "barring out," to a much greater extent than those may be prepared to admit, who—swearing by Sismondi and his school of historians, without taking the trouble to look into the original sources—have been accustomed to meet, in the perturbators of Rome and of Italy generally, during the middle ages, just such "liberals" as graduate in the "Young school" at the present day —a race without faith themselves, or belief that it can be in any one else. These deride what the others regarded with Christian reverence: what the others gloried in and loved, these detest: they trample even on gratitude and honour to strike at that very authority which the brave, the true, Italian republicans were ready to pour out their turbulent, but generous blood, in defending.

Indeed, the masqueraders of the Capitol were the laughing-stock statesmen, even in the twelfth century.

Thus Otho of Frisinga, of whose master-mind we have the imperishable monument in his writings, describes their project of rehearsing the grand Pagan tragedy, of which deified Murder and Tyranny are the heroes, as an "insanity"—*insania;* as a piece of "temerity"—*temeritatis;* as a "fatuity"—*fatuitatis.* With what ineffable scorn they were treated by Frederic Barbarossa, we have seen.—"Much have we heard," he said, "of Roman valour, but of Roman wisdom we have heard still greater things: on which account we cannot sufficiently express our astonishment at the insipid bombast you have been declaiming,"—*verba arogantiæ tumore insipida.* Regarding their letters as replete with nothing better worthy of notice than "unmeaning talk or nursery stories"—*verbis sive nœniis,* he refused to expend on them one moment's attention.

But the Pontiffs were charged with a responsibility towards this people of which they could not deem themselves acquitted by folding round them the cloak of the cynic, and leaving to those with whose destinies, temporal and eternal, they were charged, to brandish a liberty which they were just as much fit to be trusted with (witness Tibur and Tusculum), as a raging maniac is to be let loose with a sword. Irrespectively, therefore, of this obligation to preserve intact the sovereignty of St. Peter over Rome and the States—as a wise Christian; as a merciful father of his people, no other

course was open to Alexander but of insisting on the pledges and conditions.

Nor had the Romans any alternative between submission, or rapid and irretrievable ruin. It had been made evident to the most stolid that the Popes could do very well without them. Never was the Papacy more mighty from horizon to horizon of the known world, than when he who was invested with it was a wanderer from kingdom to kingdom, or when he held his consistories in the remote capital of the ancient Hernicians, or in the native city of the Catos, or in some other sequestered town of his States. The ambassadors of the haughty emperor Barbarossa, we have seen wending their way to Anagni. The ambassadors of the proud Plantagenet, who came to wipe out as well as they could the stain left by the blood of à Becket, implored an audience, and for a long time implored it in vain, in the antechambers of Tusculum, where they meet with the representatives of every realm from Sicily to Scandinavia, and from Spain and Erin to the dominions of the great Khan of Tartary—called Thogrul Oug-Khan by his own subjects, but known in the mediæval writers as Prester John.* It was sufficiently clear, therefore, that though Rome is the seat appointed for the Papacy by a Providence which has so written its will on the page of history, that he who runs may read it, still the life, or the

* Vid. Alexand. III., Epist. 48. ap. Rohrb. l. 69. w. 331—333.

triumphant might of the Papacy did not, near so much, depend on its being seated within the ancient ring-wall of the Seven Hills, as it depended on such being the case, that the said ring-wall, ere long, should not be little else than the ruinous boundary of a "marble wilderness." Had Rome been left without let or hindrance to the workings of the Arnaldist delirium, the Rome of the "Senate" and of the "Tribunes,"—the Rome with the thirst for bloody wars and the delenda est Carthago-policy, more outrageously violent and unjust than in the days of Camillus or of the Censor himself, without a shadow of the same opportunity or ability to make good its ambition—this Rome, the new Latin League which we saw existing in fact, and carrying havoc and waste up to the pomerium and the banks of the Tiber, would have so dealt with, that in fifty years from the Popes shaking the dust off their feet at its gates, they would not have left of it one stone on another—so far as it was a stronghold of heathenish ravagers. Nor could the traveller of the present age (which has been made to know what such Red Republicanism is) in seeking where Rome was—as the adventurous now seek for Nineveh or Carthage—say, "ill they did it."

The more conveniently, therefore, to direct the negociations, Alexander removed his court to Tusculum from Anagni, and while there had the con-

solation to see that unfortunate man, John de Struma, the third of the antipopes set up by Frederic, present himself to sue for forgiveness. An eye-witness thus describes the scene that followed: "Pope Alexander, benign and humble as he was, did not utter a word of reproach, or even rebuke him, but said, 'Brother, there is joy in heaven for one sinner who doth penance. That you had a mind, through diabolical suggestion, to rend asunder the unity of the Church, has grieved us much; but greater is our joy that, through Divine inspiration, you are anxious to return to its unity. The Roman Church, which, indoctrinated by Jesus Christ, is accustomed to love her enemies, to-day embraces you as her son, and will be mindful to return you good for evil.' Thenceforward, the Pope never alluded to his fall, but treated him with honour in his court and at his table."*

The guarantees required by the three cardinals, on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, having been at length defined and solemnly agreed to and accepted by the Romans of all orders, assembled on the

* "De cætero Alexander Papa eum et in curia, et in mensa suâ, honorifice habuit."—*Act. Alex. III. apud Baron.* ad an. 1178. n. 5. It is not lightly, that Pope Hadrian IV., who loved and promoted this Alexander III., the benign, the humble, and yet most dignified Christian, as a man after his own heart, is to be stigmatized as cruel and vindictive—*against* historical evidence, because he is represented as such in a libellous fiction.

Capitol: their representatives having paid the usual homage to his Holiness, and sworn on the part of all to be faithful to the said constitution for all time to come,—on the feast of St. Gregory the Great which fell before the Sunday of Lent called "*Lætare Hierusalem*," or "Let Jerusalem rejoice," after mass, Pope Alexander mounted on his snow-white palfrey descended the hill side from Tusculum, in great pomp of his court, with the cardinals and ambassadors from distant regions. The walls of the mountain towns, and the great forest trees, and every vantage ground, as the procession wound down the steep towards the wide-spreading Campagna were crowded with people, all in varied and brilliantly-tinted costumes, who made the leafy woods and the valleys ring again with their acclamations of joy and praise, until the echoes, mounting on high, were lost in the bright heavens, that shed their brightness like a visible benison on the scene. And hardly had they advanced well into the great plain, when, from towards Rome, were seen advancing the whole population of the Eternal City, with the great processional crosses and the gonfalons of the various basilicas, titles, and other churches, carried aloft by the clergy, at their head. And there were the senators and the magistrates of the people with bugles sounding; the nobles riding in flashing armour, and with gorgeous banners, at the head of the bands of the City regions; and

marching on foot the people, each Roman with an olive branch in his hand, and every voice entoning acclamations in honour of Alexander, and in thanksgiving to God for that blessed sight. Then you might see how all eyes were turned to gaze upon his countenance, as on the face of Jesus Christ, whose vicegerent they saw in him.* But for the excessive thronging of the multitude to kiss his feet, hardly could the white palfrey move forward,† and right weary was the up-raised hand of the venerable man in giving his benediction. As the bright sun arrived at the summit of his course, the triumph was passing through the gate and up to the portals of the Lateran, thrown wide open to receive the crowned successor of the Prince of the Apostles. Though wearied from the journey, the throng, the noontide heat, and the burden of years of glorious labour, Alexander III., the victorious champion of Italian liberty, the asserter of the sovereignty of the Apostolic see against kings in their fury, and peoples in their infatuation, gave no rest to his aged limbs until he had dismissed the Romans, invoking on them as they knelt the benediction of the Lord of Hosts.

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* "Tunc vidisses oculos omnium ejus vultum intuentes tanquam vultum Jesu Christi, cujus vicés in terris gerit."—*Acta, &c. ubi supra.*

† "Præ nimia vero multitudine ipsius vestigia deosculantium albus palafrenus ambulare vix poterat, et senioris dextera in dandis benedictionibus nimium laborabat."—*Ib.*

This most serene and beneficent of triumphs was hailed with acclamation by the whole Christian world, and from all countries came embassies and letters to congratulate the Pope. "Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, by his Divine intervention has put an end to schism, and crowned his holy Church with triumphant security and a tranquillity unruffled, after being so long and fiercely tossed and assailed by the tempests." Thus they expressed their joy. Their thanks are sent up to the Giver of every good gift that the arch-persecutor has become a devoted son of the Church. That Church so long trodden down by the brutal violence of Frederic and his barons, now lifts its head in honour and adjusts itself majestically upon its throne, in the person of its supreme and most venerated pastor. Behold what has come of the false brethren, Octavianus, Guido da Crema, and John de Struma, the three high-priests of schism—the Core, Dathan, and Abiron of their times. Cast down like Dagon, that could not stand before the ark of the Living God, they were successively set up in opposition to Peter, only to be as often overthrown. They praise Him who ever guards his Church, that at length the schism is extinguished. They relate what cruelties they had to suffer during the persecution carried on by the successive antipopes, and the other ministers of Frederic, during the eighteen years of conflict. One of the bishops of France, Petrus Blesensis, after describ-

ing how he and others on their way to the Holy See, were laid violent hands on by the armed bands of John de Struma, and most cruelly plundered, beaten, and cast into dungeons for refusing to acknowledge him as Pope, concludes with this text of Job: "If his pride mount up to heaven and his head touch the clouds, in the end he shall be destroyed like a dunghill, and they that had seen him shall say; Where is he?"—The prelate then assures the cardinal, Willelmus of Pavia, to whom his letter is addressed, that—cherishing the memory of the charity with which, in his flight from the prison into which the schismatics had thrown him, he had been received by him, consoled and provided with everything—he ardently wishes his Eminence to put his gratitude for such benefits to the test, and prays that He who is the remunerator of good works, that He who has gone bail for whatever is given to the poor, may be his recompense.*

In the mean time, to the east, the west, the south, the north, the subdeacons of the Roman Church, bearers of letters from the Supreme Pontiff to all the metropolitans of Christendom, to the two emperors, Frederic and Emanuel, to the kings and princes of Christendom, are traversing all countries in great honour and security, to gather the representatives of the kingdom of Christ to the Ecu-

* "Ille pro me vobis retribuat, qui bonorum retributor est operum, et pauperum fidejussor."—*Apud Baron.* an. 1178. n. 7.

menic Council, summoned to meet at the Lateran in the following year.*

Besides the envoys of the Greek emperor, there came from the East, Willelmus, archbishop of Tyre, Albert, bishop of Bethlehem, Heraclius, archbishop of Cæsarea, Rudolf, bishop of Sebast, Giotto, bishop of Acre, Romanus, bishop of Tripoli, Peter the prior of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and Rainaldus, abbot of Mount Sion.† These were met by the archbishops and prelates of all orders, from the extremities of the West,—from Hibernia, Scotland, and the isles still more distant. "After Christmas, A.D. 1178," says Roger of Hoveden in his Annals, "there arrived in England from Hibernia Laurentius of Dublin, Catholicus of Tuam, archbishops, and five or six bishops, on their way to Rome to the Council. Likewise from the kingdom of Scotia, there passed through England on the same errand, bishops, and of abbots a great number; and all, as well from Hibernia as from Scotia made oath—when licence was granted them to pass—that neither to the king nor the kingdom would they be the means of any detriment. From England four bishops went to Rome, namely, Hugh of Durham—Dulmensis, John of Norwich, Robert of Hereford, and Reginald of Bath; for it is steadily maintained by the bishops of England that four is all they are bound by custom to send to Councils

* A.D. 1179.

† Vid. Willelm. Tyr. de Bello Sacr. l. 21. c. 26.

at Rome. On the other hand, the abbots went in very great numbers.* The promise of our Lord as to their gathering from the east and from the west had its literal fulfilment.

In a word, when the venerable Alexander looked round him from the throne of Peter, raised in the Lateran basilica, the representatives of the kingdom of the Redeemer were arrayed before his eyes according to the order and majestic state appropriated for the high parliament of an empire so vast and heavenly. Besides the sacred college of cardinals and the Roman clergy, there were seated in their full pontificals between patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, above three hundred. The mitred abbots were far more numerous. Ecclesiastics representing monastic orders, those coming as procurators of churches, and on various other causes: the lay princes, ambassadors, nobles, and magistrates from the free cities — who invariably assisted in these Synods, Grand Parliaments, as they were in one point of view, of the confederated Christian States— amounted to what Muratori calls *una sternimata multitudine.*†

The dignitaries, ecclesiastical and lay, when thus

* "De Hibernia Laurentius Dubliniensis, et Catholicus Tuamensis, etc. De regno Scotiæ—episcopi et abbates quam plures. Et illi omnes tam de Hibernia, quam de Scotia et *Aliis insulis*, etc. De Anglia autem quatuor episcopi tantum Romam profecti sunt—et Abbates quam plures."—*Apud Baron.* ad an. 1178. n. 12.

† Annali, an. 1178.

assembled in the Synod of Lateran, were in sooth an august multitude; but as they had to make their journey over seas and deserts and lofty Alpine chains, through kingdoms but little cognizant of law or order, through cities riotous in the enjoyment of newly conquered liberties, by many an ambuscade in the mountain passes, in the vast forests, and through the barriers at every bridge and feudal castle, it was not at one and the same hour or even within the same day, or week, or month, they all passed under the gates of the City, to which all alike were wending their way from every realm, and from the most remote extremities of the world. The highways across the Campagna were now no longer desolate. Day after day, and through all the gates the living-tide continued to set in, until that vast circuit of the Seven Hills seemed crowded, and grew resplendent with the grandeur of the world, as in the palmiest days of the Cæsars. Remembering with what numerous retinues, as well for service, in the daily bivouac for refection or for repose, as for defence in times of feud and systematic brigandage, those who held the first rank in those ages were accustomed to enter on journeys so full of hazards, of fatigues, and of privations, we are sure of being within the limit in setting down the multitude of men-at-arms who served as escorts, of grooms, officers of the household, secretaries, chaplains, attendants on the sumpter mules and the luggage—including the capellas, the books, the vestments of the various prelates—at a

great many thousand—nearer to twenty than ten. For Rome and for the Romans it was as glorious and joyful a seed time as ever came.—For it was in the opening of the spring of 1179, the great prelates, the envoys of emperors, kings, republics, princes of all degrees, and mitred abbots, came pouring in in gallant state—their horsemen in bright armour, with visors up, riding in the van before them. Through all the gates they came, but in greater numbers and magnificence through the ancient Appian gate,—from all the Eastern world and the Norman South; and through the gate of San Pancrazio and of St. Peter,—from all that circuit which begins at the pillars of Hercules, and loses itself in the ocean round the Hebrides, in the Scandinavian forests, and on the Steppes, where range the Sclavonian and the Magyar.

These as they came thronging into Rome, day after day and from dawn till evening, were to be seen surveying the ruins of the Forum, the Capitol, and the Palatine, or grouped together on every most memorable spot along the Tiber, or visiting in its widest extent the vast enclosure where the nations had their metropolis for two thousand years. Men from the most opposite regions of the world, yet feeling themselves not strangers but brethren in the city of St. Peter, (after praying at the tombs of the apostles and martyrs) were listening with such reverence and deep enthusiasm as belonged only to those ages of faith, to men versed in the lore of the past, as they told of the arms, the wealth, the

arts, of the long-vanished generations who had left behind them such stupendous vestiges of their greatness and their victories.

There were venerable seniors amongst them who could rehearse from living memory the checquered reverses of the City from the times of the great Hildebrand, when for years it was sore pressed by the Fourth Harrigo. One had often heard his father tell how the holy Pope—himself shut up in Sant' Angelo, while Rusticus, his kinsman, was posted in the mausoleum of some other of the ancient emperors,* the Septizonium on the brow of the Palatine facing the arch of Constantine and the Coliseum—held out, immovable as the corner-stone of the Church in his resolution, until Harrigo broke up and fled. As for the assault of Robert the Norman and what followed, though he was but a child then, it was all clear as yesterday in his memory. Clearer still were the stirring scenes of which the distracted city was the theatre during the times when the son of Peter Leonis, the converted Jew, had been enthroned as anti-pope, and when the emperor Lothair II. came, in A.D. 1133, with Innocent II. to receive the imperial diadem from his Holiness's hands, and to expel the intruder. The emperor-elect had his camp upon the Aventine, and a strong body of horsemen at St. Paul's. The galleys of the Genoese and the Pisani with wonderful machines for battering and casting great rocks, came up the Tiber.

* Severus, the African; father Caracalla, the fratricide; and his hapless brother, Geta.

The "old city, the tower called *pulverea*, and all the marmorata," were very soon in their power. All the Trasteverini were for Innocent, so were the Frangipani, Pier Leone, from beyond the Tiber, and a host of other nobles, with Pier Latronis at their head. But the son of the Jew, Anaclete,—as they called the antipope, commenced to parley, when he saw the day was going against him, and that, from the Lateran all along by the forts of the Frangipani, on the Cœlian in the great amphitheatre and on the Palatine, were with the whole of the Aventine, of Trastevere and the Marmorata for Innocent. He offered to submit all to the arbitration of Lothair, and in the interim to place hostages in his hands, and the strongest of his castles. But when this was readily agreed to by the Pope, who offered as hostages Pier Leone of Trastevere and his sons, also Cencio Frangipani, besides delivering as pledges several fortresses, the schismatics only laughed them to scorn, hurling insults at them with loud shouts, as well as missiles of all sorts, from the immense height of their castle battlements. Above all, they exulted on the Mole of Hadrian, guarding the bridge over the Tiber and the way to St. Peter's.

But that which was the theme of almost every tongue, and to which the prelates and the faithful from all parts of the world listened with deepest interest, were the details of the last siege when Barbarossa had pitched his tents all along the ridge and the declivities of "Monte Malo." Some told how gallantly the Papal troops defeated the attempt to storm

the walls under Sant' Angelo. Another boasted of having defended St. Peter's, when the infuriated tyrant—worse than Saracen or Turk—set fire to the adjoining Church of Saint Mary's of the Tower, and how they only gave in, when the porticoes were in flames—that a sanctuary so venerable in the eyes of the whole earth might not be reduced to ashes. A third pointed out the Turris Cartularia, on the brow of the Palatine near the Via Sacra and the Arch of Titus—one of the fastnesses of the Frangipani—where the brave Norman envoys of William the Good found Alexander, when they came, bringing the treasures sent by the Sicilian king to sustain the siege, and the two galleys that waited in the Tiber to carry the Pope beyond the reach of his implacable enemy. The narrators were at variance as to the manner in which the Holy Father escaped from the city. It had been generally given out that he would not go at all in the galleys. This it was contended by others was only to throw Barbarossa off his guard; for just as the men leant to their oars to shoot the galleys with the speed of arrows down the stream; a small company of pilgrims were received by the Admiral. That, they said, was Pope Alexander, with some of his cardinals and attendants in disguise. They were landed at Monte Circello, and so came without accident to Terracina.

It belongs to ecclesiastical history to tell what laws were enacted in that great congress of the empire of Christ, which commenced its sittings in

the Lateran, as we have before described, towards the close of March, 1179—what causes were tried and adjudicated on; what doctrines defined; what measures were devised by the aggregated wisdom, intellect, and experience of the greatest men of the whole Christian world in that age, for the reform of abuses, for the encouragement of virtue, of study, of the arts; for the establishment of universal peace amongst all Christians; for the defence of the East; to repair the damage inflicted by the long schism, on discipline faith and morality; for the extirpation of pernicious systems bearing a resemblance the most striking to the Socialist errors of our own day; in fine, for preventing and removing whatever could prove detrimental to the interests of Christ's kingdom, and for promoting all that was best calculated to introduce new tribes and peoples to the enjoyment of its blessings, or to elevate the multitudes of every race and tongue and climate already aggregated within its pale, to a more perfect correspondence with its spirit and its laws. "Whereas," says the Pontiff, in summoning the hierarchy, the representatives of the princes, and others who were present at, or took a part, in these great parliaments of Christendom,—"Whereas in the field of the Lord, which is the Church, the vices that are its briars and thistles spring up from day to day, and wax luxuriant and spread, by reason of man's senses that are prone to evil from his youth,

and also because that enemy of whose doings we are warned in the Gospel, ceaseth not to scatter coccle over the good seed,—hoping to stifle the latter, lest it flourish; it becomes indispensable that the husbandmen bestir themselves with all diligence—here to pluck up or to prune, there to till and manage, so that fresh crops of weeds spring not, through neglect, from the soil; and then to plant in that ground, thus prepared, such good seed, germs so fruitful, that, in some thirty, in others sixty, in others an hundred-fold, may be the harvest, when our Lord shall come to reap it. For this, it would seem, is the import of what he has uttered, through the mouth of Jeremias, for the instruction of the Christian priesthood: 'Lo, my words have I given into thy mouth; for behold I have placed thee over nations and kingdoms, to uproot and to pull down, and to crush, and to scatter, and to build up again, and to plant.'* This charge, of which it is incumbent on all rulers of the Church to be mindful, is addressed in a far more ample and stringent sense to the head of the Roman Church, to whom supremacy in his kingdom was assigned by Christ through St. Peter, charging him to feed both his sheep and

* Jerem. i. 9, 10. "Toute l'importance et la plus haute mission des fonctions papales, ainsi que de toutes les fonctions épiscopales, lui parurent, ainsi qu'à toute l'antiquité chrétienne, exprimées dans ces paroles du prophète: Ie t'ai institué sur les peuples," &c.—*Hurter, Histoire du Pape Innocent III., &c.* t. iii. p. 404.

his lambs, and specially assigning to him the charge to confirm his brethren."

Nor were these parliaments without their rolls, their archives, and, so to speak, their Hansards. It is alone through the great Collections of the Councils, as they are called—Mansi's is perhaps the best—that the development of the "kingdom of God, which is like to a mustard seed," can be adequately studied. They form a luminous commentary on the text: "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building up of the body of Christ, until we all meet in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ; that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive."*

After a protracted reign of three-and-twenty years, during which he piloted the bark of Peter with such singular wisdom, skill, moderation, and energy, as to secure for it peace the most profound and glorious, after all sorts of storms and dangers,—this great High Priest of the Church, and Author of Italian liberty, Alexander III., was called to his reward, on the 30th of August, A.D. 1181. It was

* Ephes. iv. 11—15.

from this Pope, the princes who reigned over Portugal first obtained the kingly title: previously they were only Dukes.*

Of the new era which opens for Italy and the Italians (far away the brightest, even in *their* history)—which opens from the hour that brought Barbarossa to his feet on the square of San Marco, we shall have to say a word or two in treating of Benedict XI. with whose pontificate that era expires. For the present, we must turn to scenes, alas, how different—the workings of that spirit which, ascending the Capitol with Arnald of Brescia, continues for nigh half a century defying the power of the Pontiffs to expel it, and driving the factions into the most headlong and criminal excesses.

There is extant an address from the Senate and the Roman people to Pope Clement III. bearing date the last day of May, A.D. 1188, and the 44th year of the Senate; it is embodied in the collection—a single volume— of Cencius Cameralis, deposited in the Vatican library, where Baronius copied it. When combined with other writings of the same period, it reflects a light the most distinct on what

* "Cæterum cum idem pater tuus," writes Innocent III. to the royal heir of Alphonso, on whom Alexander had conferred the crown, "usque ad tempora felicis memoriæ Alex. Papæ prædecessoris nostri, Ducis esset nomine appellatus: ab eodem meruit obtinere, ut tam ipse quam ejus hæredes regio nomine vocarentur."—Vid. *Baron.* ad an. 1179. n. 16.

is at once one of the darkest of tragedies, and at the same time an illustration of the judgments which are said invariably to pursue the instruments of wrong or outrage inflicted on the Papacy.

During the closing years of Alexander III. there was peace. The highland cities appear to have been left unmolested by the aggressive ambition of the fanatics of the Capitol. But hardly has his successor Lucius III. "a personage," says Muratori, "of singular wisdom and prudence," ascended the throne, when the mania for destruction breaks out with greater fury than ever. The newly elected Pope is called on to declare war against the cities from Tibur to Albano, but above all against Tusculum, and to give the forces of the State to help to subdue and destroy them. Lucius III., rather than yield, withdrew from the scene of Pagan frenzy, and established his court at Velletri. One fact which,—only that it is recorded by all the historians, we should set down as incredible, so atrocious is it—will be enough to give an idea of the spirit in which the war of conquest they had resumed was now carried on by the Romans. Some bands from their camp (somewhere in the hills between Palestrina, Mount Algidus, and Val Montone), during a foray in the direction of Velletri, fell in with some clerics—the students of one of the Papal colleges—it is very likely. These poor youths they took, and having plucked out, or forced their eyeballs from the sockets, and placing them, face to tail, on asses, with mock

mitres on their heads, made them swear to present themselves in that plight to the holy Father, on getting back to Velletri. The eyes of one of the number they did not pluck out, only that he might serve as a guide to conduct the others into the Pontiff's presence.* This happened, according to Muratori, in the year 1184, and after they had given to the flames the hill cities—Palliano and Ferrone, amongst the rest—and burnt and ravaged the lands from Tibur to Tusculum, and as far as they could penetrate into the Val di Sacco. Shortly after, according to Giovanni da Ceccano, they suffered a severe defeat from the Count Bertold, charged with the defence of Campania by the Pope. He adds, that the Count, who acted as legate of the Emperor, having got possession of Rocca di Papa—strongly placed on the margin, (towards the Campagna,) of that celebrated amphitheatre called the Camp of Hannibal, and which is overlooked by the Mons Latiaris and Mount Algidus—continued from thence to make reprisals on the invaders. Within the walls

* "Multi ex suis excæcantur, mitrati super asinos aversis vultibus ponuntur, et uti juraverunt, se taliter Papæ representant."—*Frà. Fram. Pepin. in Chron., apud Muratori, Rer. Ital. SS.* t. ix., *Annali d'Italia*, an. 1184. p. 65. The expression *multi ex suis*, together with the fact that the atrocity happened in the neighbourhood of Velletri, where the Pope had fixed his court, with those who are familiar with Rome and the Episcopal cities of Italy, will fully warrant the conjecture that there was question of the students of one of the colleges, taking their evening's walk, or a day's excursion, perhaps, on donkeys, into the hills.

there raged a pestilence that swept away its victims in great numbers.*

After the diabolical scene near Velletri, Pope Lucius withdrew from the States altogether, and continued to reside for the rest of his reign at Verona: as did also Urban III., who succeeded this great and holy Pontiff, in A.D. 1185.† The Pontificate of Gregory VIII. who succeeded Urban in 1187, was very brief. It was at Pisa the conclave assembled in which Clement III. was elected.‡ His legates on arriving in Rome were assured that nothing could be more ardent than the desire of all hearts to see the Pontiff once more in his own city, where they sighed for him as for their Sovereign and Father; but it was added that the feud with Tusculum they could not relinquish—never! until they had first wiped out the stain of that fatal day—a second Cannæ to their sires—and removed an impediment to their career as conquerors, by reducing it *to the condition of an open town.* Our reason for italicising these words will be plain to the reader a little further on. To convey their views with precision to Clement III.,

* "Romæ mortalitas populum multum prostravit."—*Guafr. Vogien. in Chron., Rer. Ital. SS.* t. 5.

† The privilege of coining money was granted by this Pontiff (Lucius III.) to the city of Lucca, of which he was a native:—"Concessit Lucensibus monetam cudendam, quam civitatem summe commendans, omnibus civitalibus Tusciæ, Marchiæ, Campaniæ, Romagnolæ, et Apuliæ, in moneta præponit."—*Ptolom. da Lucca in Annal. apud Murat. Italie. SS.* t. vi.

‡ A.D. 1188.

the instrument alluded to at the opening of this section was prepared. It is addressed as follows:—"To the Most Holy Father and Lord, Clement, by the Grace of God Supreme Pontiff, and Universal Pope, the Senate and the Roman People, liege service with subjection." In the preamble referring to the exhortations of the legates to cultivate the arts of peace in preference to waging eternal hostilities with their neighbours, they say, they also are lovers of peace—because through the abundance which it yields they will be the better enabled to inflict a merited destruction on the heads of their enemies!—*hostibus nostris digna præparantur exitia.* They then offer to give up the Senate, the City, and the mint or exchequer—*ad præsens reddimus vobis Senatum, et Urbem, et Monetam:* also the church of St. Peter, *free from all debt.* "And the bishoprics and other churches MORTGAGED FOR THE WAR, we deliver free in the same way, with this proviso, that one-third of the moneta—revenue be allowed yearly to the Senate to pay off the debt, until the entire shall have been liquidated; the usury to diminish in proportion as the debt is diminished."* Such are the blessings she has reaped, such the sublime mysteries into which Rome has been initiated by the disciples

* "Item ecclesiam B. Petri absolutam reddimus, et episcopatus, et alias ecclesias obligatas pro guerra reddimus absolutas, hoc modo, quod de tertia parte monetæ, quam senatus habebit singulis annis exonerentur, donec tota pecunia pro quâ obligata sunt, solvatur, et sicut sors minuretur, ita minuantur usuræ, pro rata parte."—*Ap. Baron.* ad an. 1181.

of the Mazzini of the 12th century, in their glorious and most *liberal* mania to exterminate their next door neighbours, and thus march without impediment to the reconquest of the universe!

"All the regalia—royal tributes, rights and privileges, within the city, and without, we restore—*except the Ponte Lucano.*" The reader who has taken the trouble to look through the introductory chapters of this work, will recollect that this Ponte Lucano is a bridge over the Anio, where it enters on the Campagna di Roma about six furlongs under Tivoli, or the ancient Tibur; and that hard by the bridge on the Tibur side or left bank of the Anio, there stood and still stands—unless Garibaldi destroyed it—an ancient tomb (a miniature Sant' Angelo,) which had built on it, though it is some fifty feet high of itself, a lofty war tower during those feudal times. Behold the grand strategic position—the key of the Tivoli vineyards, orchards, olive grounds, and corn patches, which the heroes of the Campidaglio could on no account let out of their hands. In the next clause, it is guaranteed that the Capitanei or Caporioni, captains of the regionary bands or civic guards, to use the modern phrase, shall take the oath of fealty to the Pope and his successors. The senators, both those in office, and those to be elected from year to year (by an arrangement similar to that of our municipal bodies) are to do the same—"as has been customary—*sicut consuetum est.*" Those resorting to the Roman curia or returning from it, they swear not to molest—*salvis justiis Romanorum*—

whatever is meant by that? Ten from each *contrada*—the same as region probably—and a greater number should his Holiness wish it, are to swear for the entire population, thus to keep the peace. There is a clause by which certain perquisites or donatives which they call *presbyteria consueta*, to be given by the Pontiff to the senators, judges, advocates and scriniarii appointed by himself, and also to the officials of the Senate—*officialibus Senatûs*. Then certain prescriptive privileges are stipulated for, as the right of the Capitanei—"without in anywise trenching however on the property which belongs to the Roman Church in Prænestæ, or acquitting the said captains from the homage they are bound to render to Pope Celestine and his successors." The Pope is not to take the city of Tibur into favour to the detriment of Rome: nor is he to prevent the Romans from carrying on war whenever they like against their neighbours of Tibur.* If by marching at the Pontiff's command as his vassals, to any war, they thereby bring down an enemy on their own lands, the Pontiff is to aid in repelling that enemy. This is said in allusion to the lands, privileges and various kinds of property, which belonged to the Romans as forming a municipality, and over which they exercised a complete feudal dominion under the suzerainté of the Pope. To all the chief cities of the States belonged similar rights and cus-

* "Tibur non recipietis ad detrimentum et damnum Urbis; sed si Tiburtinos impugnare voluerimus, non facietis nobis contrarium."—*Ib.*

toms, and to many of the smaller ones also, as to such, for instance, as Palestrina (which had eight towns subject to it) to Tibur, Tusculum, Recanati, not to speak of Ferrara, Bologna, Rimini, Fano, Perugia, Viterbo, and the other greater cities. They all, as well as Rome, claimed the right of making war on their own account. They received the Pope's troops as garrisons—though not universally or at all times—they all paid a yearly tribute, recognized the governors or podestas (usually prelates) appointed by the Popes; they respected the right of the Curia to the royalties; were guilty of less trespasses, perhaps, on the estates of the Camera or what we may call the crown lands, than on the lands of private persons; but in all other respects they had so much of their own way, and such unrestricted freedom in the affairs of their townships, that, during those ages, the States of the Church may be safely pictured to the imagination as an immense aggregation of quasi-republics in miniature (like that of San Marino at the present day) all independent of each other, though all recognizing the suzerainté of the Popes.

The protocol of the "most magnificent Senate," and the "terrific Roman People," as these heroes of the Capitol style themselves—*magnificentissimi ordinis Senatûs et metuendi Populi Romani*, contains one other clause, for which they stipulate with the greatest earnestness, but not, as they traitorously assert, "in good faith and without fraud," *in bonâ*

fide et sine fraude. This clause referred to TUSCULUM.

On the face of it, it meant simply what we set out with stating, *viz.*, that, in order to disable it from any longer molesting the lands of the Roman municipality or infesting the highways, *the outer walls of Tusculum, its acropolis or citadel, and its border castles were to be razed:* that is to say, the obnoxious place was to be reduced to the condition of an OPEN TOWN. And as if to remove all room for cavil, it is repeated TWICE that "all tenements, as well within as without the walls of Tusculum, are to remain intact," and that "the inhabitants of Tusculum, outside the city and within-side, are to remain unmolested, both in property or person." Come we, now, to test whether or not it was "in good faith and without fraud," that this clause, at least, of the treaty was carried out.

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* "Et quocumque modo Tusculanum dirui cortigerit: nihilominus omnes possessiones et tenimenta ejus intus et extra, cum omnibus bonis et rebus eorum sint, in jure et potestate Romanæ ecclesiæ." Again:—"Sic fiet, quocumque modo ad manus nostras devenerit, infra dimidium annum, omnes muros et carbonaria civitatis et roccæ Tusculani, et suburbiorum dabitis nobis ad diruendum, quos et quæ nunquam reficietis—retentis et salvis tam vobis quam successioribus vestris, et Romanæ ecclesiæ, omnibus possessionibus, tenimentis, et pertinentiis ejusdem Tusculani intus et extra, cum hominibus rebusque eorum."—*Ib.* As Tusculum belonged to the Camera, they also stipulated that from its rents and tributes one hundred pounds a year should be applied to repairing the walls of Rome.

The above transaction took place in A. D. 1188, the year in which Clement III. returned to Rome. At that period the people of Tusculum being sustained by a body of German troops, maintained there by the Emperor as advocate of the Church, they might well despise the impotent hatred and thirst for revenge of the Romans: the more so on this account, that the Pontiff would not yield to the demands and entreaties of these heirs of Cincinnatus and the Fabii, to fulminate an excommunication against their invincible foes. Things were in this posture, when Clement III. was called to a better life, and his successor elected immediately after, in the April of 1191.

Hyacinth, cardinal-deacon of Santa Maria, *in Cosmodin*, who received the name of Celestine III., was in his eighty-fifth year—*ætatis plane decrepitæ*, as Cardinal Baronius says, when raised to an office the most arduous that could be confided to a mortal, at a moment, too, when a difficulty of no ordinary magnitude was to be met. In a word, the Sixth Henry, the heir of Barbarossa, the sire of Frederic II., was thundering at the gates of Rome,—the more impatient to receive the consecration and insignia of empire from the hands of Celestine, as the death of Clement while he was before the walls, had caused a delay which he had little expected. To this impetuosity of the young and ambitious Kaiser, a torpid procrastination seemed to be opposed on the part of the aged Pontiff elect. His own consecra-

tion, (until after which it was not possible for him to confer the empire), was put off from day to day and from week to week ; for, in truth, there was no reason why the Papal Court should be in a hurry to augment the power of Henry, but quite the reverse.

So far back as the year 1186, in the reign of Urban III., a matrimonial alliance had been formed, contrary to the wishes and the rights of the Holy See, between Constance, daughter of Roger, King of Sicily, and aunt of William II., surnamed the Good. Sicily had been held throughout by the Normans as a fief of the See of St. Peter. From the Popes they had received investiture. Innocent II. was once besieged in Benevento by Roger, and taken prisoner, in order to prevail on his Holiness to confer on him the regal unction and crown! Independently of this, it had been from time immemorial the policy of the Holy See—seated in Central Italy—not to allow the south ever to come into possession of the same potentates, by whom the north of the Peninsula was held. On the other hand, this was the darling scheme of the Hohenstauffen emperors from the time of Barbarossa, and it was to bring about by intrigue what he had failed to effect by arms, that he caused the youthful Henry, at that time but twenty-one, to marry the heiress of Sicily, who had the advantage of him by ten years, at least. Henry had, moreover, assumed the title of Cæsar or emperor-elect, from the time of his marriage,

thereby intrenching on the rights of the Papacy, as the reader is already aware. With such unmistakable warnings as to the existence of projects on thepart of Henry, the realization of which would be alike fatal to Italian liberty and to the liberty of the Church—so lately and with such difficulty reconquered,—that Celestine should endeavour to wear out the time, and if possible stave off the coronation altogether, was as natural as it was patriotic and wise. In the mean time, the party of the Capitol—solely intent on getting revenge of Tusculum—had their keen intellects rivetted on the game: the instant an opportunity offered itself, they seized it.

Their ambassadors (not less eloquent it is likely than those who addressed Barbarossa at Sutri), proceeding to the camp of Henry, assured him that they would guarantee his immediate coronation, provided he on his part would withdraw his troops and his protection from the Tusculans,—" who cease not, they said, to molest us by forays from their border castles." Henry closed with the Romans, at once,* and from the pavilion of the king they has-

* " Videus (Celestinus) regem cum multa jactantia venisse, ad protelandam ejus consecrationem, suam distulit. Sed Romani exeuntes ad regem, sic ei locuti sunt. Fac nobiscum amicitias et *honora nos et Urbem jure nostro*—insuper fac nobis justitiam de castellis tuis, quæ sunt in Tusculano; quæ sine intermissione nos inquietare non cessant: et erimus pro te ad Dominum papam, ut coronam imperii super caput tuum ponat. Qui in omnibus ad voluntatem Romanorum se promptum exhibint."—*Arnald. Lubecens, in Chron.* l. 4. c. 4. *apud Baron.* ad an. 1191. n. 9.

tened to the cabinet of the aged Celestine. To him they depicted in glowing language the scenes of devastation and rapine, of which they had been eye-witnesses. Indeed, on this head, the atrocities of which the troops of Henry had been guilty along their march, and during the delay by which their royal master became more and more exasperated from day to day, had left the envoys little or no room for exaggeration. They then assailed the venerable Father with the most heart-rending appeals, no longer to leave his people to be thus lacerated and stripped of every thing by the rapacious barbarians—at the same time pledging their lives, that nothing could be more dutiful, nothing more from any evil intent towards his Holiness or the Apostolic See, than the intentions of Henry. They suggested, however, that now was the time to get rid of the German garrisons that constantly overawed the Campagna, and sometimes ravaged it. His Holiness might insist on as a condition before crowning Henry that his troops should surrender that city and its castles to the right owner—alleging the necessity he was under of fulfilling the stipulation made between the Romans and his predecessor, Clement III. Their stratagem completely succeeded. On Easter-Monday, after the customary oaths on the part of the emperor-elect, to be the defender of the privileges and independence of the Holy See, to restore all such parts of the States of St. Peter, as either were or as might at any future

time be in his possession,—Henry and Constance were crowned with great pomp in St. Peter's. First amongst the cities of the patrimony, surrendered by the newly-crowned emperor to Celestine, was Tusculum; he, in conformity with the stipulation drawn up by themselves, and sworn to be observed "in good faith and without fraud," surrendered it to the Romans. Let a contemporary writer, the Abbas Ursbergensis, tell how these restorers of the Pagan Republic and the glories of the Capitol, redeemed their sworn pledge, "to leave all tenements within and without the walls of Tusculum uninjured, and not to molest the inhabitants in their persons or their property," but merely to make the fortified stronghold an open town, so that it should be no longer able to harass them with predatory incursions.

"The imperial troops," says this writer, a Ghibeline, "according to the orders sent by his officers, gave up the unsuspecting city to the Romans. Many of the townsmen they slaughtered outright; of nearly all the rest they cut off the feet, the hands, or some other members; for which thing the emperor was reproached by many." This horrible statement is confirmed by Godfrid the monk, in his Chronicle, and by Sicard, bishop of Cremona, both writers of the time. By the latter it is said: "Some of the Tusculans they deprived of their eyes, others they mutilated in the most shocking manner." Behold the exploits of the Arnaldisti; of the restorers of the Pagan Republic: of the souls, too magnani-

mous to obey the successors of St. Peter, or rest satisfied until they have rehearsed the drama, which appropriately opened with the crime of fratricide by the nursling of the she-wolf, and appropriately ends with the ten persecutions.

As for the "tenements within-side and outside the walls" of the doomed city, it was not to be expected they should be spared by those who had so dealt with their unfortunate inmates. What they did with the frontier castles is not stated. The citadel or rocca they overthrew; but very few vestiges of the walls were left; of the "tenements" they left not one stone upon another. Many a time and oft have we sat and mused amidst the few remaining vestiges of that memorable place, with nothing to disturb our reveries but the vesper bell of the Camaldoli from the woodlands beneath, or nearer at hand, the flute of the wild shepherd, beguiling the solitude with strains, perhaps the very same that were tuned on the sylvan reed of Tityrus as in the days of Virgil.

Thus has the "delenda est Carthago" of Cato recoiled upon his own native city. That fell spirit of implacable vengeance, which it was the aim of his existence to keep alive, and incessantly to exasperate in the Senate and the people of his day, has been fatal to it. They who are now attempting to parody the acts of that Senate and people have visited his own country, in which he gloried, with the very scenery of which his name is identified

to the present hour, and made it feel the effects of that passion in its most execrable excess.

As for moralizing on this deed without a name, we have not the heart to attempt it. Some contend that in the fate of Tusculum there is a deep and instructive parable. Remembering the judgments so signally inflicted on Babylon, on Nineveh, but above all on that City over which the Saviour wept, the Father of the Ecclesiastical Annals, interprets it in this way. After quoting the passage from Roger of Hoveden, which says that, of the doomed place not one stone was left upon another, he continues: "atrocious as was the agency by which this ancient city was destroyed, it is impossible not to see in it a mark of the Divine retribution for the outrages and opprobrium inflicted on the See of St. Peter, by its princes, the Alberics, and by their vassals, its inhabitants." But there is a clear contradiction between the unimpeachable testimony quoted above as to the infamous barbarities practised on the Tusculans and the statement of Baronius, when he says: "But this infliction was tempered by mercy: the judgment falling only on the masonry of its walls, and the dwellers of the place being allowed to depart unhurt." Had the authorities quoted from Muratori been brought to light in the Cardinal's time, he would not have written thus, for no writer was ever less inclined to dissemble the truth, no matter how irksome it might be to have to record it.

Of the survivors, many settled in the towns on the surrounding heights of Algidus and Monte Cave, such as Rocca di Papa and Rocca Priore; the latter is said to have borne, for some time, the name of Rocca Perjura. Others took up their abode in Castro Malariæ, and the Castro di Santo Cesario, close to Grotta Ferrata. All these places are in the immediate neighbourhood of Tusculum, so that the ejected could attend to the culture of their native fields. The far greater number, however, lingering still nearer to the ancient seat, formed a kind of rude bivouac on the hill side, about midway between the summit on which the city of the Catos and the Alberics had stood, and the level of the Campagna. This was the beginning of the picturesque and far-famed Frascati,—so called from the green branches with which the outcasts covered their huts, before they had time to build houses.

CHAPTER III.

A STUDENT of Goettingen, curious in antiquated tomes, purchased one day, for a few kreutzers, at a book-stand in that city, two dusty folios, somewhere in the opening years of the present century. Their title ran thus: "The Letters of Innocent III. Roman Pontiff, in eleven books; together with the Gesta, or co-temporary Memoirs of the said Innocent, and the first collection of his Decretals made by Rainerius, Deacon and Monk of Pomposa. Stephanus Baluzius Tutelensis collected these documents, most of which he edits for the first time: the rest he has revised and corrected. Two volumes, folio. Paris, 1682."

In a worldly point of view, at least, these folios turned out to be as fatal as another Pandora's box, to the young student. His name was Hurter. Born of an ancient and wealthy family, at Schaffhausen, on the 19th of March, 1787, he rose, while still in the prime of manhood to the highest honours in the Church and the government of his native canton. He lived in affluence, surrounded by a delightful family, and honoured by his fellow-citizens as the chief glory of their country, though Schaffhausen had also given birth to Jean de Müller. Thus freighted with happiness, his bark would in all likelihood have continued to glide agreeably and

smoothly down the current of life to the close, had he not, in an hour which he little imagined to be the turning point of his destiny, taken with him that learned lumber from the old-book stand at Goettingen. It may sound like an Arabian tale, but it is a familiar fact that has happened in our own days, that the perusal of those Letters of Innocent III. was the cause why, from being the man most honoured, and beloved, and looked up to, in his canton, Hurter was forced to take refuge in perpetual exile from the storm of execration with which, a few years since, his fellow-countrymen pursued him.

Appointed to one of the most sequestered livings in the canton, immediately on his return from the university, to beguile the tedium of his life, he plunged into the two huge folios of Baluzius. The Innocent III., whom the young, most gifted, highly cultivated Zuinglian Minister discovered in the eleven books of Epistles, in the contemporary Gesta, and in the decretals or public edicts, was a totally different character from Innocent III., as Hurter had seen him represented by those whom he had been taught to regard as the most eminent historians. He found that this Roman Pontiff had been most grievously traduced; traduced not only by writers of an infidel turn, such as Voltaire, Gibbon, Sismondi, Hume; but also by Catholics, and even by priests—to wit, by Fleury, and by several other ecclesiastical writers of the same sycophantic bias. Hurter became filled with reverence and admiration

the most profound, of the writer of those eleven books of letters. He felt that he had most unexpectedly met with, in one of the most generally detested of the Popes, one of the best, as well as greatest, men that ever lived. From the repeated perusal and study of the two folios (big with his own fate as well as with the Epistles and the Gesta of Innocent), Hurter passed to researches at once most comprehensive and minute of the whole period of history of which we find this Roman Pontiff to be the centre—the very heart whose pulsations gave life and activity to the whole European world of his time. He devoted twenty years to these researches. He began to write his history of Innocent III. in the year 1818. He published the first volume in 1833, the second in 1834. Long before the whole work was completed in 1838, it had acquired an European celebrity for its author, who had been President of Consistory for the Canton of Schaffhausen, from 1835. But, conscientious and honourable as Hurter was, he could not possibly avoid becoming a votary of that Church which numbered Innocent III. amongst the greatest of her Pontiffs. He knew right well the consequences would be such as we have already glanced at: he prepared, however, for the sacrifice, and made it (if we remember rightly, it was in 1844,) at the feet of Pope Gregory XVI.

We therefore refer our readers who may wish to consider the history of Innocent as the supreme

ruler of Christendom when in the very meridian of its mediæval glories, to the work of Hurter, written as it was and published while he yet stood at the head of the Reformed of Schaffhausen; be it our much humbler task to view him merely as the Sovereign of the Papal States.

"Pope Innocent III." says his cotemporary biographer, "was son of Transmundo Count of Segni, and of Claricia, a daughter of one of the noblest houses of Rome. He was a man of genius the most perspicacious, of tenacious memory; versed in learning, sacred and profane. Both in the *vulgar tongue*, and in that of the lettered he delivered himself with eloquence: he was well skilled in music, and the art of chanting the sacred hymns, canticles, and psalms. He was of the middle stature, and comely in aspect. Between prodigality and avarice he held a middle course; leaning somewhat to the former, perhaps, in the matter of alms-giving and feeding the hungry; but otherwise sparing, except in cases of necessity. Against the rebellious and contumacious he was severe, but he was benign towards the humble and devoted. Brave in heart, in his resolution immoveable, magnanimous and subtle, he was a defender of the faith, a foe of heresy. Rigid in dispensing justice, though naturally prone to mercy. He was humble in prosperity, patient in adversity. By natural temperament he was

easily fired with indignation, but he also forgave easily. His first studies were in the City; he then studied in Pairs,—and finally at Bologna—carrying away the palm from all his contemporaries in philosophical acquirements as well as in theology. This any one may test by his works which he either wrote or dictated at various times." Having added that he was ordained sub-deacon by Gregory VIII. and made cardinal-deacon of the title of Saints Sergius and Bacchus by Clement III., the biographer proceeds to describe how he was elected and the transactions of his reign.

"On the death of Celestine III."* he says, "some of the cardinals (the bishops) repaired to the fortress of the Septa Solis, attached to the monastery Clivisauri,† there, with the greater security and freedom from undue interference, to deliberate as to who should be elected to succeed him. Cardinal Lothario (Pope Innocent's christian name), after assisting with some other cardinals at the obsequies of the deceased Pontiff at the Lateran, came to the conclave with the rest. The mass of the Holy Ghost having been celebrated (at which none but the cardinals were present), when they came to treat of the election, it was agreed that they should begin, by humbly prostrating themselves and interchanging the kiss of peace. Then, after the exhortation, the examina-

* Jan. 8, A.D. 1198.

† Clivi scauri.—The Clivus Scauri is the brow of the Cœlian about San Gregorio, whereas the Septa Solis, *i. e.* the Septizonium, was on the opposite brow of the Palatine.

tors were chosen according to ancient usage. They, after the scrutiny of the votes, and having committed to writing how each had voted, reported the result to the brethren. Three others, besides Lothario, were in nomination. For him, however, there was a majority of votes (since the Council under Alexander III. A.D. 1189, two-thirds of the votes were required for an election): and, after a discussion had taken place as to whether he was not ineligible from defect of age—he being at that moment but thirty-seven—all concurred unanimously to elect him, considering that his eminence in virtue and knowledge more than compensated for defect of years. With tears and entreaties he resisted, but the cope of the Pontificate was placed upon his shoulders; they gave him the name of Innocent, and entoned the Te Deum Laudamus. This election having been proclaimed to the multitude,—the clergy and people who were below awaiting the event,—they conducted him, with the accustomed hymns and acclamations, to the basilica of Constantine at the Lateran, and from thence to the Lateran palace.*

"His election was celebrated on the sixth of the ides of January, but being only a deacon, his ordination as priest was deferred until the Saturday of Quatuor Tense, the 9th of the kalends of March. On the Sunday following, which fell on the feast of

* "Peractis omnibus secundum morem solitum et antiquum." —*Vita Innoc. &c. Ex Stephan. Baluz. apud Muratori. Rer. Ital. SS.* t. 3. p. 486.

St. Peter's chair, he was consecrated bishop in the basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, and enthroned in the said chair or cathedra. Many believed they saw in all this the finger of the Most High. At his consecration, which he received with floods of tears, and every mark of profound humility, there assisted four archbishops, twenty-eight bishops: cardinal-presbyters five, cardinal-deacons nine, and ten abbots. With these dignitaries,—besides the prior and sub-deacons, the primicerius and his schola cantorum, the judges, advocates, notaries, scriniarii, and the various other colleges,—he rode in state through the city from St. Peter's to the Lateran, crowned with the tiara, and accompanied by the Prefect and the Senator, with the magnates, the nobles, the captaneii in great force, and consuls and podesdas from various cities of the States and of all Italy."

This is the list of the triumphal arches under which the Pontiff rode on his white horse with the princes of Church and State as above noted from St. Peter's to the Lateran,—the way being strewed with flowers and sweet smelling leaves, the palaces and towers being decorated with gorgeous draperies and banners, the way lined with the multitude bearing branches of olive in their hands, and thurifers (two from each church, of which the list is to be found hereafter), casting such clouds of incense that the

whole atmosphere was perfumed, as the procession moved along in slow and majestic state.

On the steps of St. Peter's was the 1st arch. The Magistri Sancti Petri—a guild having care of that sacred fabric—erected this arch. Close to St. Gregory's was the 2nd, erected by the Pallearii. The 3rd was the Merchant's arch; the 4th, that of the Fiolarii at the narrow street, between the Paradise and the Portico leading to the Tiber. At the Portico was the 6th; at the sign of the Fishes the 7th; the 8th at the Fountain. Emerging from the portico, the cavalcade rode under the 9th arch at the castle of Crescentius; on the bridge was the 10th, the 11th at the palace of Stephano Theobaldi; the 12th at San Celso; the 13th at the ruinous arch hard by the palace of Giovanni Paoli; the 14th at the palace of Stephano Girone; the 15th at the palace of Stephano Nizot. The next arch was close to the palace called the Marmorata. Thence crossing the whole region Parionis, were many arches; next, there were arches at the Palace Maximi, at the Tower of Odo Bonifilii, at the palace of the Falconcelli, at the palace of Giovanni cum Zoccolis, cum Casolino Nicolai de Hogo: at the Palace Gonzii; at the Via de Calcariis; at the palace of Giovanni Cæsaris; at the Amygdala; at San Lorenzo, a suspension arch—*pensilem*. There were arches at the Portico of St. Mark; in the Portico itself; at the palace of Nicola Gazzi; at the angle of the Four Columns; at the Gizuba; at the palace of Nicola Ferri; at the

ancient arch de Cairande; at San' Cosma; at the houses of Olverico, of Giovanni d'Anagni, of Giovanni de Roberto, of Phoca Manieri, of Theophylacto; in the place where were fragments of old clothes — *in loco ubi fuerunt salacia fragmina pannorum;* at the houses of Romano de Bonella, of Giovanni Adulterino, of Giovanni de Tinto; at the palaces of Giovanni de Gregorio, of Saison Macellarii, of Gregorio de Benedicta, of Dodæ, of Ptolomei, of Raminuccio de Franco, of Rainucio de Conella, of Michina, of Benedicta de Pagano, of Adelasia. In the Garden was an arch —*in horto.* Arches again at the palaces of the Scriniarii, of Giovanni Machino, of Pietro de Maistino, of Pietro di Paolo, of the Familia (household) of the Fraipani de Cartularia (near the Arch of Titus), of Sanson Manchino, of Sanson de Olianta, of Brobotiani, of Romano de Pietro Ocilenda, of Giovanni Wegarelli, of the Balnei, of Gerardo, of Grisoli, of Ulixa, of Giovanni de Benedicto, of Maria Giovanni de Rainucio, of Eson Lornarii, of Maria de Mancino, of Regimina, of Benedetto Romano, of Uxo the priest, of Benedicta, of Giovanni de Gregorio, of Pietro de Roberto, of Romano Crasso, of Robatiani Romano de Rainucio, of Odo Romani Crassi. Then from the palace Marmorata to Sambuca, and thence to San Nicola de Colissæo, to Santa Maria de Ferrariis, to the palace of Pope John and the angle of San Clemente, there were arches, and so on to the Lateran.

As for thurifers to burn and cast incense along

the procession, they came from the churches as follows: from San Pietro, Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovan in Laterano, San Lorenzo in Lucina, San Marcello, San Marco, San Lorenzo in Damso, San Pietro ad Vincula, San Martino in Montibus, Santa Praxede, Sant' Eusebio, Santa Pontiana (Potentiana), San Vitale, Santa Susanna, Santa Croce, San Stephanus in Cœliomonte, San Giovanni e Paolo, San Prisca, San Sisto, San Nereo, Santa Balbina, San Clemente, Sant' Anastasia, San Syriaco, Santa Sabina, San Pietro e Marcellino, Santa Maria in Transtiberim, San Chrysogono, Santa Cæcilia, Santa Maria in Dominica, Santa Lucia in Septem Soliis, Santa Maria Nova, Santa Lucia in Silice, San' Vito, Santo Gosmato, Sant' Adriano, Sant' Sergio e Baccho, San Teodoro, San Giorgio ad Velum aureum, Santa Maria in Schola Greca (same as Santa Maria in Cosmodiu), Santa Maria de Porticu, San Nicola de Carcere, Sant Angelo of the Fish Market, Sant' Agatha, Santa Maria in Via Lata, Santa Maria in Aguiro, Sant' Eustachio, San Lorenzo in Miranda; from the Monasteries Palladii, of Sant' Agatha; from the Santi Quatuor; from San Cæsario of the Greeks; from Santa Maria in Monasterio; from the Monastery of Domina Rosa; from the Santa Trinita Scotorum; from the Monasterio de Villa; from the Monasterio di San Pancrazio; from San Blasio Gatru secuta; from Santa Maria in Capitolio; from San Vincentio, San Sergio Palatii Caruli, San Stefano Nuzino, San Salvatori Torrionis, San Zenoni, San Martino Ber-

gariorum, San Giustino, San Peregrino, Sant' Egidio, San Lorenzo of the Fishes, San Gregorio de Curtina, San Salvatori Coxæ Caballi (Scozza cavalli), San Michele, Santa Maria Saxiæ, Santa Maria Transpontina, Sant' Abbacyro, San Salvatore Miliciarum, San Nicola Funariorum, Sant' Andrea, Santa Maria Canaparia, Santa Maria de Guinizzo, Santa Maria de Macello, Santa Maria Arcus Aurei, Sant' Andrea Transtiberim, Santa Maria in Turri Transtiberim, Santa Bonosa, San Lorenzo de Piscinula, Santa Maria de Capella, San Benedetto in Piscinula, San Salvatore Pede Montis, Sant' Agatha Transtiberim, San Stephano, San Blasio de Mercato, Santa Maria in Prætorio, San' Salvatore of the Three Images, Santo Triphon, San Staphano de Pila, San Nicola Macelli, Santa Maria Rôtunda, Santa Maria Campitelli, San Salvatore de Cere, Santa Maria Virgo de Arca Noe, San Giovanni de Campo Turriclano, San Celso, San Anastasio de Trivio, Sant' Andrea Mortarriis, Santa Maria de Cannella, Santa Maria Balneopolim, San Salvatore divitiarum, Santa Maria cunctis donæ Micinæ, Santa Maria in Tofella, San Lorenzo de Muso, San Nicola de Marmoratis, Santa Maria de Gradella, San Gregorio de Gradella, Santa Maria Secundicerii, San Gregorio di Ponte, San Lorenzo Modezzarii, San Geminiano, San Gregorio Grecorum, Santa Maria Johannis Bovis, Santa Maria de Vallicella, San Sergio de Forma, San Giovanni de insula, San Bartolomeo, Santa Martina, Santa Maria in Minerva, Santa Maria in Cambia-

toribus, Sant Abdo e Sennen, San Pantaleoni Muri Clibanorum, San Silvestro in Biberatica, San Thoma de Parione, San Mamiato, Santà Cæcilia de Taffo, San Sebastiano *de Via Papæ*, San Blasio Acceptorum, San Giovanni de Horrea, San Pietro, Sant' Andrea de Columna, San Andrea de Ursa, San Stephano de Curte, Sant' Andrea de Curtis, San Blasio Curtium, San Benedetto in Piscina, Sant Andrea Putei de Proba, San Mauro, San Nicola Forbitorum, San Salvatore Scotorum, San Nicola de Trivio, San Nicola de Spanis, Sant' Andrea, San Lorenzo Biberatica, San Salvatori, Sant' Anastasiæ Ariolæ, San Salvator Siburæ, San Salvator Maximinorum, Santa Cæcila Cencii Pantaleonis, Santa Eugenia Suburræ, San Giovanni Portæ Latinæ, San Leo, San Thoma Fratenitatis, San Valentino Bomomizimo, San Salvatori Cacabari, Santa Maria, San Simeone de Posterula, San Calixto Transtiberim, Santa Rufina, San Blasio, San Angelo in Janiculo, San Giovanni de Posta, San Silvestro, Santi Quadraginta, San Lorenzo de Curtibus, San Salvatore de Rota Colizæi, San Stephano, San Salvatore Primicerii, San Pietro in Montaureo, Santa Lucia de Pinea, San Martino de Maximo, San Giovanni Crib. Plenubi, Santa Maria de Foria, San Lorenzo di Porto, Santa Maria, San Cosmo de Pinea, Sant' Anastazio de Pinea, Santa Cæcilia Nicolai Marescalchi, San Nicola Arsionum, San Lorenzo de Calcario, San Silvestro de Thermis, San Salvatore de Caballo, San Martino de Pinarella, Santa Maria in

Campitello, Sant Hyppolito, Santa Maria de Berta, San Salvatore Curtium, Santa Barbara, San Stefano de Caballo, Sant' Andrea in Pallacina, Santa Maria in Publico, San Nicola de Formis, San Cosma, Sanctæ, Mariæ Majoris, Sant' Adriano Marsaio Sanctæ Mariæ Majoris, San Nicola de Colomna Adriani, Sant' Apollinari, San Giovanni de Pinea, San Salvatore de Deo Campo, San Nicola de Pinea, San Stephano de Piscinâ, San Martino de Pila, San Danielo de Forma, Santa Maria in Posterula, Santa Cæcilia Stephani de Petro, Santa Maria Fluminum, San Benedetto Sconchio, San Saturnino de Caballo, San Nicola Melienorum, Santa Maria de Curte, San Benedetto de Cacubis, Cella de Fransca, San Taliano, Sant' Euterio, San Salvatore de Gallia, Sant Agnese *Agonis* (in Piazza *Navona*), San Nicola, San Martino de Monticello, San Salvatore de Lauro, San Nicola Calcariorum, San Bartolomeo Johannis Gaietani, San Salvatore de Præfecto, San Martino de Monteria, San Quirico, Santa Maria Hastariorum, Santi Quadraginta Calcariorum, San Nicola Gregorii Cencii, San Blasio Milonis Saraceni, San Salvatore de insula et Colisæo, San Sergio de Suburra, San Silvestro, Santa Maria de Agnarichariis, San Sixto de Gallio Alberti, Sant' Angelo de Augusto (on the Mausoleo d'Augusto?), San Blasio de Prima, Sant Andrea, Arcus Aurei, San Pantaleoni, San Stephano Orphanatrophii, San Salvatore Inversorum, Santa Maria de Ferrariis, San Nicola de Colosso, Santa Maria de Monticello,

Santa Maria de Catenariis, San Giovanni de Ficossia, San Stefano Arsionum, Sant Andrea de Suburra, Sant Urso, San Blazio de Oliva, San Nicola Præfecti, San Salvatore Baroncinorum, San Nicola de Toso, Santa Cæcilia Campi Martis, San Benedetto Ariola, San Cæsario de Appia, San Thoma Vinearum, Sant Andrea Johannis Ancillæ Dei, Santi Quadraginta Colisæi, San Giovanni in Argina, Santa Maria inter duas Vias, Santa Lucia in Confinio, San Blasio de Ascesa, San Felice in Pinciis, San Paolo de Arcola, San Nicola de Hospitali, San Nicola Furca, San Stefano de Capite Africa, Santa Maria in Fero, San Cosmo Montis Granatoscum, Sant' Andrea Milonis Saraceni, Santa Marina, Santa Maria de Manu, San Stefano de Pinea, San Lorenzo Nicolai Nazonis, San Salvatore de Bono Ecclesiæ, Santa Maria in Monasterio.

In the procession, the majorentes go before the cavalcade with batons to make way, and have a place on that day at the Papal banquet; the Vastararii bring torches, and have a place at the banquet; the Fialarii supply lamps and candles, and are at the banquet; the Ferrarii de Colonna are bound to supply circles for the cauldrons and tripods, as many as the supernumerary cooks require on the coronation day; *they* also dine. The same of the Ferrarii Sancti Angeli; the Bandararii both of the Colisæo and the Cacabarii (they form but one schola)

have to march with banners before the Pope. They also dine at the palace that day. The Caldararii are bound to supply cauldrons, as many new ones as may be required for that day, and to repair the old ones,—the curia allowing them their food, four denarii a day, with iron and charcoal. The Scopolatii (sweepers) are to have the way swept; the Carbonari give charcoal for the cooking, and repairing the cauldrons. The Jews, as the Pope approaches the Ponte Sant' Angelo, present him with the ancient Testament, giving as tribute a pound of pepper and two pounds of cinnamon, and pronounce an oration in his praise.

The cavalcade beginning to move from St. Peter's, it is the duty of the seneschalco to throw a quantity of denarii to draw off the press from around the Pope; one of the curiales of St. Peter stationed on the tower of Stefano Sci. Petri which is in Capite Parionis, does the same as the procession is passing; again at the palace of Cencio Musca in Punga, in the Via di Papa, another chamberlain makes a cast of money; at St. Mark's another; at St. Adriano the same is repeated, the curial ascending for that purpose to the roof of the palace of Santa Martina.

The major of seneschals with his assistants, and the head butler with his assistants also, are to dine in the panetaria, before the procession, after visiting the Lateran Church, shall arrive at the palace. The former is entitled to receive, on the coronation day, victuals for fifteen at his own house, besides an

aquaricia of claret,* one of wine, six pigs' heads, a half measure of mustard, with half the skins of the cattle killed for the palace on that day. He serves the Pope in silver. The butler also serves in silver, and provides his assistants with silk girdles. For his perquisites he has for his family six pigs' heads, with six aquaricias of hippocrass. Each senator at the Papal table has half a lamina of hippocrass, and the same quantity of wine. The panetarii give each senator a napkin, which he is to return after the feast. They are allowed to send home provisions for forty. The Prefect is served with greater distinction, and is allowed provisions for his retinue of fifteen, with an iron-hooped barrel of claret, and another of wine. The poor are served *ad libitum*. The order of the feast is the same as we described in that scene wherein Pope Hadrian II. disabuses the Greeks and other Orientals who were at Rome in great numbers in his days, of their erroneous impression as to his being inclined to deviate from the footsteps of his predecessor, Pope Nicholas the Great.

Some of the fruits which were reaped from the organized revolt established from the times of Arnald by the Romans, we have already glanced at. But to imagine that scenes—the most revolting and destructive—of feudal warfare with all the surround-

* The word *claretum* in low Latin means "*hippocrass*," according to Du Cange.

ing towns, from Viterbo to Tibur and Albano, (together with occasional encounters, such as we witnessed on the day that Barbarossa was crowned emperor, without having yielded to their demands,) made up the total of the disasters resulting from the sway of the factions of the Capitol, would be a grave mistake. Dire as were the calamities that fell upon the Romans in the repeated and sanguinary defeats they suffered from the hosts of enemies, their insane ambition had roused up on every side of them; great as were the miseries entailed upon them by the reprisals which ravaged their properties with fire and sword up to the gates of the city: which making the roads impassable for merchant or pilgrims, interrupted all commerce, and doomed their city to fatal isolation, amidst a mephitic solitude; the torments to which their infatuation had doomed them within the city itself, were still more fatal and unendurable,—because irreconcilable with anything like social security or happiness, and because they never ceased.

For those who have an idea of what a task it is, even with the best police and under governments backed by overwhelming forces, to prevent outrage, to preserve order in great cities, when the multitude has become demoralized, and is under the lash of factionists who have an interest and a delight in scenes of violence and anarchy, it will be all but decisive as a proof of what is here asserted to state that there were three jurisdictions,—each supreme

and hostile to the other two,—during all that period in full activity within the walls of Rome.

There was first the authority of the sovereign Pontiff. Even during the wildest excesses of the revolters, it never ceased to be recognized universally under certain restrictions, or to be exercised as usual, in certain districts at least, beyond the Tiber. There was next the authority of the Prefect. He represented the emperor in his character of Advocate of the Roman Chuch, and champion of the rights and prerogatives of the Popes as vicars of St. Peter. From the emperor he received a sword, the emblem of the functions delegated to him; he paid homage to the Pontiff on being installed in office, to shew that it was in the latter the sovereignty resided. Under the Teutonic dynasties, however, the prefects became the embodiment of that overbearing spirit, and those tyrannical pretensions to which their imperial masters laid claim. The long continued aggressions of Frederic I. and of his son Henry VI. had given to the Prefecture an attitude of undisguised hostility to the authority of the Pontiffs. So far back as the reign of Hadrian IV. reclamations are called forth by this perversion of an office originally instituted, to uphold and vindicate their sovereign authority, and not to destroy it. The adulatory spirit by which we have seen the Arnaldist regenerators were actuated in regard of the Kaisers, contributed largely to augment the influence and consolidate the usurpations of the

Prefect. Finally, there was the authority presiding on the Capitol. Its organ was the so-called senate, an elective body of fifty-six members. Their pretensions were as unbounded as the earth itself; their powers did not enable them to begin their career of universal conquest, by the reduction of the most insignificant town in their neighbourhood. Except when aided by the vilest treason and perjury, they met with nothing but sanguinary defeats, with loss of camp and baggage, under the walls of Tusculum and Tibur. As invaders their successes, seldom extended beyond the burning of shepherds' huts, farm houses, ripening harvests; the wasting of vineyards, and the lifting of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. But the interior of the city was the theatre on which they shone in all their glory. Some such state of things as prevailed in Paris during the four days' fighting, in June 1848, would seem, so far as the endeavours, at least, of the belligerents to deal death and destruction, to have been the normal condition of the Eternal City while the Arnaldists ruled. In what is said of one of these scenes of intestine feud, the reader has a picture of how it fared with the dwellers in that famous place during the entire period. Such scenes were of frequent recurrence; they arose out of all sorts of disputes, and were waged in the same classic style over all the inhabited districts within the walls.

For objects best known to himself, one Giovanni Capocci, who seems to have been the Ledru Rollin

of his time, began to construct close to his own residence a war-tower, and despite of all remonstrances from his neighbours, who feared it boded them no good, continued to urge forward its erection with all possible haste. "Whereupon," says a writer, who was an eye-witness of the transactions he describes, "they began on both sides to prepare for hostilities. Giovanni Capocci took the field on Easter Sunday,—careering through all the Rioni, haranguing the populace, calling on all to rally with him. Of victory, he said, he had no doubt; for he thought his adversaries could not stand before his face, but that he should annihilate them in a moment.* In the rear of the palace of Pandulpho, who had most loudly protested against Capocci's war-tower, there was an eminence called Ballea Neapolis. This vantage point was no sooner occupied by Pandulpho, than Giovanni at the head of his forces, marched to dislodge him. Victory as yet did not perch on his banner: his party though far outnumbering the garrison of Ballea Neapolis, were routed, and pursued with sundry blows inflicted in the most ignominious manner, as far as San Quirico.† The fighting spread far and

* "Æstimabat enim quod non possent ante faciem ejus subsistere, quin eos in momento deleret."—*Ubi supra.*

† "Ad quem (Pandolphum) cum Joannes Capotius amatus cum suis fautoribus accessisset, Pandulphus cum paucis illos aggressus convertit in fugam, et usque ad Sanctum Quiricum eos insecutus est, crebris percussionibus affligendo."—*Ib.*

near, the party of Capocci getting the worst of it: many praising the Lord for the same, in regard that the arrogance of the said Capocci was insufferable, and that he had no respect in his feuds, even for the Lord's day.* From that hour the side of Pandulphus gained strength, while that of the aggressor declined; for Ricardo, brother of the Lord Pope, came to the aid of the former with large sums. Neither by night nor by day was there any cessation of arms. Where they had no towers of stone they constructed wooden ones. Nothing was to be seen but digging of entrenchments, raising of circumvallations and breast-works. The ancient Thermæ were turned into fortresses: castles were raised on the churches; and while the regular soldiers, horse and foot, were engaged in the deadly work below in the streets, and round about the strong places, the retainers and domestics on both sides were engaged in hurling down stones, arrows, and missiles of every sort from the battlements of these castles. This service was not left altogether trusting to inexperienced hands. They mounted the towers with mangonells and balistas, and got experienced masters in the art of casting huge stones and projectiles with these instruments, to work them. There were also bands of regular archers. (These, warriors by trade, were always to be had in abundance by whoever could pay them, no matter in what cause).

* "Multis laudantibus Deum quod humiliasset superbum, qui nec die sancto dedit honorem."—*Ib.*

"Mean time, Giovanni Capocci's tower was rising from stage to stage, in the midst of the war. It was then Pandulpho bethought him to get a tower called a *fagiolum*, constructed on some ancient monument or other that was near his palace, and from which stout slingers could destroy the builders of Capocci's tower—should they dare to come out on the scaffolding. This was a heart-break to Giovanni: for sure enough he found there was no standing to the work for the slingers, once the fagiolum was complete. To mend the matter, other supporters of Pandulpho, the sons of Pietro Alexio, built an extremely high tower on the same eminence of Ballea Neapolis, and with similar intent. Moreover, Gilido Carbonis, on the same side, added to the height of his three towers, so as to make them more effective for hurling destruction on the works and the heads of the enemy. Towards the Coliseum, Pietro Annibaldi, another ally of Pandulpho, began to build a tower to curb the Fragapani, by commanding the bridges. The Fragapani on their side,—that is Jacobo and the relict of Najonis,—let fly stones and arrows at him, from the Coliseum and the Turris Najonis (tower of Nero); but, nevertheless, Pietro Annibaldi ceased not to get on with his tower."*

* "Feceruntque utrinque turres ligneas, ubi lapideas non habebant, aggeres et fossata, munientes thermas, et incastellantes ecclesias, die noctuque pugnantes, non solum milites et pedites super terram, verum etiam custodes et servientes per turres de alto, lapides et sagittas. Erexerunt enim petrarias et mango-

To describe the demoralizing influence of a state of things like this, would be quite impossible; it is scarcely possible even with such fits of organized anarchy as have recently afflicted various parts of the Continent before us, to form an adequate conception of the disorders, the crimes, the miseries of every kind, of which Rome continued to be the theatre from the first outbreak of this disorder when Innocent II. refused to allow the Romans to treat their brethren of Tibur, as they afterwards treated those of Tusculum when they were betrayed into their power. "The inhabitants of Rome," says Hurter, "combined in their character at this juncture, all the faults of their predecessors of the Pagan era; with those of the barbarians who had transformed Italy. They had preserved some vague reminiscences of their departed grandeur, but the force on which that grandeur was founded, and the moral qualities by which it had been brought to perfection, they altogether lost sight of. Like so many others who have fallen from high estate, the Romans flattered themselves that to be a great people, as of old, they had only to repeat the names of the

nellos, &c. Prohibentibus Jacobo Fragapane ac relicta Najonis Fragapanis, etimpedientibus prout poterant per Colosæum et tur- Najonis lapidibus et sagittis emissis," &c.—*Ib.* Two brothers erect a tower in front of the Lateran palace—"turrim munitam ante Lateranum Palatium *super formam antiquam* quam postea requisiti Domino Papa, humiliter tradiderunt." The ruins of the Claudian aqueduct are here alluded to.

conquerors and heroes of the ancient Commonwealth, to set up forms from which life had departed many ages before, and to crown themselves with faded laurels picked up from the ruins and the mire of Rome." He then quotes the very severe strictures of St. Bernard as applicable to the Romans as Innocent III. found them at his accession.*

Such were the habits of rapine contracted—during many generations of uninterrupted feud in which the Romans had been engaged with their neighbours and amongst each other,—that on the return of Clement III. it was found necessary to put an oath to the following effect to each servant of the palace, when entering on his charge: "I will not steal, neither will I plunder, nor consent so far as I can prevent them, that others shall plunder or steal, reliqueries, gold, silver, gems, palliums, ornaments, books, charts, oil, lead, iron, bronze, blocks of marble, doors whether of bronze or wood, or the pictures belonging to the palace or the churches of the said Roman Pontiffs."† In a word, things had

* "Gens insueta paci, tumultui assueta, gens immitis et intractabilis, et usque adhuc, subdi nescia, nisi cum non valeat resistore."—*De Consideratione*, iv. 1. He adds another testimony hardly less unfavourable from Saba Malaspina (Rer. Ital. SS. t. viii.) "Populus modicæ libertatis reliquias prodigaliter et impudice distrahere consuevit. Nusquam commune commodum, sed proprium tantum affectat."—*Hist. Innocent III., &c.* t. i. p. 110.

† Vid. Murat. Antiquit. t. i. p. 121.

come to the worst pass. What with the conflicting jurisdictions, the never-ending feuds which were raging within its walls as well as without; the appeals with which the unfortunate and ruined people were eternally harassed by the factions contending on the Capitol for the mastery,—the licence for which they had been taught to contend for as their *summum bonum*, began to be regarded by the people as their greatest curse. Accordingly, as is ever usual in such cases, they rushed into the opposite excess. They set up as dictator, that is to say as absolute tyrant over themselves as well as their tormentors, one Benedetto Carasomi, who did not allow the sword with which they had armed him to rust in the scabbard. Like Rienzi he wielded it with such resolute severity, that, after a short time, it was but seldom the shop of the merchant or craftsman was sacked, and peaceful citizens could venture to their suburban farms with considerable chance of getting home, without having their throats cut, or being disencumbered of their garments. Carasomi's dictatorship began in 1197. But like Rienzi who was to follow, perhaps, like Arnald who had preceded him, Carasomi, also, was doomed to experience the futility of the insane ambition, that would wrest the headship of the world from the Vatican to reinstate it once more on the Capitol. Besieged upon that rock so fatal to the idols of the populace—prone to licentiousness and as sudden as violent in its caprice—he was hurled from the throne by the

same turbulence, that had borne him to it amidst frantic exhibitions of undying fidelity and admiration, a few months previously. He was not murdered like Rienzi: they did not throw him from the Tarpeian cliff, as happened to the popular favourite of a pristine age: the tyrant or dictator Carasomi (the last term in the progression of events which originated in the harangues of Arnald) was simply thrust into a dungeon—a fate more terrible, (when we remember what dungeons were in those days, and what deeds were perpetrated in their fœtid gloom,) than that of either Rienzi or of Manlius.

And in this posture it was, that matters stood at Rome, when Innocent III.—only in his thirty-seventh year, the first intellect of an age remarkable for commanding characters, a man of iron will, and "thirsting for justice,"—placed such a hand on the helm of St. Peter's bark, as it had not felt, since the grasp of Hildebrand became relaxed in death.

Once for all, reminding the reader that his actions as sovereign of the States of the Church, form only an insignificant episode in the history of his Pontificate, forming as does the latter a fragment of universal history, we hasten to notice, in a cursory way, the steps taken by Innocent, to re-establish something like stable authority in the temporal affairs of Rome, and of the provinces on both sides of the Apennines.

The morning after his consecration, he summoned to his presence the Prefect of the city, and caused him in the presence of the assembled people, to bind himself by oath, "not to sell, mortgage, or alienate by investiture, the domains entrusted to his care: to enforce the rights and levy the taxes due to St. Peter: to rescue his castles from those barons who had usurped them; to keep them garrisoned for his service exclusively: not to erect any new ones without orders from the Pope; and to be ready at all times to give an account of his charge, and if called on to resign it." The Pontiff then gave him investiture, not by the sword as the emperor was accustomed to do, but by a rich mantle which he placed on his shoulders as he knelt, and by a silver cup as symbolical of the fulness of benevolence and confidence with which his sovereign regarded him.* From the Senator in like manner, when paying homage, he exacted an oath of office, to wit,—that as the Prefect was to be vigilant in vindicating and enforcing the rights of St. Peter in the Urban district, beyond the walls, that so should the Senator be equally active within the city to watch over the personal safety of the Pontiff, of the cardinals, and of all belonging to them. He bound himself not to injure him by act or counsel, or to conspire against the Pontiff: to be vigilant in detecting and manifesting all treasonable plots, and to be in all respects the

* Epist. l. 1. 23. Du Cange, *Investitura.*

zealous defender and guardian of the Papal dignity and the rights of St. Peter.*

Thenceforth, there was but one supreme jurisdiction in Rome; both the Prefect as representative of the emperor, and the Senator as representative of the Roman municipality, holding directly from the Pope and acting as his officers. To render the change effectual, the magistrates who had been appointed under the old anarchical regime, were superseded by others directly named on this occasion by Innocent.† Next came the barons to pay homage for their fiefs. The chief amongst those named are Otto, lord of Palombara (not far from Tivoli at the foot of Monte Genaro, the highest perhaps of the Sabine chain), Otto, Signor of Montecillo—a little higher up in the Sabine country—and Count Hildebrand of Montalto. At a later period there arose great commotions regarding the seigneury of Poli and Vico Varo, in the valley of the Anio, as also regarding certain fiefs usurped by the Orsini in the contado of ancient Alba; there is nothing said of the Colonna or Sorelli; but the Scotia, the Annibaldi, the Conti (of which stock was Innocent himself), and the Frangipani, appear in bloody feuds a little further on. The people also paid homage and took an oath of fealty through the ten burghers of each rione,

* Vitali, Storia Diplom. di' Senatori di Roma, 1791. Ordo Romanus, p. 215.

† Hurter, t. i. p. 115.

selected by the Pope since the reign of Celestine III., as electoral colleges, thus bringing the senate, or more intelligibly speaking the *Roman Corporation*, under salutary control. The universal and unbounded enthusiasm which hailed the accession of Innocent, and the then embarrassed state of the empire, enabled him thus to reorganize the whole system of government almost without a murmur. Afterwards, attempts were made by those who, as the ancient biographer expresses it, could not fish but in "troubled waters," to rekindle the flame of revolt, but the genius and the irresistible will of Innocent secured for the cause of right and of good government, a final and decisive triumph.

While these reforms were urged forward in the capital by the Pope himself, his legates were traversing the provinces. They were hailed by the cities as deliverers, and the people every where pressed forward to renew their homage to St. Peter, and to throw off the cruel yoke of Markwald on the Adriatic side of the Apennines, and of Conrad Lützenhard on the other. Both were prime favourites of the Hohenstaffen emperors, Barbarossa and his son Henry VI., and under their auspices had almost entirely usurped the provinces. Of the two, Markwald was perhaps the greater monster; but to judge from their own acts—not to speak of their repute amongst their contemporaries—both the one and the other were tigers in human form. Ezzelino da Romano, so infamous for his crimes at a some

half century later, could no more than cope with them in wickedness and deeds of horror.*

Markwald, finding the Papal influence too strong to be set at defiance, set no bounds to his promises. "Besides being seneschal of the empire," says the biographer so often quoted, "he was Duke of Ravenna and Romaniola, Marquis of Ancona and Molisi. The riches he had gathered in Sicily (like another Verres,) were immense; he was also executor to the will of Henry VI., sometime deceased, and the envoys despatched by him to Rome, had it in command to assure the Pope, that if his Holiness would only deal kindly with their master,—giving him investiture of the Marches,—he would, besides the annual tribute, do more to exalt the Roman Church than had been done for it since the days of Constantine.† Innocent was not to be duped by an

* Of Markwold, Pope Innocent, as quoted by Hurter, writes thus to the princes and people of Italy: "Souvenez-vous, disait il, du parjure, de la tyrannie d' Markwald: C'est par ses conseils que les nobles ont été proscrits, charges de châines et mutilés; que les prètres, ont été brûlés, martyrizés dans l'huile bouillant, noyés dans la mer avec des mulières, et que tout ont souffert dans leurs richesses et possessions."—*Ep.* l. 557. l. 13. 23. *ap. Hurter*, t. i. p. 219. It was by Markwald that Henry VI. was chiefly instigated to the base treachery by which Richard Cour-de-Lion was seized and thrown into a dungeon, when returning from Palestine. Celestine III. excommunicated those who were guilty of this most unknightly as well as most unchristian act.

† "Unde promittebat Dom. Papæ quod si eum in gratiam suam admittet dignaretur, ipse Romanam Ecclesiam amplius

usurper, full to overflowing of hostility to the rights of the Papacy, and renowned for his perfidy. The resumption therefore of the Adriatic provinces proceeded, and was completed with a facility that shews the change was universally hailed as a blessing. The usurper endeavoured to hold out in Osimo, Ascoli, and Camerino, in the March, and at Cesena and Forli in the Romagna; but before the close of the next year, every vestige of his power had been swept away; and Markwald d'Anwiller, taking the same route, we shall see another worthy successor of his, Joachino Murat, pursuing in the nineteenth century, retired across the Tronto, with the shattered remains of his army.*

The Exarchate and the Contado of Bertinoro were allowed for the present to remain as a fief in the hands of the archbishop of Ravenna, his grace having produced a deed of investiture made in his favour at Venice, by Alexander III.†

The efforts of Conrad to retain his hold on the south, were not attended with better success than those of Markwald on the north-east side of the

exaltaret quam fuerat a tempore Constantini, cum testamentum," &c.—*Ubi supra.*

* "Reducta estigitur tota Marchia, præter Asculum, ad dominium et fidelitatem ecclesiæ, viz. Ancona, Firmum, Ariminum, Camerinum, Fanum, Jsim, Senegalia et Pesaurum, cum omnibus diœcesibus suis."—*Ib.* See also *Hurter*, t. i. p. 117—119.

† According to Savioli, Annal. di Bologna, I. dipl. 86. Count Hugo, in the year 1102, made a present of the Castle of Bertinoro to St. Peter.

Apennines. The former, who had been greatly helped by the Arnaldist patriots of the Capitol to subjugate the Val di Sacco and the Campanian cities generally, offered to pay ten thousand pounds at the outset, with a hundred livres a-year as tribute, and two hundred lances, if the Pope would deign to take with him, as his vassal, for the lands extending "from Radicofani to Ceprano:" that is, from one extremity of the States to the other! The conditions after all, as things stood in that age, were favourable; but the Pope could not think of entertaining them: in such utter execration was this compeer of Markwald held by the inhabitants of those provinces. "Therefore," says the biographer, "the aforesaid Conrad, finding all his efforts in vain, surrendered himself, without pact or reserve of any kind, to the good pleasure of Innocent. At Narni, whither Octavianus, bishop of Ostia, and Gerard, of the title of Sant' Adriano, had gone to receive his submission, he made oath on the Gospels relics and cross, and in the presence of the bishop, the barons, and a multitude of the people of those provinces, to stand by the commands of the Pope in all things: absolved all his vassals from their fealty towards him,—enjoining them to be faithful to the Pontiff,—and giving up the fortresses which he still held, viz. Rocca de Waldo, and Rocca de Cese. He also sent to his garrison in the Rocca of Asisi to surrender it in like manner: but the townsmen who held it straitened by siege at the time, no sooner got it into their power, than they razed it to

the ground. Thus, the Roman Church recovered the duchy of Spoleti, the Contado of Asidi, viz. Reate, Spoleti, Asisi, Foligno and Nucera, with the dioceses belonging to them. And as the delay of Conrad in those parts looked very suspicious, by mandate of the Lord Pope he withdrew into Theotonia (Germany). He also recovered Perusia Eugubium, Tudertum and Civita Castelli, with their contados—receiving from their citizens, barons, and castaldi, the oath of fidelity. But the fortress of Monte Santæ Mariæ—in which, during his predecessor's reign, the said Conrad, (who went by the name of Musca-in-Cervello amongst the people,) had cruelly incarcerated Octavian, bishop of Ostia, whom he had seized when on his return from France—he caused to be utterly demolished, that its ruins might testify to posterity the crime and its punishment—*ut esset demolitio hæc, in titulum memoriæ sempiternæ.*

Having, therefore, celebrated the festival of the Apostles, the Pope went forth from the city and came to Rieti, having a mind to visit the States restored to the fealty of St. Peter. Infinite were the honours, unbounded the joy that greeted him. Having dedicated there, the churches of St. Eleutherius and of St. John the Evangelist, he proceeded to Spoleti, where he dedicated the cathedral church; and a most copious vein of the water which burst forth from the rocks under the town wall as if by miracle, and to supply a want of all others most grievously felt in that city, was called in honour of his visit,

"the Pope's Fountain."* Perugia was next visited. There he consecrated the altar of the greater church. At Tudertum he consecrated the altar of St. Fortunatus, and to that as to all the other altars he consecrated, he made offerings of vestments of the richest silk, and vestments very subtilely wrought with the needle. Placing as rector of the Duchy of Spoleti and the Contado of Asisi, Cardinal Gregorio, of the title of Santo Maria in Aquiro, by way of Amelia, Orta, and Civita Castellana, Pope Innocent returned to the city for the festival of All Saints. By such an organizing genius as Innocent possessed, how much must have been done during these four months progress for the good government of the provinces and cities, which he blessed with his presence, our readers will easily conjecture.

Hardly had he arrived at Rome when the ambassadors of the League into which all the Tuscan cities, —with the exception of the Ghibelline Pisa— had entered, arrived. Their object was mutual defence, especially against the "insupportable tyranny" of the imperialists; with some difficulty and delay, the sanction of the Pontiff was at length secured.

* Innocent, during a summer villegiatura passed at Ferentino, erected a fountain there, which remains a blessing to the inhabitants to the present day. As a monument, nothing can be more beautiful, or better calculated to endear the memory from generation to generation of him who erects it, than a noble and copious fountain,—pouring out perennial purity and blessing for the multitude, in its cool and limpid and health-giving treasures.

He allowed the towns of Roman Tuscany, that is from Radecofani to the Tiber, to join the League, "saving in all things the dominion and command of the Apostolic See. Rectors were named for each city by the Leaguers, under the headship of a Prior who was elected from year to year: and all members of the League—Rectors as well as others—made oath to be true to the confederacy, making it their object to maintain the honour and exaltation of the Apostolic See: to defend its possessions, and not to acknowledge any one as Emperor not approved of by the Pope."*

"His efforts were next directed to the recovery of Radecofani, Aquapendente, Montefiascone, and the Tuscan territory at large. This also was achieved, but not without expense and labour. Aquapendente he rescued from the Viterbians, who had laid siege to it and driven it to extremity."

The conditions on which the cities and princes who had seized the lands of the Countess Matilda, were anxious to hold of the Church, not appearing such as he could properly allow of, with the exception of what he granted by investiture to the bishop of Mantua, he left the rest in abeyance for a more favourable opportunity—the divisions of the empire

* "Omnesque, tam rectores, quam alii, juraverunt quod societatem servarent ad honorem et exaltationem Apostolicæ sedis, et quod possessiones et jura, &c.—et quod nullum in regem vel imperatorem reciperent nisi quem Romanus Pontifex approboret," &c.—*Ib.*

and the disturbed state of the kingdom of Sicily, more urgently calling at that moment for his solicitude.*

In the Rocca of Radecofani, the old defences (of the times of Didier, or perhaps of Rachis, the Lombard kings) he caused to be repaired, and added new ones. The Rocca Cicergii (that is, the castle on Monte Circe or Circello), on the foreland in the Pontine Marshes, he recovered from Rolando Guidonis de Leculo, who had received it by investiture from Addo and Roberto Frajapane, although they held it themselves only as care-takers for the Church. The following strong places he kept in his own hands—in Tuscany: Radecofani, Monte Fiascone, and Orela; in the Duchy of Spoleti: Gualdo and Cese; in Sabinia, Rocca Anticuli; in Campania, Sariano and Castro (different, of course, from the famous Castro in the Patrimony); in Maritima, Rocca Cirergii—Ricardo Conti, his brother, held Val Montone, considered by some to be the Labicum of the ancients, as a fief of the Lateran.

The two most notorious baronial robbers of their times namely, Guido and Nicola, who, posted in the two strong castles of Rispanpini and Marta (the

* "Differens in aliud tempus idoneum."—*Ib.* It was probably this expression that prompted the dictum of Sismondi—coming oddly enough from him—that the Popes were never in a hurry to recover the great fiefs, *because they knew their time would not fail to come;* and resting content with the recognition of their right at befitting intervals.

latter on the Tuscan frontier, towards the sea, and the other not far from it), were never done with depredations the most cruel—he caused to be attacked vigorously, and reduced to obedience. They had long continued to infest the great maritime road from Upper Italy and Tuscany to Rome. During the entire reign of his predecessor, and in the opening of his own, no one high or low, could pass by the great thoroughfare but they were set upon by the bravi of these noble bandits. They plundered all; some they detained in cruel captivity to exact ransom, and others fared at their blood-stained hands even worse.* Castle Rispanpini, the chief fortress of the brigands, did not surrender until everything was prepared to facilitate the assault. Both the nobles then surrendered at discretion—binding themselves by oath to repair all past injuries, to give up Vetralla, Petrognani: to guarantee the security of the highways: to keep the peace towards all; and what was better than the oaths of such deponents—the strongholds, especially that of the Marta—were taken from them, and the sum of a thousand pounds in the coinage of Siena in pledge of good behaviour.

The people of Narni, persevering in their attacks on Otricoli—despite his threat of laying their city under interdict and ban of a thousand pounds—he

* "Duo vero nobiles Guido et Nicolaus temporibus suis et prædecessorum suorum graviter Romanum ecclesiam offenderunt, vulnerando, capiendo et spoliando venientes ad eam et redumtis ab ipsa."—*Ib.*

sent against them an army, not only of his vassals but of foreign troops: constrained the invaders to repair the injuries they had inflicted, to pay the ban of a thousand pounds, and to give the citizens of Otricoli two hundred pounds towards repairing their walls.

In the little city of Todi,* a terrible feud broke out. The nobles and the citizens were arrayed against each other. The former going out in a body from their dwellings in the city, took post in their castles round about the environs, and on the different commanding sites of the Contado. They thence made war on the townsmen, cutting off their supplies, ravaging their lands, destroying their vineyards and crops, and lifting their cattle. There was no travelling the highways but at the risk of property, life, and limb: no possibility of cultivating the fields or of gathering the fruits of the earth. Conflagrations, murders, depredations, rapine, slaughter, horrid mutilations of the members and features, wasting of harvests already ripe for the sickle, demolition of houses, had changed that fair region into one vast scene of suffering and horrors, for which there seemed to be no remedy, when the Pontiff interfered—summoning both parties before him—and so wrought on their better feelings, that they become cordially reconciled. He caused a public and solemn adjustment of their disputes as to rights and privileges to be drawn up by the notaries of the Church, and established between them a solid

* Tudertum.

and lasting peace.* In the same consistory he adjudicated on the cause litigated between the archbishop of Ravenna and the commune of Faenza regarding two castles, the one called Castro Luci Areoli, the other Castro San Potito. The Pope made a present of a superb suit of vestments to the said archbishop, who was at that time reduced to great penury. The chasuble or outer vestment, the tunic and dalmatic were of the finest description of what is called *examito*—the colour scarlet. They were richly embroidered; and in keeping with the rest were amict, alb, cincture, and stoles.†

A sect bearing a striking resemblance to the secret societies of modern times emerges into light about this time. "The principle which proclaims each individual to be independent of all superior authority," says Hurter, "is common to both; they are actuated by the same hatred of social institutions, particularly of the Church and its ministers: they agree in communicating their

* "Inter cives Tudertinos—majores et minores orta fuisset magna dissensio ita quod nobiliores civitatem egressi populum impugnabant, ex quâ . . . incendia, homicidia prædæ, rapinæ, cædes hominum, mutilationes membrorum, vastationes segetum destructiones, &c.—Papa utrisque vocatis et acceptis ab eis corporaliter juramentis quod suo starent mandato, veram pacem inter illos composuit et firmavit," &c.—*Ib.*

† Ibid.

secret only after long probation, and with the obligation under pledges the most awful not to divulge it even to the nearest kindred. In the mediæval as well as in the modern secret societies, the chiefs are not known to the crowd, but only to a select few of the adepts; the division is by provinces—each of which has its own directory, through whom the orders of the chiefs, the cabalistic signs and passwords, are communicated to the initiated at large."* In the Basques, Navarre, and Arragon, from contact and intercourse with the Mahomedans, and in Aquitain and Languedoc,—where there seems to have always lingered some taint of the old Pagan manners, and a more than ordinary proclivity to unbridled indulgence of the passions,—on both sides of the Pyrennees, in short, where the sect appeared in its most formidable strength, when it had won over the gay and pleasure-loving Castellans of the country in vast numbers, it began an open war of extermination against all who refused to participate in its wickedness. They spared neither sex nor age: but the desecration and total destruction of monasteries and churches seemed to be the grand object of their forays, in which they devastated and slaughtered all

* In continuation of the above, Hurter observes: "De sort que nous pouvons dire, avec quelque raison, que tout le bouleversement qui ruine depuis plus d'un demisiècle les fondements de la Société Européenne, n'est autre chose que l'œuvre des Albigéois, transmise par eux à leurs successeurs, les francs-maçons."—I. 13.

before them, as if they were Pagans.* In Lombardy also, where the schismatical war so long carried on by the empire against the Papacy had greatly retarded the cure of the disorders which so furiously resisted the reform of Hildebrand and his successors, the sectaries had met with great success. They went by different names in different countries; but all were banded in the same conspiracy. In fine, so widely spread was the evil that the propagandists boasted of having in a short time established a firm footing in no less than one thousand cities, altogether, and of being able to count amongst the initiated even some abbots and canons of cathedral churches.

It having come to the ears of Pope Innocent (during whose reign this mediæval development of Socialism was completely broken up) that, under the name of Patareni, the propagandists were beginning to infect the cities even of his own States, he gave out that he would immediately repair, in person, to Viterbo their head-quarters—*vehementer infecta*—to extirpate the mischief. No sooner did these tidings reach Viterbo than the missionaries made their exit in great haste; but the Pope made his visit to Viterbo, nevertheless. He caused those who had harboured, and encouraged the conspira-

* "Tantam in Christianos inhumanitatem exercent, ut nec ecclesiis, nec monasteriis deferant, non viduis, et puellis, non senibus et pueris, nec cuilibet parcens ætatii aut sexui, sed more paganorum omnia perdant et vastant."—*Ex Statut. Concil. Later. sub. Alex. III.* A.D. 1179. *ap. Baron.* an. 1179. n. 4.

tors to be brought before him; reprimanded them severely; caused the podestà and the consuls to require from them bail and securities for their future good behaviour; and to impress the public mind with a salutary abhorrence of principles so subversive of all social order and happiness, commanded the houses where these propagandists had been accustomed to hold their cabals, to be reduced to so many heaps of ruins.*

During his stay at Viterbo on this occasion he held a parliament of the bishops, abbots, counts, barons, podestàs, and consuls of the Papal States. In the session of the first day, the oath of fealty

* "Ac per Potestatem et Consules fecit universos astringi, præstita juratoria, fidejussoria, pignoratoria coutione quod suis per omnia passionibus obedirent."—*Ib.*

Mariotti, an envenomed, accomplished, and unscrupulous foe of the Papacy, in his Italy Past and Present, admits the identity both as to principles and practices between the Socialists of 1849 and the Sectaries alluded to. In speaking of one of their most distinguished leaders he says: "Preaching the easy doctrines of the *communanté des biens*, and *communanté des femmes*, nearly in the same terms in which they were to be revived five hundred and thirty years later, he attracted an immense crowd of votaries, male and female, whom he KEPT FEASTING AND REVELLING AT THE EXPENSE OF THE FAITHFUL, ROBBING AND RAVAGING the mountains of Canavese and Mont-ferrat, until besieged and taken by famine, he was burnt at the stake, with the fair partner of his orgies, and twelve of his apostles and proselytes."—Vol. i. p. 96. London, 1848.

was taken by all the lay nobility and magistrates, and the rights of the sovereign defined and recognized; the second day was devoted to hearing petitions and complaints; the third to devising means for a better administration of justice, and the establishment of peace on a firm and permanent footing. In the edict drawn up and sanctioned for this purpose, the Pontiff says: "Whereas the counts, barons, podestàs and consuls have now bound themselves to us to see fair and impartial justice done to all according to the laws, it is our command to all that they keep towards each other a true peace, desisting from attacks of individual on individual, of community on community, of private persons on communities, or of the latter on the former. But from this peace are excepted those who live by plunder and outrage; brigands and outlaws of every sort. For capture and punishment of such, it will be the obligation of all to be aiding and assisting in an opportune manner, the Rector of the Patrimony of the Apostle. If any one is injured let him not set about to retaliate injury for injury. He is first to obtain reparation from the wrong doer. Should a contention arise as to the reparation, and that it cannot be arranged by ordinary arbitration; then let the Rector of the Patrimony be appealed to," &c. This act which enters largely into details of much historical interest bears date from Viterbo, the 9th of the kalends of October, in the tenth year of Innocent III. *i. e.* A.D. 1208.

We find him visiting Montefiascone. During a stay of twelve days he makes there, the Count Palatine Aldebrandino comes to pay homage and take the oath of fealty. From Montefiascone the court proceeds to Toscanella, and after tarrying in that charming place for eight days, moves next to Corneto, where a new palace had been erected for the Pontiff close to San Nicola, and where for some time the court remained to set in proper order the administration of that part of the States. From thence the Pope went to Sutri, by way of Rovertello. In the former, he consecrated the cathedral church with great solemnity, and after a stay of three days returned to Rome.

There were in that city some turbulent spirits who looked on this new order of things with feelings the reverse of agreeable. Their coffers were no longer filled as in the good old times of confusion, when, having goaded or duped the multitude into revolt against the Pontiffs, they contrived to accumulate profit with both hands at once—making the people pay dearly for their so-called liberty, and making hard bargains, as we have seen, with Emperors and Popes, for the haughty allegiance of the Capitol. It was their ambition, it was their keen selfish game, to possess themselves of an ascendancy somewhat resembling that of the licentious ruffians of the Pretorian camps in the Pagan era,

who were accustomed to dispose of the purple to the highest bidder. With the reign of discord their occupation ended. They saw that if peaceful habits, a wise and dutiful respect for the laws and for the paternal authority under which they lived, were to take deep root in the hearts of the people, their trade was ruined. "Understanding," says the ancient biographer, "that there was no fishing but in troubled water, they set about troubling the water, the better to catch fish." Foremost amongst them were Giovanni Pier-Leone Rainerii and Giovanni Capocci. The latter, by his eloquence, could wind the people as he liked. They began by inveighing against the Pope. He had plucked Rome, they said, as a hawk plucks a sparrow. The estates in Sabina and Maritima, so long in their hands, he had resumed. The Senate itself he had appropriated. It was no longer the Roman Senate, but the Senate of Pope Innocent III. Some partial commotions they succeeded, by these harangues, in exciting, but they were not at all general or violent; and as for the Pope they had now to deal with, they discovered that from his fears of riot or revolt they could extract nothing by way of ransom, as they and their predecessors had but too frequently succeeded in doing, with regard to former Pontiffs. Innocent was resolved to suffer any persecution rather than yield to that most pestilent custom of buying peace from these ruffianly disturbers who sought only to extort tribute from the rulers of the State by foment-

ing disorder.* They then bethought them to hatch conspiracies; and although it is not expressly stated in the memoirs that between them and the Patareni there was any understanding, it is highly probable there was.† They worked underhand, seducing many of the simple-minded, who were easily duped; and recruiting their ranks with all who felt disappointed, or who were envious of the promotion of their neighbours while they were overlooked themselves.

These plotters had been for some time in activity, when an incident occurred on which they seized with avidity—expecting to involve the Pope in a dilemma from which it would be impossible for him to extricate himself but by paying them dearly for his escape. The incident was of this nature:—For some cause unknown to history, a feud had sprung up between Viterbo and a small but strongly situated place called Viterclano; and the best capitulation the citizens of the latter could obtain when driven to the last extremity—being besieged by the superior forces of Viterbo—was to march out with

* "Quidam qui ex discordia quam seminare solebant inter summum Pontificem et Romanum Populum suos questus augebant, intelligentes quod non poterant in aqua clara piscari, cæperunt aquam turbare, ut in ea melius piscarentur—ad hoc præcipue intendentes *ut sicut soliti fuerant* a summo Pontifice pecuniam extorquerent. Verum ipse cupiens hanc pessimam consuetudinem abolere, noluit se ab illis redimere ut a suâ persecutione cessarent."—*Ib.*

† "Schismatiarchæ—insimul conjurantes."—*Ib.*

bag and baggage, leaving their town to be dealt with as Tusculum had been dealt with by the Romans. In this extremity the Viterclani, remembering how there had been inveterate feud between Viterbo and Rome during the sway of the Senate, sent ambassadors to place their city under the protectorate and dominion of that body and of the Roman people, on condition that they would hasten to rescue it from the cruel grasp of Viterbo. "Behold our long sighed for opportunity," cried the conspirators. "Let us demand that Viterclano be at once taken under the protection of the Senate and Roman people. Either the Pope will consent to take part in the war, or he will refuse. If the latter, we commit him with the people; if the former, he loses Viterbo and the support of the whole Tuscan League; and thus in either case we make our fortune, for there must be war—et sic suscitabitur guerra."* Though the more sage and reflecting were averse to this course, still so violent was the ancient grudge against Viterbo, that when it became known that the remonstrances of the Pontiff were without avail in putting a stop to the siege, a thundering defiance, dictated by Giovanni Capocci, was hurled from the Capitol—dooming the Viterbians to destruction if they did not desist instantly from mo-

* "Tanc Schismatiarchæ arbitrati sunt se turbationis invenisse materiam, per quam possent Romanum Populum contra Pontificem commovere dicentes: Faciamus Viterclanum," &c.—*Ib.*

lesting a town taken under protection by the "most magnificent" Senate, and the "tremendous" people of Rome. A call on the Tuscan League, which was promptly responded to, was the reply of Viterbo to this cartel of battle. Forthwith those who had dug the pit for Innocent fell into it themselves. The people were ready to tear Capocci and his accomplices to pieces for thus rashly plunging them into a war, in which they had no chance but to be defeated.* And in their despair, those who had been plotting against him had no alternative but to humbly implore the Pontiff, that he would rescue them from the disgrace and ruin from which of themselves they were unable to escape. Moved much less by their entreaties, than by a feeling of pity for Viterclano and of just indignation against their enemies who had slighted so many warnings and threats of his anger, he sent orders to the army of the League—already arrived and encamped at Orvieto—to retire, and took such other measures as to facilitate the deliverance of Viterclano and the chastisement of Viterbo. The voices heretofore ever raised against the Pontiff were now loudest in his praise. In their glorifications on the Capitol after the victory, they solemnly declared that their tongues had, somehow or other, so put off their former nature

* "Romani dubitantes procedere murmurare cæperunt adversus eos qui consilium dederant, &c. et sic visi sunt incidere in foream, quam nisi sunt aliis præparare."—*Ib.*

that a word against his Holiness they could never utter for all time to come."*

This is an allusion to the base and ungrateful outcry and tumults they caused not long after because the Pope would not allow them to satiate their vengeance on the Viterbians who had been taken in the war—the triumphant issue of which—as they thus loudly confessed, could not be deemed to be the work of Innocent. He had taken care to have the captives safely guarded. But while a show of severity was resorted to—the better to mask his compassion and charity towards them—his wisdom devised the means of mitigating their lot while they were held in durance, and of restoring them to their homes and the embraces of their sorrowing friends, when it appeared to him that the vindictive rage of their enemies had sufficiently subsided to allow of his doing so. The better to prevent an outcry, he put on an appearance of severity with the Viterbians, compelling them to restore the bronze gates of St. Peter's, and other bronze vases and ornaments belonging to the great fountain in front of the basilica, which they were reported to have carried off when the Leonine city was taken by Bar-

* "Usque adeo in laudem Summi Pontificis conclamantes ut quidam qui consueverant in contradictionem Dom. Papæ ora laxare, publicè dicerent *quòd ita jam erant ipsorum linguæ* quod nunquam, de cætero contra Pontificem loquerenter" The biographer drily adds, "Hoc autem *parvissimo* tempore servaverunt," &c.—*Ib.*

barossa as has been already narrated. But all would not do. Giovanni Capocci, Pier-Leone, the Orsini, and the others who had thrown themselves at the feet of the Pontiff,—first in the hour of despair and again in the first glow of enthusiasm for a glorious victory, for which they stood indebted to his influence, but who had never in reality been changed,—made the liberation of the prisoners a handle for inciting fresh tumults, that they might fish with better success in the "troubled waters." It is to these after disturbances which were of a contemptible character and came to nothing—if we except a certain amount of conflagration of houses, sacking and razing of castles, besides bloodshed and battery, with noise and clamour and harangues on the Capitol, about ancient Roman glory and liberty and world-wide conquest, *ad infinitum.* But as usual, the towering genius, the immoveable firmness in justice and charity—the resistless will of Innocent, carried the day.*

Thus during a Pontificate which, of all that preceded or came after it, made itself felt throughout the entire Christian world with the greatest activity,

* "Quorum furorem Dominus Papa *blanda deliniens*, usque adeo in pacis tractatu processit, quod inter eos, salvâ in omnibus fidelitate Romani Pontificis et Ecclesiæ Romanæ, composuit, ET SIC OMNES CAPTIVI SUNT LIBERATI; præcipiens Viterbiensibus ut portas areas, quas de basilicâ Sancti Petri, et pateres æreos, quos de cantharo ante basilicam *dicebantur* extulisse vel confregisse tempore Frederici Imperatoris facerent restaurari."—*Vit. Innocent. ubi supr.* p. 564.

with insight into affairs the most consummate, and with a force and a pertinacity to which every difficulty was certain to yield in the long run, the temporal patrimony of St. Peter was not only entirely recovered from sea to sea and from the one frontier to the other, but its government was put on such a footing of organization and efficiency, as had been unknown, since the first disorders in which the overthrow of the Carlovingian empire began.*

Within the city itself, from the very outset of his reign, that iron force of will which Pope Innocent so remarkably combined with the most serene and unalterable benignity, was brought to bear on the suppression of abuses. That greediness for perquisites on the part of underlings, which often as it has been put down by such Pontiffs as Innocent, has not failed to spring up from age to age, to raise a blush on the queenly forehead and discredit the august majesty of the Roman Church, he effectually put an end to. The counters set up, most probably by the Jewish usurers, under a colonnade of the Lateran, and whereon might be seen —besides heaps of the coinage of all countries and costly treasures—the massive plate of every size and form, costly vases wrought in silver and barbaric

* Of Ferrara and its dependencies, Pope Innocent had given investiture to Azzo D'Este, and after the death of Azzo, the sixth Margrave of that name, he conferred the fief on his son, Aldobrandino D'Este, to whom as leader of the Guelph or Italian interest, he also sent a consecrated banner.—Vid. *Hurter*, t. 3. l. 21. n. 379.

gold, and inlaid with precious stones,—he dealt with as his Divine Master had dealt with those who had made a place of traffic of the courts of the temple.* Three times every week he sat in public consistory with his cardinals administering justice to all, deciding causes from every region of the world, and speaking with such force and knowledge on whatever was brought before him, that the most learned men and the most refined intellects of that age made journeys from the ends of the earth, to listen to his eloquence, to be instructed by his wisdom, and made better and purer in heart and mind, by the Divine fire which seemed to be communicated to the breasts of those who hung upon his lips. "It is our duty," he says, in writing to Richard Cœur de Lion, "to cause religion to flourish in the Church of God, and to protect it wherever it flourishes. It is our wish, that during our reign the worship of God continue to advance and prosper more and more. Neither shall life or death be able to make us swerve from justice, or deter us from upholding our rights. We know that the charge has been imposed on us of watching over the rights of all,

* "Erat autem infra sacrum *Lateranense palatium* in transitu, juxta cisternam coquinæ, nummulariorum mensa locata, super quam cotidie ponebantur vasa aurea, argentea, monetarum diversitas, multusque thesaurus ad vendendum vel cambiandum, quam quidem Pontifex, illius zelo succensus qui mensas nummulariorum subvertit, de toto *palatio* fecit penitus amoveri."—*Vit. Innocent, ubi supr.* p. 501.

nor shall favour or affection towards any human being have power to turn us from this path. We are placed over peoples and empires, not of our own merit but as the servant of God. Wherefore, to love all with a pure heart, with a sound and not with a false conscience, who are faithful and devoted to God's Church, and to defend them with the buckler of the Apostolic See, against the arrogance of all oppressors, behold our fixed determination. But when from the height on which we are placed, we contemplate the functions devolving on us as supreme pastor, and then turn to consider our own inadequacy to bear them, we are saved from all danger of placing any reliance on ourselves. We feel that we have nothing for it but to cast ourselves without reserve on the merits of Him whom we represent on earth. If we consider the innumerable affairs, and the care of all the churches to which we have bound ourselves for ever, it is then that we comprehend that our most proper designation is that which we have adopted in the salutation of our letter, 'the servant of the servants of God'—responsible before God, not only for our own proper person but for all the children of the faith. In fine, reflecting on the weight of this administration and the feebleness of our own shoulders, we apply to ourselves this word of the Prophet: 'I am hurried into the midst of the deep and the waves swallow me up.' But it is the hand of the Lord that has lifted us up from the dust to place us on this throne, not alone on a level

with monarchs, but above them, in order to dispense justice."*

Deviating from the custom (prevalent not only in those remote times, but up to a comparatively modern period) by which sovereigns and great personages were wont to quarter themselves during their journeys, on monastic communities, bishops, or their richer feudatories, Pope Innocent invariably defrayed from his own resources the expenses of his court during the frequent progresses he made, and his sojourn in different cities of the States. The rich presents and offerings which it was customary for the great, in their visits to Rome, to deposit at the foot of the Papal throne, he invariably ordered to be distributed for the benefit of the poor, to whom he, moreover, allowed the tithe of his entire revenue. Of a sum that was in the treasury at his accession, he caused a part to be funded to meet any great or unforeseen emergency, somewhat in the same way that Sixtus V. laid up in Sant' Angelo a large treasure in after times: the rest he distributed amongst the more distressed communities of religious in the environs of Rome and the neighbouring parts. Like his immediate predecessor, Celestine III., he loaded Rome with favours. While yet a Cardinal, he expended large sums in the repairs and beautifying of his titular church. Soon after his election, the decoration of St. Peter's was taken in hand with great zeal. The first artists of the time were engaged in

* Epist. l. 1. ep. 6. apud Rohrbach. l. 71. p. 24.

retouching the ancient pictures, or in producing new creations of the pencil to embellish it. The entire roof of the tribune was painted anew. He also renewed the decorations of San Sisto. The same had been done for the Lateran by Clement III. The first mediæval architect to win a name in the annals of the fine arts is Marchione d'Arezzo. When we first meet him, he is in the service of Pope Innocent III. engaged in a variety of new constructions at Rome. He erected a new palace in the Vatican, with separate departments for the various great officers of state. He surrounded the entire with lofty and strong walls, having massive towers over the gates of entrance, so that it must have been of a grand and imposing aspect, being built, no doubt, in the pointed style, which receives exactly at that period a decided impulse, and begins to enlist all the other ornamental and fine arts to promote its perfection. In the forum of Nerva he caused to be erected a huge war tower, after the fashion of those times. It continued for ages to be one of the chief wonders of Rome, and went by the name of the Torre de' Conti, from its having been destined as a secure retreat for the members of that noble family, (to which Innocent himself belonged). During the disturbances excited by Giovanni Capocci, leagued with the Frangepani and Orsini—whose anger knew no bounds, at being obliged by the Pontiff to surrender the public estates usurped by them during the protracted anarchy occasioned by the Arnaldist revolt—such places of refuge were indispensable.

This structure was so shaken by the dreadful earthquake of 1349, that a portion of it fell, and the entire became so insecure, that to prevent any fatal consequence, it was ordered to be taken down altogether, in the reign of Urban VIII.

The summer months from the end of July, he generally spent in some of the smaller cities; but this caused no interruption of affairs. We are told by a writer of that time, who had learned the fact from the people of Viterbo themselves, that during the Pope's sojourn there were, besides the court, as many as forty thousand strangers in their city.* He liked Anagni very much as a summer residence, and also Segni, his natal city. He was drawn to Ferentino, where he built the fountain, by his friendship for its bishop. He passed more than one summer there. He passed another partly at Sabiaco and partly at Velletri. In most of these towns he erected buildings and founded institutions, calculated to beautify as well as to benefit. And this caused the memory of Innocent to be held in benediction by succeeding generations. The hospital of the Santo Spirito attached to Santa Maria in Saxia, opposite St. Peter's and in the great street along the Tiber, he erected at his own expense.† "How munificently he endowed it with benefices, possessions, rents, treasures, ornaments, books, privileges, and with

* Chron. Andrens. apud Hurter, t. 3. p. 429.

† The church was called *in Saxia*, because built in the quarter inhabited by the English. King Ina was the founder of this church, and of the hospice attached to it.—Vid. *Fea. Dis. Criz.* p. 572.

what wisdom he provided that there the grace of hospitality and the worship of God should never cease to flourish, is from the results sufficiently manifest," says the ancient writer of his life.* The same writer tells us, that on learning, while he was sojourning at Anagni, that Rome—periodically tormented by such restless spirits as Capocci and his compeers—began to be sorely afflicted from famine, he at once returned. "The amount of treasure which he expended in relieving the distress," says the biographer, "is known only to Him to whom nothing is unknown. The number relieved daily was 8000." To this class, the distribution was made in provisions publicly served out, and abundantly—*ad sufficientiam.* But to those of a higher order, who had been involved in the general misery, he caused money to be dispensed weekly, in such a way as to consult for their feelings. All this was irrespective of the relief afforded, at all times, by the almshouses and other charitable institutions abounding in the city. During all the time he ceased not, by fervid exhortations, to move the rich and the great to help in saving their distressed brethren.†

* Quod quantum ditaverit beneficiis, possessionibus, redditibus, thesauris, ornamentis, libris, et privilegiis, per se satis apparet, et ut religiosus cultus et hospitalitatis gratia, *quæ nunc* vigent ibidem, semper abundant.

† Sic autem fecit illas distribui ut qui verecundabantur publicè mendicare, pecuniam occultè reciperent unde sustentarentur per singulas septimanas; illi vero qui publicè mendicabant, singulis

To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to provide marriage portions for virgins whose parents were too poor to give them any; to prepare asylums and nurses for infants exposed or left in helpless orphanage, was the every-day practice of his reign.* His almoner made diligent visitations of the abodes of sorrow and want, that none should be deprived of succour. To reduced families of the nobility (in those times of feud it is easy to fancy how frequently sudden and heartrending reverses of fortune must have happened) he would allot sometimes as much as fifteen livres a-week. Always when the Pontiff dined, poor children were allowed to come round his table, towards the end of the repast, to be fed in his presence, and no doubt exhorted and instructed by his words. Every Saturday he fulfilled the "mandate" of our Lord—washing and sterging the feet of twelve poor persons. He kissed the feet of each of the paupers after he had washed and dried them with the towel, as did the Saviour with his Apostles (not excepting Judas). To each of these

diebus panem acciperent ad sufficientiam universi (quorum tanta erat præ miseria multitudo ut excederet numerum octo millium personarum) alii autem in eleemosynaria domo receperunt alimenta. Et sic famelicum populum ab imminenti periculo liberavit, exhortans divites et potentes verbis pariter et exemplis ad eleemosynas largiendas. Quantam vero pecuniam in hoc opus expenderit, novit ille qui nihil ignorat."—*Acta Innocent. &c. ubi supra.*

* "Faciebat ergo famelicos refici, nudos vestiri, virgines pauperculos maritari, pavulos expositos nutriri."—*Ib.*

poor men, he gave twelve pieces of money and a plenteous refection.*

One of the last, as it was one of the grandest achievements of his eighteen years' pontificate, was the holding of the fourth Œcumenic Council of Lateran, A.D. 1216. The design had occupied his thoughts from soon after his election, persuaded as he was that nothing could more effectually promote and render permanent his plans for the reformation of abuses and the advancement of Christian morality and enlightenment, throughout the whole world. From the year 1214, his letters had been issued to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, and as the appointed time arrived, such multitudes of dignitaries from every region of the then known world began to pour into Rome through all its gates, that in the opinion of Hurter, the Seven Hills had never at any former epoch beheld such an assemblage. The patriarchs of Constantinople (for there was a dispute about the succession at that moment) with the patriarch of Jerusalem, and the bishop of Ancherate, deputed by the

* "Permittebat etiam idem benignissimus Pontifex pauperculos parvos, ante mensam suam, post finem refectionis, venire, ipsisque de his quæ coram eo remanserant victualia excibari. Sabbatis quoque faciebat mandatum lavans de tergens et osculans pedes duodecim pauperum, et singulis duodecim numnos impendens, faciens refectionem omnibus ministrari."—*Ib.* The reader who wishes to see further proof that Innocent was not open to the charges of selfishness brought against him by such carpers as Matthew Paris, has only to refer to *Hurter*, t. iii. p. 442—447.

patriarch of Antioch to represent him, being himself disabled by infirmities, had arrived as early as the ninth of November. Oppressed most cruelly as he was at the time by the Saracens, the patriarch of Alexandria could do no more than send his brother, a deacon of the patriarchate, to act as his deputy. The venerable Jonas, patriarch of the Maronites, who had renounced the heresy of the Monothelites in the reign of Lucius III., was there—eager to make himself acquainted with the discipline of the Roman Church, to be thus qualified to introduce it in the churches of the Lebanon. There were in all seventy-two primates and metropolitans, amongst whom the renowned Rodrigues of Toledo, stood pre-eminent. He pronounced a grand discourse on the Papacy; first in Latin—the language then universally spoken by the learned; he afterwards, for the benefit of such as were not familiar with the learned dialect, delivered it in German, French, and Spanish:—leaving his auditors in doubt, whether more to admire his mastery of those various languages, the sublimity of his genius, or the depth of his erudition. The archbishop of Tyre was called on to make a discourse on the position of affairs in the Holy Land. Besides the seventy-two primates, there were present four hundred and twelve bishops. One of their number, the bishop of Liege, wore a scarlet mantle in the first day's sitting, in his quality of count; in the second sitting, his costume was green—as he appeared that day as a duke: it was only on the

third day, his lordship came in the robes of a bishop. They counted nine hundred abbots and priors of religious orders, few of whom had come but by special summons; and besides these, hardly was there any person distinguished for knowledge in that age, but had found his way to the city of the Pontiffs on that occasion. The Latins had only recently got possession of the Greek empire and its capital: the glorious and decisive victory of Toledo de las Navas achieved over the infidels in Spain (mainly through the exertions of the Pope), had raised the enthusiasm of the Christian nations to the highest pitch. A new and wonderful impulse had been everywhere communicated to arts and letters. Wonders for the reformation of life amongst the Christians, and for the diffusion of the glad tidings of redemption amongst unbelieving nations, began already to appear as the fruit of the two new religious orders founded by Domenigo de Caleroga, and Francisco d'Assisi; and pre-eminent as he was on all hands admitted to be (not only by his position but by his genius and the world-wide efficiency of his plans and exertions for the progress of Christianity), it is not to be wondered at that the summons of Innocent had been thus responded to, by all the master minds of his age. Abbot Ulric of St. Gall's, came as plenipotentiary on the part of the Emperor Frederic. Otho also sent deputies to the great parliament of Christendom, to watch over his interests: though through his perfidious ingratitude towards the Church, he had

fallen from the high estate to which the Church had raised him. There were also present the ambassadors of the Emperor of Constantinople, of the kings of France, England, Arragon, Hungary, and Cyprus; the representatives of a vast number of other princes, great signors from all parts of Europe, and of many free cities. The total number of those who had a right to be present at the assembly, amounted to TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE PERSONS. It far surpassed the gathering under Alexander III. "Papal Rome," says Hurter, "exhibited on this occasion such a spectacle, that never had the like of it shed its glory upon ancient Rome, in the days of its greatest majesty."*

Thus had the greatest of the Pontiffs to whom the thoughts and energy of Hildebrand had been bequeathed, assembled round him the spirits from whom the world took its impulses in that generation, and who were to continue marching at its head long after his being called from the combat to receive his crown. He could thus make them the depositories of that mighty conception of the Church's wants, destinies, and interests, that was in himself: he could thus infuse into their breasts by his burning words, the zeal for his Divine Master's kingdom that was devouring his own life rapidly. Thus even after it should have ceased to vivify the earthly frame—

* "Rome Catholique apparut avec un éclat comme jamais un semblable n'avait glorifié l'ancienne Rome, dans toute sa pouissance." T. 3. p. 350.

already failing—in which it then dwelt, this power might still continue to work wonders for the cause of God, through their exertions.

The discourse delivered from the throne to this, the most august assembly, perhaps, that ever met, is still preserved. His text is suggested, by a clear, calm, and rather joyous foresight of his rapidly approaching end.—"With desire," he says, in the words of his Redeemer—at that most solemn of meetings with his Apostles,—"with desire have I desired to eat this pasch, before my passion"—that is, he says, "before I die.—As Christ is my life," he begins, "and death my gain, I refuse not to drink the chalice of suffering appointed for me by the will of God; for although the desire filled my soul, to live and labour for the defence of the Catholic faith, for the liberation of that land where is our Redeemer's sepulchre, and of the regions which were hallowed by his presence in the flesh, and finally for the liberty of the Church: still I cry out, "O Heavenly Father, may thine and not my will be done!" Hence, have I said: "with desire have I longed to eat this pasch with you before my passion."—Then after explaining the meaning of the word pasch, "which has the signification," he says, "in Holy Writ, of a day, an hour, a lamb; of unleavened bread, of a festival, and of Christ himself; and that, while in the Greek language it means suffering, its meaning in Hebrew is PASSAGE," he thus continues, "I have desired to celebrate with

you a triple pasch or passage—one corporal, another spiritual, and a third eternal. A corporal pasch—that is, a passage or marching for the deliverance of Jerusalem so cruelly oppressed: a spiritual pasch—that is, a transition from one moral situation to a better, by carrying the Church to a higher state of amelioration: an eternal pasch—that is, a passage from this present life to the life of never-ending glory." These grand conceptions are carried out to the end, with a rare fulness and majesty, combined with a varied richness, elegance, and precision that reminds one not a little of the style of art which had in that age attained to such perfection in Gothic structures. The acts of this, the fourth General Council of Lateran, collected by order of Innocent in seventy-two chapters, may be seen in the great collections. Hurter gives their substance, and ably points out their utility: "Ignorance is denounced by the Pontiff as the chief enemy against which they have to be on their guard, and to battle.* Nor

* "Nous devons principalement nous mettre en garde contre l'ignorance," &c.—Vid. *Hurter*, t. 3. p. 356.

In his general reflections on the whole mediæval period, Hurter says:

"Il n'y a qu'un esprit superficiel, dedaignant d'etudies les annales et les documens de ces siècles, ou un esprit aveuglé par la prétendue superiorité de notre époque, ou par une haine systématique, croyant pouvoir se servir des témoignages historiques contre la vérité elle-même, qui ose accuser les papes du moyen âge d'avoir favoris l'ignorance."—t. 3. p. 437.

is the grand idea that the Church is the KINGDOM OF GOD on earth, the great realm of Christ, lost sight of."*

Referring our readers who may feel desirous to behold the genius of Innocent III. in all the vastness and force of its action on the affairs of Christendom, to Hurter's work, the result of the researches and labours of twenty years, and which led to a change so singular in the destinies of its author—we can find for our hurried and meagre notice, no words more appropriate to conclude with, than those of the eminent Protestant writer just referred to: for Hurter was still President of the Consistory of Schaffhausen when he penned the following words:—

"From times long gone by," he says, "down to those in which we live, the men best capable of appreciating the lives of their fellow men have with one accord agreed in recognizing in Innocent III., that Pontiff, who of all who preceded or followed him has shed the most vivid lustre on the throne of St. Peter, by a rare combination of learning and genius with a spotless life: by services rendered to the Church, and by great actions. None of his successors has so eminently adorned the see of St. Peter, so that he has been designated not only the

* "L'idée d'un royaume de Dieu réalisé ou devant être réalisé sur la terre, était dans ces siecles l'inspiration vivace e vivifiante de la Papauté, inspiration plusau moins activement exécutée mais jamais complétement assoupie."—*Hurter, &c.* t. 3. p. 359.

most puissant, but moreover the wisest, of Popes since Gregory VII."

Many things in the economy of the Christian Church, which, circumstanced as he was, it was impossible for Hurter to comprehend, and which, had he been able to see them in a Catholic point of view, he would have dealt with more correctly than he has done, in his otherwise almost faultless work, have been taken up by Rohrbacher and placed with his wonted facility, in their proper point of view. As for the spirit of Innocent III., the grandeur of his conceptions, the ardour of his zeal and charity, the unalterable constancy in what was right despite of all resistance and attacks: as for the success that crowned his enterprises, whether undertaken for the welfare of the States and of Italy at large, or of the Christian Church—in studying the Pontificates of those who come after him, one is tempted to revert to that ancient folly of the Pythagoreans, who taught that the minds of such mighty ones as Homer continued successively to animate a series of great characters from generation to generation. But in reality it was the unchangeableness of the principles for which they contended, and by which, like their predecessors, they were guided amidst the conflicts and the confusion of this ever-shifting scene, that imparted to the policy of Pontiff after Pontiff, that unity and serene presentiment of triumph, in the long run, which stamps it with a character very wonderful to consider, a character peculiarly its own.

CHAPTER IV.

"Four Pontiffs, differing in character, but who found themselves in the same circumstances, adopted the same policy. Frederic II., by his cruelties, his injustices, his exorbitant ambition, but too often afforded just grounds for the violent measures of the Holy See, of which he had been by turns, the ward, the champion, and the deadly enemy. Like his predecessors, he did not disguise the design to reestablish the empire of the Cæsars; and but for the influence of the Popes, it is likely that all Europe would have been brought under the German yoke. The policy of the Sovereign Pontiffs tended to promote liberty in the German cities. The petty states of Germany were in like manner encouraged by them, and aided to consolidate their independence. We fear not to add, that it was by the thunders of the Vatican, the freedom of the Italian states and cities, and even the independence of France, was preserved."*

Such is the judgment recorded by Michaud—a writer decidedly hostile to the Papacy—regarding that memorable struggle which took place between the Pontiffs on the one side, and Frederic II., the

* Michaud, Hist. des Croisades, t. 4, p. 67, 6e édit.

grandson of Barbarossa, on the other. This war we cannot pass by without a few cursory remarks, since the end of it was to form a new era in the history of the States of St. Peter, as indeed of all Italy; but, for the reasons which we now hasten to assign, our notice of this desperate and long protracted conflict, need be but very brief.

The third Punic war bears not a stronger resemblance or a closer kindred, to the second Punic war, than does this war of Frederic II. against the Papacy, to that war which we saw carried on against it by Frederic I. It is for this reason we feel ourselves dispensed from dilating on details. The points of resemblance between the great conflicts are most remarkable.

In the first place, the ground of quarrel was in both instances identical. "His ambition fired with the vision of a universal monarchy," says the Marquis de Villeneuva, "it was the aim of Frederic to throw off the supremacy of the Roman See. The emperor caused his chancellor to give no title to the other monarchs of Europe but that of 'provincial kings:' himself be entitled 'THE LIVING LAW.'"* Notorious as was this prince for that duplicity and perfidiousness,—the characteristics of the Swabian dynasty from Henry IV. to its extinction,—his deportment towards Honorius III., who had succeeded to the Papal throne directly after the demise of

* Hist. de S. Louis, par M. le Marquis de Villenueva, Trad. Franc. Paris, 1830. t. 1. p. 238.

Innocent, in A.D. 1216, was most obsequious until he had secured the imperial crown and title. These he received amidst scenes of the greatest jubilee and pomp in the year 1220. Never, until the death of Otho, the deposed emperor, had secured him from all apprehension of a rival starting up in Germany, did he completely throw off the mask. He took oaths and made vows in abundance, binding himself to be the champion of the See of Peter, to march to the East and deliver the Christians from the cruel tyranny of the Saracens and Turks. But Frederic, by all accounts, was at heart an ATHEIST—the first infidel who appears on the theatre of history in the disguise of a Christian; and when swearing and vowing to act like another Charlemagne, to make himself what the Pagan Cæsars had been—the autocrat and deity of the earth—was the thought that possessed his brain, and gave a direction to all his projects. These are positions susceptible of the clearest proof. Thus do we find the aim, in the pursuit of which the first Frederic was cheered on by the jurists and other adulators of Roncaglia, to be that precisely which is taken up, if possible with greater ardour and with decidedly greater prospects of success, by the second Frederic after an interval of sixty years.

In like manner, the aim of the Papacy was in this crisis, in no wise different from what it had been, in the times of Hadrian IV. and Alexander III. The Pontiffs—Honorius III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Alexander IV., Urban IV., Clement IV.—who

maintained the struggle, with a policy as unfaltering and uniform throughout, as if the same spirit had been embodied in each of them in succession, stood up not alone for the liberty of the See of St. Peter, but also for civil liberty. Their enemies we have heard confessing, that freedom grew up and was matured under their auspices in the Germanic towns and cantons; that but for them the Italian republics must have fallen under the mace of the grandson of Barbarossa; and that if the kingdoms of the West escaped being degraded into mere petty provinces of a Teutonic despot, they are beholden for it to the Popes.

Again, the Lombard League comes out with identically the same devotedness to the successors of St. Peter, in this second conflict as in the first. The same displays of heroism, invincible constancy, and final but hard won triumph, are again on their side: on the side of Frederic II., the same ferocious cruelties, the same perfidy in the conduct of the war; and in the long run, a defeat more humiliating and destructive than even that, which, at Lignano, had beaten down and trampled his haughty grandsire in the dust. Arrayed on the side of Frederic are the heirs of the barbarian chiefs of the tenth century—the feudal aristocracy who fought the battle of Henry IV. against the reformation of St. Gregory VII., in the first instance, and who, in the next, upheld the pretensions of Barbarossa. Henceforward they are known in the annals of Italy as the faction of the Ghibellines. There is also the most striking simili-

tude between the attempts and stratagems of all sorts resorted to by the emperors in both the wars to get the Popes within their grasp. As in the days of Alexander III., the Arnaldist faction in Rome is stirred up to harass the Popes, to extol the successors of Tiberius Nero and Caligula, as destined to restore the Capitol. When they have dragged to that rock where Moloch was deified of old under various titles, the Caroccio of the Milanese Republicans, which Frederic (who had taken it in battle) presented to them as to the heirs of the all conquering people, they felt as if the whole world was about to be restored once more to its proper destiny, *viz.* to minister, as an abject slave, to the sanguinary ambition, the pride, and the unbridled passions of the Romans. With the Caroccio Frederic presented the following doggrel verses, copied by Muratori from the Chronicles of Riobaldo and Francesco Pipino:—

Ave decus Orbis, ave! Victus tibi destinor, ave!
Curius ab Augusto Frederico Cæsare justo.
Væ Medolanum! jam sentis spernere vanum
Imperii vires, proprias tibi tollero vires.
Ergo triumphorum, Urbs! potes memor esse priorum,
Quos tibi mittebant, qui bella gerebant.*

Stupid as are these verses, they tell plainly enough that the establishment of universal despotism in the spirit of the Pagan Cæsars was the aim of the Swabian princes and of their allies of the Roman

* Vid. Murat. Dissert. xxvi. t. 2. p. 492.

Capitol. The latter caused a rude trophy in marble, with the figure of the Caroccio sculptured on it, to be erected. It was discovered A.D. 1727, near the *carcere* on the Campidoglio, in clearing away some ruins. As in the days when Alexander was outlawed, so to speak, by the first Frederic, when the persecution by the second is at its height, the sceptre of St. Peter, whether wielded from Viterbo or Anagni, whether in Italy or on this side the Alps, has the same potency. It seems to scatter as if by enchantment, the mightiest combinations of Cæsar. It finally causes them to recoil with destructive effect on himself.

Frederic II. like Frederic I. laid siege to Rome. He also had his allies within the walls like Barbarossa. By bribes he induces Piero Frangipani and Giovanni Cencio, to raise commotions against Gregory IX., but they could not prevail against that Pontiff.* In speaking of his mode of procedure on that occasion, one of the Lives of Innocent IV. in the Cardinal of Arragon's Collection, says, "the outworks, the towers, and the palaces of churches, as well as of many of the Roman nobles: the emperor destroyed and razed to the ground." He also besieged Viterbo: but the severe defeat inflicted on him beneath its walls by the gallantry of the townsmen, assisted by the Papal forces, was one of the first and heaviest strokes that ultimately and utterly broke his power. Nevertheless there are several,

* Vit. Greg. ap. Rer. Ital. SS. t. 3. p. 581, 582.

and those very remarkable features in which the two conflicts differ.

The first Frederic brought his power with him from beyond the Alps; the second was raised from utter helplessness and insignificancy, to the highest pinnacle of human grandeur, through the protection and favour of the Popes. Barbarossa never abandoned, much less did he ever publicly blaspheme or treat with impious derision the most sacred mysteries of the Christian religion. It was not so with his grandson. John Villani as quoted by Sismondi, tells us that Frederic II. abandoned himself to a licentiousness the most unbounded—"lived like a disciple of Epicurus, BECAUSE HE DISBELIEVED IN THE EXISTENCE OF ANOTHER LIFE: and *for this reason*, it was," he adds, "that he became the enemy of holy Church."* He was heard to say that Moses, Mahomet, and Christ were three impostors: that the death of two of them had been glorious; but that the ignominious death of the other was such as he deserved. He is said to have habitually blasphemed the mysteries, most adorable in the Christian faith. It was a frequent boast of his, that could he only induce the other princes to shake off their stupid reverence for the Apostolic See, he would sweep away the whole Christian imposture, and on its ruin establish a creed and a code of morals far more perfect. In a word, Frederic of Hohenstauffen is the first link in that awful series of infidels, who have been the curse as well as the

* This is not denied, either by Sismondi or Mariotti.

scandal of humanity, by disguising themselves under the transparent pretence of *liberalizing* Christianity.

These things were current amongst his contemporaries. By the assembly in which universal Christendom was represented, he was impeached and convicted of being "an epicurean and an atheist." For a compendious sketch of his claims to such titles we may refer the curious reader to the dissertations on Muratori's Annals, prefixed to the Roman edition of that work,* or to the original life of Gregory IX., or the acts of the Council of Lyons in Raynaldus. Such writers as Mariotti impliedly admit the justice of the imputation. It is the pride of that class of writers that not only was he an infidel under the mask, but that he was openly a scoffer. Princes of his own court and realm bore witness to the heaviest of the charges being true. The whole tenor of his conduct with regard to the affairs of the East (where he was in league with the Saracens against St. Louis and the Christians), and with regard to the affairs of Italy (where surrounded by Mameluke guards,† patronizing Mahomedanism and persecuting Christianity, and forming his cabinet of men, enemies to the Catholic faith,) he made war on the Church with an army of Saracens, and with a ferocity of which the chivalrous Saladin would have been ashamed. Witness his

* T. vii. par. 1. p. 28. *et seq.*

† The use of stilettos dipped in poison was one of the blessings introduced by the janissaries of Frederic into Italy.

burnings, his drownings, of bishops, priests, monks, and others: his changing Monte Casino into a barrack, its church into a seraglio for his Saracens.

In the struggle with the first Frederic, a new city was founded by the people in honour of the successor of St. Peter; they called it Alexandria, and it exists a famous and also a flourishing city, to the present day. Frederic II. founded a new city and called it Victoria—Sismondi, his admirer, who champions his cause against the Popish Republics of Italy, will inform us what became of it. "One day," he says, "the 18th of February, 1248, the citizens of Parma (which Frederic had been besieging for a long time) took the bold resolve, being aided by the Lombard Guelphs who rallied with them, to make a sally and attack that new city, built at no great distance from their walls and called Victoria, in anticipation of the event, *viz.* the destruction of Parma. Seizing their opportunity when the emperor had gone a hunting, they suddenly stormed the ramparts, got possession of them, and put the imperialists to the rout. A very great number of Saracens were killed during the pursuit. The slain amounted to two thousand, the prisoners to three thousand. Many great personages were found among the dead. One, and not the least remarkable, was Taddeo de Suessa, who had sustained the cause of Frederic when excommunicated and deposed by the Council. The Caroccio of the Cremonese was taken. The treasure of the imperial chamber, containing the money,

regalia, jewellery, and precious vases, belonging to the emperor, fell into the hands of the conquerors: the booty amounted to a sum beyond all estimate. The city of Victory was abandoned to the flames: it was so razed and destroyed, that literally there was not left of it one stone upon another."* When returning from the sports of the day, the emperor was met by, and hurried away in, the rout of the fugitives —the victors pressing hard upon them and making a great slaughter, as far as the banks of the Taro.

This disaster broke the power, and apparently the heart, of Frederic II.: for, from this time forward, until he met his horrid death, he never rallied. "With his affairs," says Rohrbacher, "and with his fame, it was from bad to worse. His eldest son, King Henry, died—imprisoned by his father, and leaving a son who was murdered, no one knew by whom. Enzo, one of his bastard sons, whom he had made king of Sardinia, died in an iron cage, in which he had been shut up for twenty years.† His son-in-law Ezzelin the Cruel is destined, tearing open, with his own hands, his ghastly wounds, to put an end to himself by a death, still more atrocious than his life. Taddeo de Suessa is slain

* La ville entière fut abandonnée aux flammes, et tellement détruite, qu'il n'en resta pas pierre sur pierre."—*Hist. des Repub.* t. 2. p. 54.

† The Bolognese are by most writers said to have treated their captive (whom they took when invading their country at the head of an army) with anything but cruelty.

in the midst of a battle, lost—after having first had his two hands cut off. The most trusty of his ministers—he who used to compose his manifestos, full of epithets the most contumelious, and the most bitter and slanderous invectives against the Pontiffs—Piero della Vigne, suspected of an intent to poison his imperial master, is doomed to have his eyes put out, and, like Ezzelino, to be guilty, in an agony of despair, of destroying himself with his own hands. Shortly after his minister, Frederic himself is to end his days—smothered, it is said, by Manfredi, another of his bastard sons. Conrad, his legitimate heir, is to be cut off in the very flower of life—in his twenty-sixth year—poisoned, as is recorded, by the same Manfredi. Manfredi himself is to be struck down with the guilty fabric of his ambitious hopes, on a disastrous field of battle; and, in the blood of Conradin, the last scion of the Swabian dynasty, brought to the scaffold still in the blossom of youth, that empire which was antichristian from the outset (aiming at least at a *reaction* in favour of Pagan domination), is to give place to another dynasty of totally different principles, founded by Rudolph of Hapsburgh—a dynasty continuing still to reign, and apparently gathering up its repristinated energies, to start *forward* on a new and a grand career."*

The following, from a letter of Gregory IX.—dated the 29th of May, 1230—will give an idea of the

* Rohrb. t. 18. l. 73. p. 355.

spirit in which the war of self-defence was carried on, on the side of the Popes. It is addressed to Cardinal Pelagius, legate with the army of Italy. "It is the will of God that to preserve the liberty of the Church, humility withhold us not from defending it even by arms, but that defence should never exceed the bounds of humanity. Hence it follows, that the defender of ecclesiastical liberty ought to resort but rarely and with regret, to other than spiritual arms, against the tyrants who persecute the Church; that he ought to be free from thirst for blood or spoil, seeking rather to constrain the erring to return into the right path, and to preserve them in their liberty. It is unworthy of the army of Jesus Christ—as, to our grief, we have heard has recently happened—to put those to death whose lives it is possible to preserve, or to mutilate or disfigure the image of the Creator. Ah! my brother, it does not become us, whose office it is to recall to the bosom of the Church their mother, her erring children, to irritate them by taking pleasure in their sufferings or in blood-shedding.*

"The Church, which extends her protection even to criminals, to save them from death, ought to be far from wishing to mutilate or kill. On these grounds, we command you to have all those who fall into the hands of our troops preserved from further injury, and to keep them in such sort as that

* This is anticipating Lord Elliot's Durango decree by six hundred years.

they may have reason to rejoice at having exchanged a state of wicked license for a state of Christian captivity. You will order those who are in command, not to resort to the like violences for the future, under pain of our indignation, and of being fined to such amount as to us shall appear befitting."*

From what is said of this Pontiff by one of the fiercest enemies of the Papacy, the reader can judge whether these were mere empty professions. "The day had been," says Mariotti, "when the Pontiffs of Rome had, *for their own security*, advocated the interests of Italy, when their legates were seen stepping forward amidst the fray of brotherly feuds, preaching the truce of the Cross: when one Giovanni di Vicenza, a legate of Gregory IX., an inspired monk (a Dominican friar) a prophet and legislator, by the might of his eloquence, assembled the representatives of the cities of Romagna and Lombardy, to bring about an universal reconciliation on the plains of Paquara, where four hundred thousand of the most conspicuous partisans, Guelphs and Ghibellines, headed by lords and bishops, and by their magistrates, riding in all the pomp of their municipal chariots, knelt at the friar's feet, and abjured their old grudges, swearing an eternal amity that was to last, alas! only a few months." It was not the Pope's fault, though, but the fault of Frederic, and of his ferocious partisans, such as Ezzelino, Palavi-

* Apud Raynald. ad an. 1229. n. 44.

cini—or, as Muratori says it ought to be spelt, Pela-vicini—and Brancaleone, that the peace did not continue. Gregory IX. had done his part nobly; and nobly had all orders responded to his summons: but that which is written, viz: "there is no peace for the wicked," was to find an awful, a most memorable fulfilment in the fate, not of Frederic himself only, but of his entire dynasty.*

Gregory IX., even at a time when Rome was undisturbed by any revolt, preferred to move about from town to town, one time fixing his court at Assisi, at another in Perugia, then in Spoleti, still oftener at Rieti, and at Terni—Iteramna—never at Foligno "a nest of traitors;" frequently at Viterbo: once at Bieda. We find him at Subiaco; thence he crosses through the mountain and forest tracts to Anagni, his native city; for Gregory was of the same family as Innocent III., that is, of the Conti de Segni. Anagni was for him a favourite sojourn, as for so many other Popes, during those centuries. He once had a visit there from Frederic, while the latter still kept up appearances. While his army pitched their tents in the Val di Sacco "round Sala, a copious and gushing fountain"—*circa Sala salientis aquæ fontem*—the emperor ascended to Anagni, and putting by his cloak, came to the Pontiff's feet, the latter receiving him with the kiss of peace. They conversed for some time, previously to the emperor's retiring

* Mariotti, Italy Past and Present, vol. ii. p. 95.

to the palace of the cathedral, where his apartments had been prepared. The next day he reclined at the Papal banquet, with his brilliant staff, and the officers of his court. After a public audience, and a long private interview, he returned to the camp.

This occurred in autumn, towards the beginning of that season. As winter was coming on, the Pope returned to Rome, where he was received with great rejoicings. It was at this time he had some towers of extraordinary height—*altissimas*—added to the Lateran palace, and built a noble palace for the use of the poor—*et palatium nobile pro pauperum usibus deputatum.* On the Romans generally he bestowed great benefits.

"But the guile of the ancient enemy," continues the ancient biographer, "which when expelled by one entrance gets in at some other, stirred up to sedition the Perugini, beloved by the Church amongst the most cherished of her sons. Between the people on one side, and the nobles on the other, a feud so direful began to rage, that the nobles being driven out, there was nothing but war, in which the hand of the father was against the son, those of children against their own parents. Neighbour attacked neighbour with fury; the walls reeked with the blood of brothers. Once happy homes were reduced to heaps of smoking ruins: vines and fruit trees were cut up. Within the walls famine was raging, and outside the brand and the sword were plied incessantly. Thus turning the iron against its own vitals, the ill-fated

Perugia was working its own destruction. As if to render this catastrophe inevitable and to hasten it, the victors began to drive the vanquished into banishment. Moved to compassion at such a spectacle of misery, Pope Gregory sent Cardinal John de Columpna* as his forerunner, and followed in person towards the opening of the summer, to pacify and console: to bring back the exiled, to succour the ruined and the needy, to pour the balm of sympathy into broken hearts; in a word, to make himself all to all.† To consolidate the work of reconciliation, having caused both parties to enter into pledges of peace and amity for the future, he made a donation of nine thousand pounds from his paternal liberality towards repairing the damages inflicted by the feud; made a loan of three thousand more on easy terms

* "Furebat vicinus in proximum, et muri fraterno sanguine madebant, ac fundîtus eversis domibus, et arbustis excisis, premebat intus famis inedia, et foris gladius indefessus."—*Vid. Rer. Ital. SS.* t. 3. p. 577.

Of this same Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, we are told, that being suspected as the fomenter of discord between Pope Innocent IV. and the Emperor, and of having betrayed the former to win favour with the latter, at a later period, his castles were seized by the Romans, who razed them to the ground, and threw the Cardinal himself into a prison, where he died, A.D. 1244. *Vid. Raynald. ann. Baron.* ad an. 1244. n. 85.

† "Qui miserorum misertus angustias, et pia gestiens viscera, cum aflictis reduxit exules, confovit egentes, tristes, et mærore confectos consolationis remedio delinivit, omnibus factus omnia, medela et refectio singulorum."—*Ib.*

for the same purpose, and for twenty-two months fixed his court at Perugia—a source of advantage so great as not to be properly estimated, except by the towns which knew how to do so from experience."*

This last remark reflects a broadly intelligible light on the following passage from Matthew Paris, a writer replete with bitterness against the Popes. "At this time," he says, in speaking of Innocent IV., the successor of Gregory, "as the Pope had sojourned for some months at Assisi, a solemn embassy came to him on the part of the Romans and of the Senator Brancaleone, with an order to return without delay to the city of which he was the pastor and Sovereign Pontiff. The Romans added that they were astonished to see him wandering about from place to place, like a vagabond or one proscribed—abandoning Rome, his Pontifical seat, and the flock for which he shall have, notwithstanding, to render a severe account to the sovereign judge, —in order to collect money." In the *Journal des Dêbats,* or in the *Dix Decembre,* the lecture could hardly be in a style more urbane and becoming, or in a spirit of zeal more disinterested for interests purely spiritual, or with a more perfect freedom from wounded susceptibility or domineering pretension.

The zealots of the Capitol forgot, however, to say

* "Quæ solet regionibus beneficia desideratæ commoditatis afferre."—*Ib.*

a word about the antipope, set up at the instigation of Frederic, that in this feature also (so remarkable in the persecution by Barbarossa), the parallel so often alluded to, might not be defective. How it fared with this Pontifex Maximus of the Capitol, we leave it to the admirer of the principles there maintained in opposition to the Vatican, to tell.—He was held by the ruling faction in rigid thraldom. "The sole pretension," says Sismondi, "to which he (the antipope) presumed to lay claim was his own personal freedom, and that of his priests. Withal, he had reason to live in apprehension of the jurisdiction wielded by the Senator: the latter attacking his enemies at the head of his followers, laying siege to their houses and demolishing their towers, had much more the air of the leader of a lawless faction than of a judge."

Amongst the Roman nobles, some had converted their abodes into strongholds, fortified according to the rude and formidable-looking fashion of the age; others, by far the greater number, had made themselves masters of the imperishable monuments and ruins of the city, which carry back the mind to epochs the most renowned in Roman history. The tombs of the Cæsars and of the ancient heroes, the arches of triumph, formed for them so many fortresses, from which they braved the authority of the Pontiffs, the power of the Senator, and the fury of the populace.*

* T. 1. p. 268.

The same writer (quoting Matthew Paris) continues:—"The senator (who, like the ephemeral dictator of our own times, was a forestiero, and had been called in as a kind of professional 'terrorist')—Brancaleone and the Roman citizens had it signified to the people of Assisi (so zealous were they that the Pope should attend only to his own *parish!*) no more to receive within their walls a Pontiff who took his designation, not from Lyons, or from Perugia or Anagni (a place where the Pope had for a long time resided), but from Rome. They demanded that the city of Assisi should expel him, under penalty of having their territory so ravaged that it would never recover it. Innocent then saw plainly," concludes this Padre Gavazzi of the 13th century, "that the consequence of his refusing any longer to return would be to draw down on Assisi the same ruin which OSTIA, PORTO, TUSCULUM, ALBA, SABINA, AND IN THE LAST INSTANCE, TIVOLI HAD MET WITH AT THE HANDS OF THE INFURIATED ROMANS." He might have added, that it was only by intervention of Pope Innocent IV. that Terracina was not involved in a similar fate. "It was thus," says Gibbon, "that the seats of the cardinal-bishops, Porto, Ostia, Albanum, Tusculum, Præneste, and Tibur or Tivoli, were successively overthrown by the ferocious hostility of the Romans." Let those who find in the Papal dominion the cause why the Campagna is a desert, reflect on the words in which Gibbon, as much

inclined to extol the restorers of the Pagan Capitol as he is to malign the Pontiffs, concludes this description. "Of these cities (rebuilt, as we saw, by the Popes, and thus desolated by the Capitoline heroes), Porto and Ostia, the two keys of the Tiber, are still vacant and desolate; the marshy and unwholesome banks are peopled with herds of buffaloes, and the river is lost to every purpose of navigation and trade."*

Thus did it fare with the neighbouring towns during this fresh fit of the Pagan delirium, in which the Arnaldists of the Capitol were led to the rehearsal of such heathenish tragedies as that of Tusculum by Brancaleone, who came from the schools of Bologna glowing with the same mania that at an after period turned the brain of Rienzi. Sismondi will tell us how it fared with Rome itself under this second Arnald—this new "Lawgiver" and "Apostle of Liberty."†

* Hist. of the Decl. and Fall, &c. ch. 62. p. 351.

† In speaking of the so-called Roman Republic of this period, Sismondi says: "Le peu que nous en connaissons est il propre à nous la faire considérer comme une oligarchie turbulente, qui ne mérite pas d'intérêt."—*Hist. des Repub. &c.* t. 2. p. 94.

Gibbon is not more flattering in his estimate: "In arms," he says, "the modern Romans were not *above*, and in arts they were far *below* the common level of the neighbouring republics. Nor was their warlike spirit of any long continuance; after some irregular sallies, they subsided in the national antipathy, in the neglect of military institutions, and in the disgraceful and dangerous use of foreign mercenaries.

"Their warfare was that of the First Consuls and Dictators,

"The administration of Brancaleone," continues Sismondi, "was just—(the same has been said of Mazzini's !)—but it was marked by terrific severity. He never pardoned. Whatever place harboured a fugitive, whether a private dwelling or a fortress, was razed to the earth. Many of gentle blood condemned by him were hung from the windows of their own palaces; and if tranquillity was purchased, it was at the price of the most illustrious blood of Rome."

Truly wonderful is the privilege allowed to heroes, or republican reformers. In both capacities Brancaleone is crowned with such laurels as are bestowed by the Sismondi class of historians. Thus we gather that, as in the case of a certain animal—noted alike for its ferocity and for attacking whatever of a *scarlet* colour comes within its view—we are to conclude, when their wrath is let loose against the Popes for their supposed cruelties or tyranny, that it is not so much *the crime itself*, as *the colour of the robes in*

who were taken from the plough. They assembled in arms at the foot of the Capitol; sallied from the gates, plundered or burnt the harvests of their neighbours, engaged in tumultuary conflict, and returned home after an expedition of fifteen or twenty days. Their sieges were tedious and unskilful; in the use of victory they indulged the meaner passions of jealousy and revenge; and instead of adopting the valour, they trampled on the misfortunes of their adversaries. The captives in their shirts, with a rope round their necks, solicited their pardon; the fortifications, and even the buildings of the rival cities were demolished, and the inhabitants were scattered in the adjacent villages."—*The Decl. and Fall, &c.* ch. lxix. p. 352.

which the crime is perpetrated, that provokes their fury.

What were the real character and merits of this hero Brancaleone, we may easily guess from the fact that he and Ezzelino da Romano were sworn friends, and that the latter is noted in history as a monster of the blackest dye — as a compound of cruelty, tyranny, vice and impiety, such as it sickens the heart even to read of. According, therefore, to the *idem velle idem nolle* test of friendship, in what the heroism of Brancaleone consisted may be easily conceived. Indeed, we are not left to conjecture. As history paints him, he looks the Ezzelino of the Capitol— an apostle of liberty most worthy and well fitted to lift up the worship of Mavors, from the prostrate and forgotten state to which St. Peter and his successors had reduced it. And in this much at least, the truth is the very reverse of what Matthew Paris says. Brancaleone tried all he could to *prevent the Pope's return to Rome.* "But the snares of his wickedness were broken, and the Pontiff and the Church — the Almighty leading him by the hand—returned not the least in dread of Ezzelino's bosom friend or of the demented faction of the Arnaldisti, by whom *alone* Brancaleone's tyranny was supported."*

* "Illo vero tempore, Romani quemdam *militem* Bononiensem, Brancaleonem nomine, pro triennio in Senatorem urbis elegerant, quia in Lombardia fuerat *pro parte Frederici* depositi, *et junctus amacitiâ Ezelino*, tyranno hæretico omni mode adversario

Brancaleone did not, however, prove an exception to the general rule. Like Arnald and Carasomi, who went before, like Rienzi, who was to come after, him, in the grand enterprise of Pagan reaction, he did not escape an overthrow at the hands of his own votaries. After some months, he passed to a loathsome dungeon from his blood-reeking throne on the "hill of triumphs;" and returning a second time like Rienzi, like Rienzi his life had paid the forfeit of his rashness, but that he had previously secured, and placed beyond the reach of deliverance, the most loved and noble of the Roman youth, as hostages for his own safety.

Matthew Paris represents Pope Innocent IV. as quaking at the menace of Brancaleone and his zealous *parishioners*—"astonished at his want of pastoral care in wandering from Anagni to Lyons, from thence to Genoa, from Genoa to Milan, to Mantua, through the Romagna to Perugia, to Assisi," like "a vagabond or an outlaw," instead of staying at home and attending to his flock—entirely comprised,

Ecclesiæ, *et etiam tyranno alteri, nomine Pelvicino,* latenter machinabatur contra sumnum Pontificem, CUM PRIVATO CONSILIO ROMANORUM, si quomodo posset negotia ecclesiæ impedire (this accounts for the glorious zeal about the Pope's not attending his parish), cum sicut publicè dicebatur, corruptus esset pecuniâ Corradi nati sæpefati Frederici. Hic *multum laboraverat, ne ipse Pontifex ad urbem Romanam sedem suam propriam remearet.* Sed laxati sunt suæ iniquitatis funiculi, et prævalere in aliquo nullatenus potuerunt, Deo ipsum Pontificem et ecclesiam feliciter adducente."—*Vit. Innocent. ubi supr.* p. 592.

according to Brancaleone's reading of the canon law, within the old ring-wall of the Seven Hills. "He entered Rome," he says, "less from good will than through force, and all trembling! Withal, in conformity with orders issued by the Senator (of his great generosity) he was honourably received."*

What reason Pope Innocent IV. had to tremble before Brancaleone or the Romans, and what value is to be attached to statements resting solely on the authority of Matthew Paris, the reader may judge from the account given by Sismondi himself of the Pope's return from beyond the Alps, after the defeat and death of the last of the imperial persecutors—the last, at least, until our own times.

"Soon after he had the tidings that Frederic was no more, Pope Innocent quitted Lyons, in the spring of the year 1251. His first visit was to Genoa, his native city. His reception was enthusiastic. There were assembled there the deputies of nearly all the Lombard cities, waiting his arrival to implore of him to honour their several countries with his presence. Even the citizens of Pisa, the ardent partisans of the house of Swabia, sent an ambasssdor. The progress of Innocent through Lombardy was like a succession of triumphs."—(This suggested the imagery, decorous as apposite, adopted by the envoys of Brancaleone, and the Arnaldists of the Capitol in their address at Assisi.) Sismondi adds, after telling us that the Ghibellines were drawn into the same

* Matth. Paris. Hist. Angliæ, an. 1254. p. 757.

demonstrations of joy as the Guelphs, that, "the cities of the League received the Pontiff as the author of the victory which had crowned and secured their liberty. Milan took the lead in the universal demonstration of enthusiasm, and invented to pay him honour, a new kind of baldachino covered with the richest silk, on which the Pontiff was borne by the first nobility of the city in the triumphal procession. Nor would they hear of his leaving them for two entire months. They also as a mark of honour conferred on him the right to name their Podestá for that year. From Milan he passed to Brescia, to Mantua, to Ferrara, to Bologna—the same honours every where awaiting him. Then traversing Romagna, and crossing the Apennine by the Saxa Incisa of the ancients, or the Pass of Furlo as it is now called, he came on through the glorious and happy scenery of Umbria. At Perugia he tarried for some time before coming to Assisi." Nor does it appear, notwithstanding the reprimand and his trembling from dread of Brancaleone, that he favoured Rome with more than a passing visit. He retired for some time to Anagni, and thence went on to Naples and the south, where his presence was more required, and where he closed his career—with what results we again leave it to Sismondi to tell.

"Innocent IV.," he says, "had reigned eleven years and five months, and if the glory of a Pope could be measured like that of a conqueror, by the

humiliation and sufferings of his enemies, none of his successors had a reign so glorious. In the Council of Lyons he passed sentence of condemnation on a puissant monarch: he deposed him (*as Emperor*) from the throne, he armed against him his subjects and his allies (Frederic had long before driven them to arms in defence of their rights and liberties), he saw him die, himself and his offspring, after defeats and humiliations. He overruns in triumph the entire of Italy, which he seemed to have reconquered from the Emperor. He possessed himself of the kingdom of Naples (which had for ages been a fief of the Holy See, and which, excepting Benevento—that it might stand in the heart of that realm an everlasting monument of suzerainté over the whole of it—he did not retain) thus exalting the state of the Church to a degree of power and grandeur, the greatest it had ever known."*

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* Histoire des Rep. &c. t. 2. p. 74—94.

The following jottings refer to the original life of Pope Innocent in the Cardinal of Arragon's Collection, ap. Murat. Rer. Ital. SS. Instead of writing the reign from these and similar sources, our limits allowed only of the scanty notices given above.

P. 592*a*. Election of Innocent at Anagni.

P. 592*β*. Returns to Rome. Plagued by the Romans, apparently for a DONATIVE! No doubt it was as with Lucius III. and Innocent III.

Ib. Fred. II. repulsed from before Viterbo by the Cardinal Raynerius.

P. 592*β*. Fred. retreats from Viterbo to Aquapendente. *Ibid.* A very interesting account of how Innocent IV. escaped from

With the Swabian dynasty, so far as regards effective intervention in the affairs of Italy, or of the

Rome to Civita Vecchia, the whole country being in the hands of Fred. II., who had usurped nearly the entire of the States. Radicofani is enumerated amongst the towns that held out for the Pope. The same in Innocent III.'s reign. The fortifications both of Radicofani and Montefiasconi had been repaired by his predecessor, Greg. IX.

P. 592 δ. His triumphant entry into Genoa, after a most tempestuous voyage. His painful and perilous journeying thence across the Alps and down the Rhone to Lyons; *graphic.*

P. 192 ε. Misdeeds of Fred. II. rehearsed, in Con. of Lyons. He is deposed.

P. 192 θ. Parma recovered. The wars against Fred. II. *were urged in the spirit of the wars of the Macchabees against Antiochus.* Fred. ignominiously routed. His horrid death, his character. Extraordinary triumph of the Pope. Enthusiastic reception at Genoa, Montferrat, Milan, Brescia, Mantua; arrives at Ferrara, on St. Francis's Day—at Bologna. Passes through Romagna (Romaniola). Consecrates a church in Faenza. At length arrives in Perugia, and there fixes his court.

P. 592 λ. Innocent IV. at Perugia. After a long stay there, returns by way of Narni and Sabina to Rome. Misdeeds there of Brancaleone the accomplice of Ezzelino and Pelavicino, both monsters in human shape. *Despite the machinations of Brancaleone, the Pope returns.*

P. 592 μ. *Ib.* The Romans make war on *Tybur* again! *Ib.* The Pope in summer returns by Sabina and Narni to Assisi. While there hears of the evil end of Carradus. On which, returning to Rome, by Spoleti, Terni, Orta, Civita Castellana, he tarried in the Vatican for some days, and then proceeded to Anagni. Followed thither by ambassadors from the Greek Emperor, and from the Khan of Tartary. Assembles an army at Ceprano, and proceeds to hold a parliament in Capua. Visits Monte Cassino in passing. Flight of Manfred. Innocent IV. at Naples, A.D 1254.

Papacy, it may be said that the joint institution of Leo III. and Charlemagne expired. Under the Carlovingian Emperors, and the first of the Teutonic dynasties, it had, one way or other, accomplished the object of its founders; but from the reign of Henry IV. the case was altogether different. When therefore it became but too manifest, from the pretensions of Barbarossa and of his grandson Frederic II., that not to defend the Church, but to enslave it: not to extend the kingdom of Christ, but to re-construct the Pagan Empire—on the ruins of which that kingdom had been founded—had become the object of the empire, it was natural the Pontiffs should feel but little solicitous to add another link to the series of dynasties, which one after another they had seen drop off and vanish in the abyss of extinction and oblivion. Hence, for the space of thirty years, no successor to the last of the Hohenstauffens was elected. But at the end of that term, the resolve was come to (events have proved it was a wise and salutary resolve), to revive the empire in the person of Rudolph of Hapsburg. His descendant, with a whole life before him, and with an opportunity one of the grandest that ever fell to the lot of monarch, still wields an imperial sceptre, though not that of the Emperor of the Romans. Through what motives and under what circumstances Pope Gregory X. selected Rudolph, we shall leave it to Sismondi, a little further on, to inform the reader.

The camp of Israel in the desert, the sight of which in its grand array wrung a blessing from the lips of the mercenary prophet who came to curse it, was only a feeble, but withal a faithful, type of the Church, which is guided not by pillar or by cloud, but by Christ himself—St. Peter and his successors discharging the functions, of which the dominion and leadership of Moses were but a figure. This army of the Cross has to fight its way to the true Land of Promise. St. Paul, the Redeemer himself, and all his inspired Apostles and evangelists have dwelt on the terrors of the conflict, on the ambuscades, the stratagems to be resorted to, by the never sleeping enemy, and on the tenfold rage and apparent recruitment of his powers with which, as often as he is defeated, he fails not with hosts of fresh auxiliaries to return to the charge. The soldiers of Calvary are warned, never to rest but on their arms. Their life is a warfare. At every moment they are to be vigilant, prepared for the conflict. To their chief no security whatever has been promised but merely this:—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee." That is all. He is not secured against attack: on the contrary, the Magna Charta of the see of St. Peter implies eternal conflict; implies that it is never to be without an enemy, that *this* siege of Rome is never to be raised, and that however the points or modes of assault may vary, whatever feints the beleaguering "Powers" may resort to, never, never is the war to know a truce. No cessa-

tion of hostilities is to be trusted, or to be regarded otherwise than as a snare.

To the campaign of the ten persecutions succeeded the campaign of the great heresies. When, through the subtilty of the Greek, he could not succeed, the "Prince of this world" bethought him of the brute force of the Barbarian. When Visi-Goth, Vandal, Burgundian, Frank, Ostrogoth, Lombard, like army after army, were vanquished, succumbed to the "power of the Lamb"—from being the enemies became the most devoted soldiers of his Church, recruiting its ranks by their myriads full of untainted force and enthusiasm—fresh notions were poured in from three opposite points of the world, but with a combined attack so terrible and overwhelming, that as the thousand years appointed for his being held in firmer bonds were near their close, the dragon seemed to burst his fetters, utterly, and to wield them with such fury that dismay must have seized the Church, but that she knew His Word could not fail, who had pledged it that she was not to perish. Then followed the campaign of the empire against the Church—the attempt to effect a reaction in favour of the vanquished and obsolete domination of the Capitol, by wresting arms from the hands of the Church for that purpose—by the attempt to seize the power set up by her to protect her liberty amidst the feuds to which the nations were abandoned, and thus to reduce her to the condition of a captive—that having degraded her first, her destruction might

be more easily and securely effected. Of the campaign of the empire we have seen the end; but far are we from seeing the end of the war; of the onslaughts against the camp of the desert.—To wars that have even the look of being waged by fallen but still mighty spirits, base tricks, hypocritical, self-seeking wiles succeed, and ignoble stratagems. Lucifer becomes a reptile. As arms have failed, or worse, have been turned against his own breast, yet a little, and we shall find him "going to law" with St. Peter. But even with kings; such as Philippe le Bel and Louis le Grand, for his attorney-generals, he is doomed to be non-suited—leaving his attorneys, however, to pay the costs—these costs make a heavy score to count from the Sicilian Vespers, the first item, to the crowning of Henry V. of England at Paris, the scourge of a maniac king, and "the Revolution."

It was at Ptolemais, or as we now call it Sant Jean d'Acre, in the Holy Land, the tidings were brought to Teobaldo of the Visconti, a native of Piacenza, that after the most protracted conclave ever known, a conclave, too, that had been assailed through all sorts of intrigue, by Charles d'Anjou, the Cardinals assembled at Viterbo had unanimously elected him to fill the chair of Peter.

Remarkable for virtue and for a singular love of study from his earliest years, this Teobaldo from hearing great praises of the sanctity of Giacomo di

Pecoraria, Cardinal-bishop of Palestrina, resolved to see with his own eyes a living saint; and finding that renown had not exaggerated in this instance, but had if anything fallen short of the cardinal's real merits, he petitioned, and with success, to be taken into his service; and while yet in youth had the happiness to be one of his suite, when Pecoraria was sent, as his legate a latere beyond the Alps, by Pope Gregory IV. This was in the year 1239. Young Visconti became successively a canon of the cathedral of Lyons and archdeacon of Liége: he refused the mitre of Piacenza, his native city, offered him by Innocent IV. Being on his way to Rome, he was detained at Lyons by the archbishop of that city, anxious to be guided by one so versed as was Teobaldo in the etiquette of Rome—as Lyons was about to become the residence of the Papal Court.

From Lyons, after the close of the œcumenic Council held there by Innocent IV., Teobaldo betook himself to the then renowned University of Paris, the better to perfect himself in those studies, of which he had long been regarded as a perfect master by everybody but himself. Saint Louis honoured him with the most marked affection and reverence; so that his courtiers were not a little astonished to see an ecclesiastic, without rank and but little known, made so much of by so great a king. But the holy king knew how to look at men with other eyes than those of courtiers. He had heard enough in his colloquies with this young, fervent, learned priest, to feel that his soul was highly adorned, as

a sanctuary of the Holy Spirit, and that like himself, the priest was a noble-hearted servant of God.

About this time, the Cardinal-legate Ottoboni being on his way to England for the purpose of establishing peace between the king and the barons, he took with him Archdeacon Teobaldo, who was considered to be specially gifted as a peace-maker, and as having the grace to infuse into the hearts of those who heard him that holy love of peace which he ever cherished in his own. On his return from England the enthusiasm and preparations for the grand crusade of St. Louis were at their height: ashamed that the laity—the king, his princes and barons, with his noble-souled people of every grade—should take the lead of those specially consecrated for its service, in the zeal for that "kingdom of heaven" which "is taken by violence,"—to take the cross, to start for Palestine, to labour there for three years (into which the exploits, the catastrophes, the trials, and also the holy ruptures of as many centuries of a scoffing or utilitarian epoch were condensed,) seemed to be regarded not as anything heroical or as a sacrifice, but rather as a duty and a privilege, by one who had formed a proper estimate of what it is to be a priest, and was inspired by the devotion that ought to glow in every priestly heart.

The conclave at Viterbo had elected him on the 1st of September, A.D. 1271: on the 27th of the following month, the galley that brought the mes-

sengers and letters from the Sacred College cast anchor in the Port of Ptolemais. Mount Carmel exulted: from Lebanon to the torrent of Egypt, soft dews of hope and comfort seemed to rain from heaven as the rumour flew with a rapidity known only to the East, that the most magnanimous, the truest hearted lover and votary of Jerusalem and the birthland of the Saviour, was now Pope Gregory X.

But though certain and speedy hope of succour seemed to swell the sails and to float in the gay pennons that dressed the galleys, ready, and as if impatient, to bear the Pontiff to the world of Christian chivalry, still heart-rending was the scene at his bidding adieu to Palestine, and to the companions of so many combats for the faith and love of Christ. By none was that parting felt with stronger emotion than by Prince Edward of England and his sister Beatrice, the Countess of Bretagne, united as they were to Father Teobaldo Visconti by an ardour for their lofty enterprise, common to all their breasts, and by ties of friendship. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand be forgotten! may my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I make thee not the beginning of my joys!" This was the inspired apostrophe with which Gregory concluded his parting discourse, and his after conduct demonstrated that his heart (like that of the royal Psalmist who first uttered them,) was on his lips, when he took this pledge, so worthy to be the first act of a pontificate such as his.

Prince Edward charged himself with providing everything for the homeward voyage of the Pontiff, who sailed in mid-winter from Ptolemais. The Byzantine Emperor, Michael Paleologus, reproached the Pope for his want of friendship in not taking Constantinople in his way, where a reception—such as an Emperor of the East could give—awaited him. Bnt his vow was uppermost in the thoughts of Gregory. Arriving after a prosperous voyage at Brundusium, the 1st January, A.D. 1272, he filled all Italy with joy at the news of his arrival. He was met at Benevento by Charles of Anjou, who since the fall of the Hohenstauffens had worn the crown of Sicily as feudatory of St. Peter and as such he accompanied Pope Gregory, not only through the Regno, but throughout his journey towards the north—performing that ceremony on which we saw Hadrian IV. insisting at the hands of the most haughty of the Swabian Emperors. At Ceprano (on the frontier of the States) there awaited his approach a deputation from the Sacred College; and although entreated by deputations from Rome, immediately after his landing, to proceed at once to that city, his anxiety that nothing untoward should interfere with the prompt dispatch of assistance to his former companions in arms was in the way of this; and led him to pass directly to Viterbo, where the court of Rome and the Cardinals were still residing. Without giving a single day to repose, and closing the door against all other affairs, he devoted himself

heart and soul for a fortnight in organizing the promised succours. He paused not, until Pisa, Genoa, Marseilles, and Venice, having furnished three war galleys each, and great aids of treasure bequeathed for that purpose,—chiefly by Cardinal Rollo, bishop of Albano, who died at Tunis, by Richard of Cornwall, elected king of the Romans,—having been put together, a fleet well manned, and freighted with everything that could lighten the privations or strengthen the position of the Christians in Palestine, had actually made sail for the Levant. Not content with this, he sent into France the Archbishop of Corinth with letters to King Philip the Bold, in which (after having expressed with great effusion of heart, his admiration and love of the lately deceased Saint Louis and exhorted his royal brother to take for his model, such a glorious king,) the Pontiff says with regard to the Holy Land: "When we were there, we took counsel of the Christian army, with the Templars, with the Knights of St. John, and with the grandees of the country; since our arrival here we have consulted with our brethren the Cardinals, and all are agreed, that to save the Christian interest there from total ruin, it is indispensable, while a grand armament is in preparation, to send reinforcements in troops and galleys."*

On the 27th of March, which in this year, 1278,

* Vid. Raynald. ann. ad an. 1272. n. 5—8, and for the sources from which the foregoing sketch is derived, an. 1264. n. 66. and 1272. n. 2. Also Vita Greg. X. Ep. Rer. Ital. SS. t. 3.

fell on Sunday, St. Gregory X. (for he is in the calendar of the Saints) was consecrated in St. Peter's, and from thence conducted with the usual pomp to the Lateran—King Charles of Sicily, assisting as his equerry. The king also went through the form of serving him at table, before taking his place by the Pontiff's side at the banquet. On the same occasion he renewed the oath of fealty and paid homage for the Sicilian crown.*

Two days after the Pope's encyclical letters were issued announcing his accession to all the dispersed Church through the bishops, according to ancient custom; and these missives were immediately followed by others, convening a General Council to put an end to Greek schism, to come to the assistance of suffering Christianity in the East, and lastly, for effecting a thorough reform in the Church.† "This Council," says Sismondi, "he appointed to meet at Lyons, in the year 1274, and the two intervening years, he consecrated to reconciling the dissensions by which minds were torn asunder, and to make of Christendom one united body—a power with which no force of the infidels could cope."

It was from the maritime republics he had most to hope, they too stood most in need of his intervention to defend them against the ambition of Charles of Sicily, by inducing them to be at peace

* Vita Greg. X. ubi supra. p. 602.

† Raynald. an. 1272. n. 9. et seq.

with each other, and to calm their intestine discord. Pisa was kept in torment by the Guelphs in the name of the Church; Genoa was at open war with Venice and with Charles; Venice in fine was attacked by Bologna. The Pontiff applied himself to appease these storms.

With this view, on the 18th of June, A D. 1273, he entered Florence accompanied by King Charles and by Baldwin II. the Latin Emperor of the East. There he found the Ghibellines humiliated to the dust by the complete triumph of the Guelphs. The Sienese had suffered a total defeat with the loss of their General Provenzano Salvani, in the battle of Colle de Val d'Elsa, in the June of 1269. They were soon after compelled by the victorious Florentines to enter into the Guelph league, to recall the Guelphs of Siena then in exile, and to drive out the Ghibellines, till then at the top of the wheel. Hardly less unfortunate had been the Pisans; at Paggibonzi they had suffered a severe check which made them anxiously sue for peace. Still in both these cities as well as in Florence the spirit of party continued to rage with increasing violence. Habituated to rule the day, the humiliation of defeat was more than the Ghibellines could submit to: the consequence was they kept the republics which had forced them into exile, in never ending commotion and alarm.

The Pope sent a legate to Pisa, to reconcile that city (the chief seat of the Ghibelline power) with

the Holy See; to bless it, and to remove the ecclesiastical censures. He next caused the Florentines to come together in a grand assembly on the banks of the Ano, summoned to his presence the commissaries of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and then effected a reconciliation, confirming it by a solemn treaty which was ratified in the presence of the two monarchs who were with him. *He ordered that the Ghibellines should be allowed to return to their homes, and to re-enter on the enjoyment of their property and privileges, at Siena as well as at Florence;* he took hostages from both parties for the fulfilment of the conditions, and menaced with anathema whoever should be the first to infringe them.

Sismondi, having next described the secret machinations by which Charles endeavoured to frustrate these efforts of the Pontiff, in the hope of gradually reducing all Italy through the means of these insane and guilty feuds beneath his sceptre, goes on to say:—"But little reason had the Pope to be pleased with Charles d'Anjou. Far from favouring his ambition, or wishing to aggrandize an ascendancy, already too great to be compatible with the liberty of the Church, in order to frustrate his plans of usurpation, the Pope resolved to give an emperor to the West, and to recognize Michael Paleologus as emperor of the East."* In the second œcumenic Council of Lyons, celebrated in the year appointed, 1274,

* Hist. des Rep. Ital. t. 2. p. 233—237.

both points were achieved. The Greeks were reconciled to the Latin Church; and the ambassadors of Rudolph count of Hapsburgh, elected king of the Romans, at Gregory's suggestion, presented themselves before the Pontiff at the head of the Council, to make, on behalf of the emperor-elect, the oaths as appointed by the Roman ritual, and to promise that Rudolph would repair in person to renew them, and to receive the unction and imperial diadem.

But as an opportunity for doing so might be long adjourned (in fact it never came), it was arranged that St. Gregory and the founder of the Hapsburgh dynasty should meet and consult on the commonweal of Christendom, before the Pontiff re-crossed the Alps. From Lyons, the Pontiff went to Beaucaire, and from thence to Lausanne, where the meeting between him and the first Hapsburgh emperor took place, on the festival of the Evangelist St. Luke, the 18th of October, A.D. 1275. The emperor-elect, besides a gallant company of princes and margraves, brought with him the queen, his spouse, and their numerous offspring, to receive the Papal blessing. Two days after their first interview, King Rudolph made oath in the usual form to the Pontiff, to conserve all the rights of the temporal sovereignty of the Apostolic See in their fullest extent—there being present seven Cardinals, amongst whom was Piero di Tarento, then bishop of Ostia, and afterwards Pope Innocent V. and Ottobone of the Fieschi of the title of Sant' Adriano, afterwards

Adrian V. Five archbishops and eleven bishops assisted at this great act, besides a great number of the German princes, amongst whom were Louis, Count Palatine of the Rhine and duke of Bavaria, Frederic, duke of Lorraine, and Frederic, burgrave of Nuremburg. This was done in the church of Lausanne, on the 20th of October, 1275.

Three years later this engagement was embodied in a charter or diploma, in the style of those by which it was usual for the emperors, from the coronation of Charlemagne (not excepting even Frederic II. who made the same oaths as his predecessors, though only to break them), to confirm the donation of Pepin, and guarantee the sovereignty of the States of St. Peter. Some delay occurring in the surrender of certain cities and portions of the Adriatic States, which having been usurped, with the strong hand, by Frederic II. were still held by the feudatories and officers of the Germanic Court, King Rudolph was so effectually urged by Nicholas III., a Pope of the Orsini family, not to allow his diploma to remain a dead letter and his oaths to go for nothing, that the States were formally surrendered by the Imperial Chancellor to the commissioners appointed to receive them by the Pontiff.* "By

* Cardinal Passionei, when Nuncio at Vienna, about the middle of the last century, collected from the imperial archives the MSS. connected with these transactions. Not having leisure to edit them himself, his Eminence placed the documents in the hands of the learned Abbate Cenni, who published the whole collection in

these charters of Rudolph," says Sismondi, "the State of the Church acquired the extent which it has preserved to the present day."*

It is on this occasion, in accounting for the forbearance of the Popes in enforcing their jurisdiction as temporal sovereigns over various provinces and cities of the States thus so frequently guaranteed to the Apostolic See by treaties and charters, (but also frequently usurped, particularly during the long struggles against the Swabian tyrants, and afterwards during the anarchy consequent on the withdrawal of the Popes to Avignon), Sismondi makes the following reflections, very ominous, certainly, as

2 vols. 4to. at Rome, A.D. 1761, under the following title: *Monumenta Dominationis, &c.*

Besides the diploma and letters of Rudolph, Cenni has given all the other diplomas from that of Louis le Debonnaire, and the Codex Carolinus, with notes replete with erudition. In the library of the London Museum there is a copy of Cenni. We could not find one either in the Trinity College, or in any other library, in Dublin. Another, and a more complete edition of Rudolph's letters, &c. was published in Germany—*Typis San-Blasianis,* 1772.

It is a thing strange and melancholy, but it is perfectly true, that, on this subject, Muratori is not a whit less unsafe as a guide than Sismondi. His otherwise noble work—the Annali d'Italia—tainted as it is throughout by the miasma of the petty court, and by the singular Ghibelline spleen, under the influence of which it was written—is in no part more open to reproach, than in the present instance. Without the dissertations prefixed to the Roman edition—the notes are not worth much—it is time misspent, or worse, to read it. See t. vii. par. 1. p. 39.

* T. ii. p. 252.

coming from him: "To be able to wait: to be prodigal of delays, to count on a domination never to have an end, was always for the Popes a great means of success."*

St. Gregory X. concluded his reign as he had commenced it, by labouring for the pacification of Italy. In returning from beyond the Alps, he delayed at Milan for a good while, for that holy purpose. The same he did in all the other places through which he passed, until he came to Arezzo, where he died like a saint, as he had lived and reigned like one, on the 10th of January, A.D. 1276. Feeling his hour was come, he asked for the crucifix. He devoutly pressed his pale lips to the wounds of his Saviour's feet, bathed them with his tears, and after receiving all the consolations of the Church,—while repeating the Angelical Salutation to the Blessed Virgin,—his spirit took its flight with such serenity, that the body from which it had departed looked as if enjoying a tranquil and sweet repose.†

"A glorious pontificate," says Sismondi, "was that of Gregory X. Italy was almost entirely pacified by his impartial spirit, at a time when the

* "Pouvoir attendre, pouvoir prodiguer le temps, et compter sur un domination qui ne finira point, fut toujours pour les Papes un grand moyen de succès."—*Hist. des Rep. &c. ubi supr.*

† Vita ap. Murat. Rer. Ital. SS. t. 3. p. 603.

madness of civil feuds seemed to destroy all hope of repose; the interregnum of the empire was terminated by the election of a prince who covered himself with glory, and who founded one of the most puissant dynasties of Europe. The Greek was reconciled to the Latin Church, and the quarrel between the Franks and the Greeks for the empire of the East was appeased by an accommodation, wise and just. An œcumenic Council (the second of Lyons) at which assisted five hundred bishops, seventy mitred abbots, one thousand theologians, and representatives of religious orders, was presided over by this Pontiff, and promulgated a code of laws, useful to Christianity, and worthy an assembly so august—such are the events which rendered his reign remarkable."* Sismondi adds, that as a fit termination of his Pontificate St. Gregory was preparing to lead a new crusade in person to the Holy Land, when the event at Arezzo interfered, as we have above described.†

The holy work of consolidating peace in Italy continued to occupy the thoughts of the immediate successors of Gregory X. Sismondi, after shewing

* Hist. des Repub. &c. t. 2. p. 239, 240.

† It was at his dictation the law by which the Conclave is regulated to the present day was passed at Lyons. It enjoined the most rigorous enclosure, allowed to each Cardinal but one attendant, called a conclavist, interdicted all communication with those outside, and restricted the Sacred College to two frugal meals a day. Vid. *Raynald. Annal. Eccl.* ad an. 1274. n. 2.

how Nicholas III., the Orsini Pope, completely foiled the intrigues and ambitious plottings of Charles of Anjou, goes on to say: "But, vast as was the ambition of Nicholas III., it appeared always to accord with the maintenance of peace (throughout all Italy) and to the public prosperity. He charged the Cardinal Latino, bishop of Ostia, his nephew whom he most loved, to make a progress as his legate through Romagna, the Marches, Tuscany, and Lombardy, in order to reconcile cities and civic factions, and to establish peace between family and family, between city and city. He authorised him to receive anew into the bosom of the Church all who had been excommunicated as Ghibellines, and in distributing spiritual favours amongst the faithful, to *close his eyes to all distinctions of party.*"

The Cardinal Latino commenced his mission of peace in Romagna. He there found the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi of Bologna—two most powerful and once numerous families almost extinguished in their own blood. The former, who had remained masters of the field, though they held the city were not equal to the defence of its territory; and each day they experienced new checks, the Lambertazzi harassing them incessantly with attacks. These being sudden and conducted with the desperation of men who had no longer anything to lose, were usually crowned with success. The Cardinal opened his mission by causing the authority of Bertaldo Orsini, newly appointed Count of Romagna to be

recognized in all the cities, that thus, whether under the domination of Ghibelline or Guelph, they might all have a common arbitrer and centre of union.* He passed from city to city, everywhere preaching the peace. To the Lambertazzi he announced it at Faenza and Forli: in Bologna and Imola to the Gieremei. Being come to Bologna, in accordance with an express order to that effect from the Pope, he summoned to his presence fifty commissaries of each party: presented the plan of arbitration which his Holiness had drawn up with his own hand, and in pursuance of which the Lambertazzi and all the exiles were to be recalled and reinstated in possession of their goods and estates. Only a few of the more obnoxious of the leaders were excepted, lest their appearance might rekindle the flame. They were to remain for a while longer in the cities appointed by the Pope for their abode. All property seized on the one side or the other was to be restored; popular societies which had proved themselves good for nothing but to fan the passions of factions, and to organize war amongst fellow-townsmen, were abolished; and the Pope retained the right to

* "Martinus IV. Joannen Eppam nepotem suum loco Bertoldi comitem Romaniolæ declarat ac necessariis rebus copiisque instructum bellum adversus ecclesiæ abnuentes gerere imperat." An. 1281.

"Honorius IV. Sabellus,—Vidonem Montefeltriûm veniam petentem recipit in gratiam, et ita totum Romaniolam ad obsequium antiquum redigit." An. 1285. Vid. *Contin. Sigonii*, &c.

sanction and uphold by ecclesiastical censures the peace of which he detailed the conditions.*

After protracted negociations, the peace was at length concluded on the conditions laid down by the Pope, each party depositing a pledge for its faithful observance of the treaty, to the amount of fifty thousand marks of silver. Each of the communes of Romagna signed the pacification, and gave a guarantee for a like forfeit. At length, on the 4th of August, A.D. 1279, all these divers treaties having been concluded, the two factions of the Gieremei and Lambertazzi were assembled on the great square of Bologna, which was adorned all round with gorgeous tapestries, and festooned with green leaves and garlands of flowers. Close by the portals of the Legate's palace was a magnificent platform with a throne and benches covered with brocade. Accompanied by the archbishops of Bari and Ravenna, the bishops of Bologna and Imola, and the abbot of Galliata, all in pontificals, the Cardinal-legate ascended this elevated stage; and when all were silent, he preached peace to the assembled citizens. He then called on the fifty commissaries of each party to advance. Ascending before where the legate was seated, they made oath on the holy Evangelists, in the name of their fellow-citizens, to live in peace and love perpetual with one another. The representatives and syndics of the two factions

* This constitution, given by Ghirardacci, l. 8. p. 239—243, extends over five closely-printed folio pages.

then embraced; and this august ceremony ended (after thanksgiving in the cathedral) with festivities and great rejoicings.

"From Romagna the Cardinal-legate proceeded to Tuscany, arriving at Florence, the 8th of October, A.D. 1278. Three hundred noblemen of the States of the Church escorted his eminence as a guard of honour. The magistrates, the clergy, and the people, preceded by the Caroccio, advanced to receive him as he approached the gates. Florence stood not less in need of a pacificator than Bologna. Not only were the Ghibellines in exile, but the Guelphs had recently been torn asunder into two new factions; the house of the Adimari had got embroiled with the Donati, the Tozinghi, and the Pazzi; and these families were sufficiently powerful to involve in their feuds the entire people. Four months were consecrated by the cardinal to extinguish all these private enmities, to seal by intermarriages the reconciliation of the rival families, and to punish those by excommunication who obstinately refused the peace, as the republic punished them by expulsion. He afterwards assembled the Florentines on the piazza of Santa Maria Novella,* which was adorned with flowers for this festival. Here, as on the piazza of San Petronio, he preached the peace. He announced the conditions; namely,

* This church, Michael Angelo used to call "LA SPOSA," such was the graceful and majestic image with which the sight of it impressed and enchanted a mind like his.

the restoration of the Ghibellines to their country, the restitution of their goods, and their participation in the public offices. At his call one hundred and fifty of the most conspicuous of the contending parties in the name of all embraced each other, and interchanged the kiss of peace. He caused the various decrees of banishment, confiscation and other penalties, passed by the factions against their adversaries as by turns they obtained the upper hand, to be publicly burned. In short, ere he took leave of Florence he had firmly established its citizens in tranquillity and concord. From Florence the legate went to Siena, where his labours were equally successful."* The March of Ancona also he pacified, and was on his way with a similar blessing to Lombardy, when his holy mission was interrupted by the death of Pope Nicholas III.

* Hist. des Repub. t. 2. p. 254—257. Sismondi proceeds to show the exasperation with which Charles d'Anjou beheld this reconciliation of parties, and how he laboured to undo the work of the Pontiffs, by again fomenting discord and sanguinary feud for his own bad and ambitious purposes. Hence when the execrable massacre, called the Sicilian Vespers, occurred some years later, long after the death of Nicholas III., so far as Charles himself was concerned, it was said by many at the time, to have befallen him in chastisement for this crime. But judgment belongs to God alone.

"Nicolaus III. Carolum regem senatoriâ dignitatâ exuit: statuitque ut nullus rex, aut regii sanguinis, aut dignitatis excelsiori post hac in senatorem Urbis assumi, neque urbs a quoquam quoqumque nomine, regi ultra annuum spacium possit." An. 1278. Vid. *Contin. Siegon.*

In speaking of this Pontiff, Muratori says: "Many were his virtues, magnificence (!) being the chief of them. Under the inspiration of this disposition he erected a sumptuous palace near St. Peter's, with a spacious and beautiful garden, surrounded with walls and towers like a city. At Montefiascone also he built a palace, and renovated nearly the entire of the Vatican basilica. His epitaph may be read in the chronicle of Fra Francesco Pipino."*

This zeal for the pacification of Italy is found throughout this period to mark the reign of each successive Pope. By none of them was it exerted with greater force and effect than by the much calumniated Pontiff Boniface VIII. He had himself been long regarded as endowed with peculiar gifts as a minister of peace, and as such had been employed on several occasions by the Popes his predecessors in preventing wars, and effecting reconciliations between the princes of those times,—ever prone, as they were, to the most infatuated and internecine quarrels. Thus we find him associated in the year 1280, with the Cardinal Matteo Orsini, who was sent by Nicholas III. to treat between Rudolph king of the Romans and Charles d'Anjou king of Sicily. The year following Pope Martin IV. created him Cardinal and sent him as his legate to dissuade the said Charles from fighting a duel with Don Pedro king

* Annali. an. 1280. p. 270.

of Arragon. Nicholas IV. sent him as his legate to adjust the disputes which had sprung up between the Portuguese clergy and King Denis. The same Pope promoted him in the Sacred College and commissioned him to put an end to disputes between Charles of Sicily and Alfonso of Arragon—between Philippe le Bel king of France and Edward king of England; and any candid person who will examine the genuine historic sources of the reign of Boniface himself, will be obliged to confess that, if Philippe le Bel chose to force a quarrel on him (to the sore wounding and humiliation of the dynasty of Valois and of France) it was because the Pope was firm in the endeavour to carry out his great and Christian policy of preventing war and of managing peace, between the semibarbarous princes of his age. As for the States of St. Peter and the Italian Republics, one of the first objects of his solicitude—after his election at Naples, on Christmas eve, A.D. 1294—was to give to Pier Valerian di Piperno, Cardinal of Santà Maria Nova, a commission similar to that which we saw the Cardinal Latino Orsini invested with by Nicholas III. He was sent by Boniface as his legate, to effect the pacification of Tuscany, the March of Ancona and the neighbouring provinces. He armed him with ample powers temporal, as well as spiritual to enforce the observance of peace.*

In coming by the Latin way from Naples for his

* Vid. Ciaconio Vit. Bonif. VIII.

consecration in St. Peter's (a ceremony which took place, as did also his coronation, with great pomp, on Sunday, 16th of January, 1295), he visited his native city of Anagni, and was there welcomed with rejoicings and all sorts of festivities. Velletri named him its Podesta—Pisa did the same. This was a mode of honouring the Popes for some time in vogue:—thus the Romans elected Martin IV. as their Senator. Florence, Bologna, and Orvieto caused his statues—sculptured in marble by the most distinguished artists of that age—to be erected in proof of their gratitude, and to shew in what great honour he was held by their cities. Nothing, in short, could surpass the popularity of Boniface all through the States and Central Italy. A thing more remarkable at that day, he was a favourite even with the Romans. They were now well convinced by experience that Rome, without the Pope, was little better than an inanimate carcase—decked out on a cataphalque and surrounded by the pomp of death—so well represented in the ruins of a power once mighty but for ever departed. Their only apprehension was, lest he, like so many of his predecessors, should prefer fixing his court elsewhere; for these periodical secessions grew longer and longer, as they had come also to be more frequent.

What helped not a little to increase this feeling, as it contributed mightily to the glory and aggrandisement of the Eternal City, was the great Jubilee, proclaimed, with public solemnities, for the first

time by Boniface, in A.D. 1300. In the bull which announces the Jubilee to the whole Christian world, the practice is grounded on immemorial custom, as ascertained by the oral testimony of several witnesses, and on a tradition diffused not alone in Italy, but in the most distant provinces of Christendom. It encourages devotion to the princes of the Apostles, Saint Peter and Paul, and concedes to all *truly contrite for their sins, and after approaching the sacrament of penance,* a plenary indulgence. This announcement was hailed with great joy in all the parts of Christendom. An inscription discovered on a monument at Florence, attests that Tartar pilgrims visited Rome in the Jubilee year of 1300. But from Italy and the Italian islands, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and those of lesser note, the multitudes who came as pilgrims were immense: as also from France, England, Spain, Germany, Hungary, and all the other European countries. The highways were crowded with such a concourse as never flocked to the imperial city in its days of greatest pride. But amongst the groups, infinite in their variety, of every race and costume, of every age and sex, of every order of society from the prince to the peasant, there was one that stood alone as a spectacle of the enthusiasm of faith triumphant even in decrepitude, and of a filial piety the most striking. It seemed to renew, under a new and singular phase, the religious heroism displayed of old by the aged Mattathias and his sons. This was a

patriarch from the highlands of Savoy, borne in a litter by his numerous and stalwart sons, that he also might visit the tombs of the Apostles in this year of special grace and mercy. He was one of those who recollected the pilgrims resorting to Rome in the year 1200, in more than ordinary numbers, and in the hope of special indulgences.

We believe we may say the greatest of poets, DANTE, was at Rome on that ever memorable occasion. He is said by some to have been inspired by the wonderful scenes he witnessed, and the reveries which arose out of them, with the plan of the Divina Commedia—that most sublime creation of human genius. The great Florentine historian, Giovanni Villani, was also at the Jubilee. He records a circumstance which certainly reflects great credit on Bonifice VIII. as a temporal ruler. In the Jubilee of 1350, when there was no longer a Pope at Rome, and when the citizens managed affairs according to their own wisdom and antique notions of justice, the extortions of which they were guilty on the pilgrims, and the privations and miseries the latter had to suffer, were very grievous; on occasion of the Jubilee of Boniface VIII., in A.D. 1300, Villani says, that although Rome, besides its own inhabitants, was never during the entire year, without two hundred thousand pilgrims—as one tide ebbed a fresh one flowing in—there was at no time any sign of scarcity. From first to last good order and abundance prevailed.

Having in a former chapter of this work indulged in some reflections as to the excellent results, for the cause of civilization as well as of general concord, arising from such gatherings at Rome as that of the Great Jubilee, we content ourselves here with quoting one additional remark, as brief as it is judicious. "Thus it is," says Rohrbacher, "that piety and faith, despite the hostilities of kings, proclaims a Jubilee for the Christian nations—and a grand centenary festival of forgiveness, of peace, and of universal reconciliation."* The Lombard, the Sicilian, the Spaniard, the Frank: the Englishman and the Dane, the German and the Hungarian, votaries from the nomade encampments of Asia, and from the Scottish and Irish clans of the West, all meet as brethren, and mingle round the confession of St. Peter—thus verifying to the letter the grandest predictions of the prophets—the most heavenly promises of its Divine Founder, in favour of his ever holy and imperishable Church.†

* Ubi supr. l. 76. p. 376.

† Instead of pursuing the history of Boniface VIII., we adopt a course that will be much more advantageous to our readers—we refer them to a discussion of the heaviest charges brought against this Pontiff, in which a Right Reverend Author, Dr. Wiseman, has handled the subject in such a manner as to make it his own. This learned and highly finished essay was composed under every possible advantage, the command of the Vatican archives could afford. It was made the subject of discussion in one of the learned academies of Rome, before it appeared in the pages of the *Dublin Review*. These circumstances impart to the

views and statements of the essay a peculiar weight. The reader will find in an Appendix (No. 1), to this volume, that part of it which appertains to the subject of this history. The affair of the Colonna, and the closing scenes at Anagni and at Rome, are set forth in the extract referred to in a style as graphic, as it is distinguished for the critical acumen with which the evidence is tested, and made to tell on the point at issue.

CHAPTER V.

Of the illimitable, ever-varying and violently agitated ocean of mind, of passion, of hopes, terrors, projects, theories, agonies, ecstacies, which lies unfathomable, yet teeming with moral, with religious, with imaginative wonders, beneath the surface of publicity, in the times in which we are living now, how vague, how fragmentary, how incongruously erroneous, will be the ideas formed five hundred years hence, even by minds the most intuitive and the most richly stored with antiquarian research, notwithstanding that steam-presses beyond number, and a host innumerable as that of Xerxes—gifted, accomplished, indefatigable—are toiling, by night and by day, to inundate with a "flood of light" the future archæologist, who will be exploring our history, when we are among the ancients!

The statesman highest placed, most profoundly versed in the alternations to which the social system over which he presides is liable, and best served by those whose office it is to pry into every dark cave and lurking-place within its entire extent, how vague, how imperfect, how little to be relied on is even his acquaintance with it! No matter how copiously supplied with data for his speculations and his plans, from the archives of guilt, of enterprise, of misery, intrigue, ambition, of rampant enjoyment, of

down-trodden suffering—is his insight, after all, into this "vasty deep" of humanity, a whit more clear, or more to be relied on, than would be the report of the mariner, who, after heaving the lead in Mid-atlantic, should pretend to write the natural history of the infinity of living tribes that people the abyss beneath him? From the palace to the hut, is not every home a stage whereon are daily and hourly enacted scenes so striking, that it would not be unworthy of a Shakespear to copy them? Though in the prisons there may be none to write like Pellico, are there none—are there not numbers within them, whose woes are as agonizing as those which he depicted? Is not Lazarus at the gate, and the wounded man forlorn by the wayside, now that the Saviour only looks on in silence from his throne, where he is waiting for "His day," even as they were when he was here to canonize the one and console the other? Is there of the five-and-twenty million souls within these realms, one—even an outcast, forgotten child—but has a biography as full of thrilling pathos as that of the pauper boy, "Twist," or of "Little Nell?"

What can the statesman or the publicist of the present—not to speak of our future historian of five hundred years hence, know of all this? Yet in the great problem of humanity, the class of cases alluded to may be called the "constant quantities."—At any two given epochs, no matter how widely sundered, these will be found in many respects the same. But for the intellectual, religious, speculative, developments

of our epoch, where or how, is the future archæologist to find a clue? Or could living man write ought of it even at the present day but this—that so far as the vast majority of the five-and-twenty millions are concerned—it is a labyrinth, dark, devious, and inscrutable: a mystery as incapable of being unravelled, not to say regularly mapped, or represented, or comprehended, as the vagaries of chartered caprice can make it?

Is it not, therefore, a very singular characteristic of this Hildebrand-epoch which we have just closed —during the entire of which, as much was not written taking it all together, as is now written for the journals alone of a single day—that the mental image of that epoch—the pictures that glowed before the imagination, the emotions that were welling up within the heart of the millions during the entire of that period, may still be gazed at, contemplated by those separated from it, as we are by five centuries—can still be seen, as vividly coloured, as distinct in every lineament and outline, as accurately true to the original, as is a man's own image to himself, when he "considereth his countenance in a glass?"

The "Divina Comedia" of Dante is the mirror we allude to. In that singular poem, the reflection of the Hildebrand æra—is true to the life.

In the Iliad is mirrored forth the heroic age of Greece: in Shakespear the England of the Tudors; but in neither instance is the reflection at all to be compared for truth, distinctness, above all for com-

pleteness—in the sense explained above—to the reflection of this entire epoch of Hildebrand, in Dante.

In their illimitable power over the dialects which they made use of, as wizards make use of spirits, to carry into execution their wildest, most direful, or most subtle and sportive, fancies and behests: in the intuitive knowledge of character and of the working of the passions, in every paroxysm, mood, caprice, of which they are susceptible—over Dante, neither of these otherwise matchless poets has any, not the slightest, advantage. Even on their own sphere—the EARTH—they meet in Dante their greatest rival. There are descriptions in Dante of *earthly* scenes, for which no parallel can be found in Homer. In producing dramatic effects, the most electrifying, without seeming to intend it: in drawing out thoughts in dialogue, as living water came limpid and gushing from the rock, when Moses struck it: in seizing character and fixing it on his page, with photogenic truth and in words of adamant, a power is manifested by this poet—facile, unerring, wizard-like—of which Shakspear himself might well be proud.

"To say nothing of its greatness and goodness," says Mariotti, "the Poem of Dante is the most curious of books. The register of the past, noting down every incident within the compass of man's memory—the Gothic edifice with its hundred niches. Every nich a shrine or a pillory, consigning a name to endless futurity. The debating ground for all vital problems, for all futile questions, such as will equally haunt

and harass the fancy of an ignorant and superstitious generation, on the first awakening of its almost childish inquisitiveness. The treasury of all learning, human or divine, visible or invisible. The maze of deep shrouded allegories, allusions, abstractions, puzzling sybilline riddles. Vast, recondite knowledge, set down in metrical hieroglyphics. Such is Dante—*the annalist, the interpreter, the representative of the middle ages.*"—It had been more accurate to say,—of the *Hildebrand æra;* for to that epoch, only, of the vast mediæval period does the Divina Comedia refer.

So much for the relative merits of Dante and Shakspear, as mirrors of the *visible.* But here, where the greatness of Dante begins, all comparison must end. In the great dramatist of the Elizabethan epoch, there is but little—and that but doubting, or frivolous, or jesting, allusion—to the "life beyond life." What was Shakspear's religion, or whether he had any, will remain a problem unsolved until the day of judgment: in vain will the most keen-sighted explore his pages to get an insight as to what was the creed, what the religious hopes, terrors, or aspirations of the age when he held the mirror up to nature—truly, but withal, only in its least sublime phase and that which is most transitory. But it is in that "life beyond life" which Shakspear either cared not, or knew not how, or feared, perhaps, to tread, that Dante is most at home. The invisible, the world beyond the threshold of eternity, is the sphere in which his genius

dominates, revels with unbounded power, exults as in an exhilarating Alpine atmosphere, and treads with a step as unfaltering and familiar as if the foot-fall were not on the circles of the Inferno, or the hallowed pavement of Heaven, but on the floor of his own dwelling.

"Among the vainest sports of this unruly fancy (we quote again from Mariotti), no less than in its gloomiest inspiration, the oddity or wildness of conception is always set forth with terrible earnestness of diction. The powers of utterance are always in keeping with the depth and vastness of thought. There is a life-like palpableness in every object brought before us, which can be accounted for by nothing short of the actual evidence of the senses. 'Verily this man,' as *the old women at Verona* observed, fancying they perceived, in his dark expression and frizzled hair, the marks of his long exposure to the heat and smoke of the unquenchable fire—'Verily this man has seen and touched the horrors he depicts.' An eloquence impressive, efficient in the same measure as it disdains all attempts at effect—a fancy that casts and moulds not—creates, and never stoops to mere description—an inventiveness that fears no weariness, knows no exhaustion, startling, revolting, wringing our heart, rending it fibre from fibre—a phantasmagoria of loathsome, dire suffering, never stopping at any climax of horror, of agony, but always seeking 'beyond the deepest hell a deeper still,' till it revels on the misery of beings, 'whose very tears choke

up all utterance of woe, clustering on the lids from intense cold, and closing the outlet against the following heart-drops which are thus driven inwards with unspeakable accumulation of anguish.'

"But Dante's stern genius could no less dwell and luxuriate on softer and tenderer images. What effort of human fancy ever equalled the ineffable calm, rapture, and abandonment which pervades his rhymes, when finally emerging from that blind abyss of all sorrows, he breathes again the vital air, and descries from afar 'the tremulous glitter of the ocean wave?'"

Again, in speaking of the Paradise, the same gifted critic says:* "The long contemplation of his subject had led to an actual apotheosis of his own mind. He had soared so far upwards, that the most etherial substance of his spirit never found its way back again. The most earnest of all poetic minds, he saw and touched what other poets could only invent. His contact with God was *trans-humanating*. In that instantaneous glimpse, his thought was so thoroughly absorbed in its principle, that it never quitted it to all eternity."

Behold, an additional proof of the theory, that in the poem of Alighieri we see reflected, as in a glass, the epoch to which the poet belonged. Never was there a poem with which the creative power of fancy had so little need to be exerted as in this, the most sublime in its conception, and the most original of poems. The author of the Divina

* Mariotti, p. 135.

Comedia may be said to have merely embodied in his verses, what was vividly believed and felt by all, even to the very lowliest and most untutored around him—"The old women at Verona"—towit. The religion in which Dante believed, firmly, and enthusiastically, the Divine sublimity of which he had an intellect to see, and a soul to adore and love, had left him little or nothing to invent. He had only to translate into the brilliant, gracefully flexible, yet adamantine panoply his own diction, *what the people believed, and hoped, and feared, and loved,* and the Divina Comedia was complete. The machinery of that poem is simply the popular belief as to the "life beyond life" of the contemporaries of Dante. What the poet had learnt from his childhood, regarding eternity, the world beyond the grave: what as a Catholic he believed in common with the most humble of his brethren—behold the theme of these immortal verses.

The intellectual grandeur, the integrity of moral and religious tastes and sentiments, during the Hildebrand epoch, are set before us through the medium of this poem, in a most striking point of view, not merely because it is the transcript of all that was uppermost in the thoughts, the hopes, and the affections of the Italians of that period, but because by the fact that it was most popular with all classes, it exhibits them before us, as a people capable of appreciating the most lofty themes. None but a people, noble in their conceptions, enamoured of the sublime and beautiful in their highest sphere,

could have been enchanted as we know these mediæval Italians were, with subjects so infinitely exalted above the mire of the passions, in which, the literati of the age succeeding that of Dante sought their congenial element. It imparts but additional verisimilitude to his Inferno, that it is in its foul recesses and baleful atmosphere, the fiercer and more vindictive passions of the poet's nature are predominant. The exacerbation of the expatriated Ghibelline is the turbid and poisoned fountain from which, in his poetic furor, he derives some of his wildest and most terrible inspirations. But, these are only what are called scherzi by the countrymen of Dante, or what we call freaks of fancy. The ground-work of the poem, its superstructure—to the cope-stone and in all the adornments that are the most brilliantly characterized by fitness and majesty, as well as most refulgent with truth—there is but little that is not borrowed from the realities of faith. And no doubt it is because he drew from this truly celestial fountain of inspiration, that oftentimes we are tempted to imagine that the poet's mind was illumined from the same source, as were those of the Prophets and Evangelists, in their visions.

There is a little book, called "*Think well on it*," which is to be met with in the hands of almost every poor Catholic that can read. Even to the few of them that cannot, the subject of the book is familiar. Yet any one can see at a glance that, so far as the grand poetic conception of the Divina Comedia is concerned, the transition, from this little manual of

Catholic meditation, to this sublime and most renowned of poems is but slight.

But in proof of this identity of Dante's poem with the popular religion of his epoch, there is evidence of a very different kind, which will no doubt be considered far more suitable and conclusive.

Any one less open to being suspected of a bias in favour of the Papacy there could not possibly be, than the writer we propose to appeal to, in investigating the nature and import of the poem. His hatred of the Papacy is so cordial, so immitigable, that beyond a doubt, at some time or other—perhaps in his innocent boyhood, or in his generous, inexperienced youth—he must have loved it. His pen seems to be dipped in venom whenever he mentions the Popes, or anything connected with the Papacy. "False priest" is his usual synonyme for a Pope. Never for an instant does this two-edged acrimony slumber. Never does he miss an opportunity to strike a malicious blow.

Where there is question of the Pontiffs, he is never betrayed into a kind word. Some grief, some wrong, imaginary or real, would appear, so far as *they* are concerned, to have utterly soured the milk of human kindness in his heart. How could Mariotti, an Italian patriot, thoroughly versed in the history of his country, have so belied his own convictions, as to define the Papacy to be "A POWER, THE VERY NAME OF WHICH EVER IMPLIED ENMITY TO TRUTH AND PROGRESS, THE CONTINUANCE OF WHICH IS THE FOULEST BLOT ON MODERN CIVILIZA-

TION!" After that, the most suspicious may be assured, that, if the witness be not an upright witness, his leaning will certainly not be to the Popes.

On the other hand, except when his bigotry obscures his vision, Mariotti's criticism is brilliant; it argues a masterly and elevated appreciation of the poem, and his views are expressed with a graceful energy, not unworthy of that lofty subject.

In the first place the critic tells us:—"Dante was a staunch Papist, a believer in one Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. He shewed everywhere the same instinctive dread of division. He abominated religious sectarianism as he detested political. Christianity and unity of faith and worship were indissolubly associated in his mind. He thought the empire itself, originally, eternally intended to body forth the universality of the Church. He was for an unlimited centralization of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. There was to be a high-priest on earth, as there was a Supreme Being in heaven. No MAN EVER ENTERTAINED A MORE OVERWEENING SENSE OF THE SACREDNESS OF THE PONTIFICAL MINISTRY."

Entering by that gate where "all hope is left behind," Dante represents himself as descending through the successive regions of the abyss of Woe: emerging from thence, he ascends to Purgatory, and from thence to Heaven.—What he saw and felt during this progress, the motives that induced him to enter on it, we now leave to one of the most gifted of his own fellow-countrymen to describe.

"The ideas of mankind," says Mariotti, "were, in those *dark ages*, perpetually revolving upon that 'life beyond life,' which the omnipresent religion of that *fanatical age* loved to people with appalling phantoms and harrowing terrors. Dante determined to anticipate his final doom, and, still in the flesh, to break through the threshold of eternity, and explore the kingdom of death.'

"He would 'sweep down the gulf of time,' sound the great mystery of the hidden world, lay it bare to the gaze of mortals, and startle the earth with the awful tidings of heaven and hell. Sore beset with misunderstandings and disappointments of this life, he looked for redress and justification in another—in a world in which the one he had so long been worried in, should be judged and sentenced. A minister of retributive justice, he would visit the shades of men anciently or recently departed; he would unmask hypocrisy, and restore crushed innocence; chastise arrogance, and assuage sorrow; mediate between the helpless dead and the oblivious survivor, above all reveal the annals of the fast fading past, and turn its teeming records into a severe lesson for the present—into a threatening warning for the future.

"The meeting of illustrious dead, whose very sight would ever after 'exalt him in his own conceit:' the interview with lately departed, long-lamented friends, whose undying love would soothe the wounds of his sensitive heart: the exultation of the righteous, the confusion of the reprobate, the impartial dealing

of God's eternal justice, which would reconcile him to the temporary prevalence of human iniquity—all throughout his unearthly progress, enabled him to indulge in a ceaseless outpouring of his over-wrought feelings.

"His political theories respecting the equitable distribution of secular and spiritual powers—his views of a total reformation of Church and State, on which the destinies of his ill-fated country so virtually depended—his cosmographic notion of earth and firmament—his conjectures as to the essence, the attributes, and the eternal activity of the Deity—all his opinions, the result of deep thought and unwearied research, should now receive the sanction of super-human testimony. His doctrines should flow from the unerring lips of ancient sages of the Apostles and Doctors of the Church. The most abstruse problems should find a solution; the most controverted truths should be tested by the arguments of heavenly doctrine, in that transparent etherial region where is the end of all doubt. Angels and saints should now become his authority.

"No poet," he adds, "EVER STRUCK UPON A SUBJECT TO WHICH EVERY FIBRE IN THE HEART OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES MORE READILY RESPONDED THAN DANTE." The reason is, it was an "age of faith" in a pre-eminent degree. Its "conversation," according to the counsel of the Apostle, was very much "in heaven." At no time, in no pursuit, even in those apparently most alien to religion, was religion allowed out of sight. As Mariotti expresses

it—"The ark of the Covenant rose in the midst of the martial encampment." He did not like to say the Caroccio under which the Popish heroes of Lignano won the independence of their country. They who feared not the face of tyrants, held it a virtue, and the beginning of wisdom, to fear God. They had been instructed to "go down, like the Prophet, to the gates of hell," and, in thought, to look firmly through the dread portals, the better to take care that these should never close behind them. "Dante's Hell," continues the same author, "is a monkish hell in good earnest, with all its howling and gnashing of teeth. His demons are *bonâ fide* devils, long horned, long tailed, black as they ever were painted. Melted pitch and brimstone, serpents, dragons, fire, and ice, are the ingredients of the awful mess he sets before his readers. Nay more, all such horrors are served up with such a terrible earnestness, that any honest believer of those times could sup full of them, and labour with nightmares ever afterwards.

"Mr. Leigh Hunt, and other modern critics, may justly object to so very hot and ungentlemanly a place of punishment: but Dante, it should be remembered, was either himself a true believer in the Church of the thirteenth century, such as it was; or knowing that he was writing for its votaries, blindly adopted the only language they were able to understand.

"To many of the followers of a *more enlightened* and *rational Christianity*, which has almost alto-

gether shamed or laughed the devil out of countenance, the framework of Dante's Hell must certainly appear *baroque* and exaggerate."

St. Paul, we may be allowed to suppose, was a rather *enlightened*, though, perhaps, not a RATIONAL Christian:—the Apostle was certainly the reverse of pusillanimous; yet *he* says it is "A TERRIBLE THING TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF GOD." Again, was it a monk who put this question to the universal family of Adam, Mr. Leigh Hunt not excepted?—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" From this it appears that a soul can be lost, and that its "loss" is more than the wreck and loss of worlds. Was it a monk who pronounced that parable of the "rich man, arrayed in purple and fine linen" who heeded not the ulcerous beggar at his gate, and of whom we are told, by his Word, which is firmer than heaven and earth, that, when he died, "HE WAS BURIED IN HELL?" It was no monk that represented Dives shrieking out "I AM TORMENTED IN THIS FLAME!"—it was Jesus Christ, the God of mercy, who shed the last drop of his life-blood to save sinners: it was he who *in the day of mercy* was ever looking out, so to speak, for excuses to forgive: who was *accused* of consorting with "publicans and sinners;" who gave pardon to her whose sins were "many," though she never asked it but by her tears; who canonized the blood-stained penitent upon the gibbet, who wept for Lazarus his "friend:" who took pity on the forlorn mother that came wailing through the gates of

Naim, in agony for the loss of her "only son." He, it is, who depicts that abode of agony in which Dives cries out, "I am tormented in this flame:"—as if the garment of lambent fire lay more closely to his once effeminate and pampered body, than ever did the finest linen of Egypt, in the days of his dalliance and feasting. He warns us that from that place there is no returning; and to shew how intense and all-pervading are the pangs of the doomed, Dives is not represented as asking, once more, for an overflowing goblet of racy wine; no! he thinks it would be like an age in Paradise, were Lazarus, the beggar, only allowed to dip "the tip of his finger in water to cool his tongue!"

If all the monks that ever paced the silent cloister, or knelt like granite statues before the crucifix, had written their meditations upon hell—never could they have produced anything to be compared for terror to that prayer of Dives—about "the tip" of the ulcerous beggar's finger dipped in "water." Does he not also say it is better for a man to go to heaven having plucked out his "right eye" or cut off his "right foot," than, in the full perfection of his members, to go down to hell? Does he not say that for not having a nuptial garment, he will order men to be bound hand and foot by the angels and cast into exterior darkness, "where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth;" and oh! great and ever gracious Saviour, who but thou, who didst submit to the ignominious death of Golgotha to move them to repentance, to win heaven for them

and to win them for heaven—could have pronounced that last irrevocable fiat—the echoes of which are to reverberate throughout all eternity in the hearts of those against whom it shall be uttered: "Begone from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels!"—"And these," concludes the God of Justice and of Mercy, infinite—"shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just into life everlasting."

This was the sort of Christianity that prevailed in the time of Dante; for as yet the improvement of a "gentlemanly" and "more enlightened and rational Christianity" had not been invented.

The eloquent commentator thus continues his remarks:—"Strange to say, and in conformity, perhaps, with the title of 'Comedy' so quaintly prefixed to the poem the 'Inferno' has its humorous passages. Dante's devils are some of them droll fellows, who will crack their jokes with their victims, banter and argue with them; they are rude customers more often, blackguards up to the meanest tricks, the very fathers of lies. In spite of their frolics, however, and spite of their hideous grins, it is impossible to mistake the tragic tone that pervades the poet's mind, all along its dolorous progress."

"It is not for me to test the soundness of the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory, or to inquire which of the holy fathers first dreamt of its existence.

It was, however, a sublime contrivance, unscriptural though it may be, (like the "ungentlemanly," "monkish hell")—a conception full of love and charity, in so far as it seemed to arrest the dead on the threshold of eternity; and of making his final welfare partly dependent on the pious exertions of those who were left behind, established a lasting interchange of tender feelings, embalmed the memory of the departed, and, by a posthumous tie, wedded him to the mourning survivor.

"There is order and method in the most grievous errors, in the most arrant fallacies of mankind. The finger of Providence is traceable throughout man's history upon earth. Popery and monkhood —nay, even purgatory—had their own great purpose to work out. Woe to the man, in Dante's age, who sunk in his grave without bequeathing a heritage of love; on whose sod no refreshing dew of sorrowing affection descended. Lonely as his relics in his sepulchre, his spirit wandered in the dreaded region of probation; alone he was left, defenceless, prayerless, friendless, to settle his awful scores with unmitigated justice."

This is one of the instances in which Mariotti, like "great Julius," displays his genius for "creating opportunities." The falsehood of what he was writing, when he penned this last sentence, was as familiar to him as the memory of the pious mother who taught him in childhood to lisp his prayers—impressing on him the aphorism of Holy Writ, that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for

the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Very possibly he never meditated on what St. Paul says about the work of each one being destined to be "tried by fire," and to be purged thereby from every slightest stain, were it only such as is left by an "idle word," before being admitted into the beatific presence of Him "before whom nothing that is impure can enter;" but he had heard of, and many a time assisted at, the All Souls solemnity; he knew well, that at the altar, the Church that was to him a nursing mother, never forgets the "faithful departed." When his heart shall have recovered from the diseased state it was in, when he wrote those lines, he will regret that he defamed her, and she will forgive him; because to forgive is her Divine mission, amongst the perverse and ungrateful children of God.

"It is this feeling, unrivalled for poetic beauty in Christian religion," continues Mariotti, "that gives colour and tone to the second division of Dante's poem. The five or six cantos, at the opening, have all the milk of human nature that entered into the composition of that miscalled saturnine mind. With little more than two words, the poet makes us aware that we have come into happier latitudes. Every strange visitor breathes love and forgiveness. The shade we meet is only charged with tidings of joy to the living, and messages of good will. The heart lightens and brightens at every new stratum of the atmosphere in that rising region; the ascent is easy and light, like the gliding of a boat down the stream.

The angels we become familiar with are creatures of light, such as human imagination never before or afterwards conceived. They come from afar across the waves, piloting the barge that conveys the chosen spirits to heaven, balancing themselves on their wide-spread wings, using them as sails, disdaining the aid of all mortal contrivance, and relying on their inexhaustible strength; red and rayless, at first, from the distance, as the planet Mars, when he appears struggling through the mist of the horizon, but growing brighter and brighter with amazing swiftness. They stand at the gate of purgatory, they guard the entrance of each of the seven steps of its mountain—some with green vesture, vivid as new-budding leaves, gracefully waving and floating in simple drapery, fanned by their wings; bearing in their hands flaming swords broken at the point; others, in ash-coloured garments; others, again, in flashing armour, but all beaming with so intense, so overwhelming a light, that dizziness overcomes all mortal ken, whenever directed to their countenance.

"The friends of the poet's youth, one by one arrest his march, and engage him in tender converse. The very laws of immutable fate seem for a few instants suspended to allow full scope for the interchange of affectionate sentiments. The overawing consciousness of the place he is in, for a moment forsakes the mortal visitor so miraculously admitted into the world of spirits. He throws his arms round the

neck of the beloved shade, and it is only by the smile irradiating its countenance that he is reminded of the intangibility of its ethereal substance. The episodes of the Purgatory are mostly of this sad and tender description. The historical personages introduced seem to have lost their own identity, and to have merged into a blessed calmness, the characterizing medium of the region they are all travelling through.

"But the Purgatory, and still more the Paradise of Dante, are terra incognita to most of his readers, strange to say, to most of his warmest eulogists. They sink deep into the circles of Hell till they stick fast to it, forgetting that the poet's mind towers loftier and loftier, with powers commensurate to the progress of his subject."

The reflection is as humiliating as it is just. There is in the Inferno more to gratify the lowest passions; hence it is—from the corruption of the human heart—that readers fasten on that part of the poem, thick as flies on carrion: though in truth it is when he reaches the Paradise, that the Comedia of Dante becomes indeed divine. His description of the "Mystical Rose,"—of which the infinite number of the elect form the leaves on which the Sun of eternal love is ever beaming—and the prayer of St. Bernard to the Virgin, are emanations as far above anything in the Inferno as heaven is above earth. In reading these cantos, one is *tempted* to think that he who wrote them was divinely inspired.

One stanza alone will be enough to consecrate this mass of wretched pages, but translation must not be attempted, for as has been well observed, "with Dante, translation is murder," and this is pre-eminently true, with regard to the verse selected :—

"O Donna sei tanto grande, e tanto vali,
Che chi vuol' grazia ed a lei mon ricorre,
La sua desianza vuol volar senz' ali.
In te misericordia, in te pietade,
In te magnificenza, in te s'aduna
Quantunque in creatura e di bontade."

"Dante had explored all creation; but this glorified, without explaining the Creator. He sought God in heaven—saw Him, and all the problems that harassed him before that terrible journey, became as simple, as obvious as every spot in the valley, or the hill side is laid bare to the gaze of him who looks down from the summit.

"From that dizzy altitude, the past assumed the tone of an oracle, all that men sought he had found. A great deal of this superhuman knowledge was, indeed, lost to him, for so utterly absorbed were all his faculties in that intense contemplation, that they could hardly recover all consciousness, and render an account of the overpowering sensation. Still enough remained of the recollection, of the reflection of the ocean of light that but for an instant encompassed, engulfed him—to enable him to amaze with its revelation the startled fancies of his benighted fellow mortals.

"Dante's Heaven is indeed heavenly. Angels' smiles beam through his verses. The progress from planet to planet, otherwise imperceptible, is made manifest to him by successive changes in the countenance of his eternal guide, Beatrice. The increased effulgence of her heavenly loveliness makes him aware he is basking in the rays of a region of purer light. Her cheeks radiate with roseate smiles in the genial sphere of Venus: they glow with a phosphorescent light in the ruddy orbit of Mars; they fade in the silvery whiteness of the planet Jupiter, as a maiden's blush, from which the crimson of sudden emotion is as suddenly seen to evanesce—and after thus passing successively through all phases of entrancing beauty, they are, all at once, bereft of their ineffable smile. Her face becomes a blank to her lover, lest the brilliancy of that smile should prove fatal to his unprotected eyes, burn and consume him—even as Semele was turned into ashes; for, at every step in those eternal palace-stairs, beauty kindles as it climbs, so that but for the interference of a tempering medium, but for a partial eclipse, mortal ken would shrink from it, even as a leaf parched and withered by a thunder blast.

"As in the regions of eternal doom the souls of the reprobate were oftentimes deformed by their turpitudes, so as to become indiscernible to all knowledge; so now are the chosen ones beautified beyond recognition. They have, at least, to the eyes of their mortal visitor, lost all shape and semblance

to human beings. They assume the appearance of blazing lights, moving incessantly round with unutterable harmony, and sparkling with redoubled refulgency when they wish to address the earthly stranger; for every word conveyed through their lips is a message of love and joy—and joy shews itself in heaven by increase of light, and every smile is a flash.

"There is something wild, vague, overpowering in the strange phantasmagoria of all these myriads of lights. They revolve round us as we read, like the undefinable splendours that, some of us may recollect, haunted our cradles in childhood, when a whole canopy, as if of coloured dots of vivid flame, glittered above our heads in an apparently boundless vastness of space, and rolled slowly and steadily about, till it seemed to set beneath us, and we hung upon it, at the height of many thousand fathoms, as if ready to plunge, cradle and all, into the luminous abyss, when we started up half in wonder, half in dismay, and roused the whole household with our infantine screams.

"From the moment the poet is raised into the orbit of the moon, it seems as if a cloud encompassed him, translucent, solid, and high polished, even as adamant on which the sunbeams smite. Within the bosom of this everlasting pearl he glides, as a ray of light pierces through water, without dividing its substance; and through the faint dimness of the circumambient gem many faces are seen eagerly

gazing at the new comer, even as human features appear faintly reflected in the still waves of a shallow stream. As he soars up to the sphere of Mercury the blessed souls come forth in many thousands to greet him, like fish glancing through the waters of a quiet, clear lake, their eyes sparkle with celestial joy, and the more they feel their joy, the brighter they grow, till excess of light makes them utterly undistinguishable. Further up in the orbit of Venus, they move in a mazy dance like sparks in fire, and with all the melody of voices chanting in chorus. They range themselves in the ruddy light of Mars in the shape of a cross of immense dimensions, through which they move like motes in the sunbeam, emitting an indistinct but exquisite melody, entrancing the soul beyond all human comprehension. They swarm and sparkle like innumerable dazzling essences in the planet of Jupiter, warbling as they fly, and winging their course hither and thither, like flocks of birds when they wheel slowly round and round, hovering lovingly on the banks of a stream; till, after various transformations, they assume the shape of an immense eagle, and from the beak of the flaming bird their common mind is uttered, even as a multitude of glowing embers emits but one condensed heat. They flash upwards and downwards in the crystal sphere of Saturn, moving along an immense ladder, the summit of which is reared to the uttermost heaven; but here both light and sound are equally lost to the sense of

a human being—and he advances among them in awful silence and solitude, as his mortal clay can endure no farther till inured to the whelming sensation by bathing his eyelids in the streams of pure light eternally flowing from the all-embracing empyrean.

"*Yet it is neither his inventive, nor his descriptive powers, unmatched as they are, that men most unanimously admire in the genius of Dante. It is the great moral, religious idea, one and indivisible, ever consistent, which prompted, directed, achieved the work wherein heaven and earth had equal shares; the transcendant, never lost sight of, allegory of a human soul redeemed through the ordeal of an intense contemplation of eternity, reclaimed from worldly passions, and political rancours, by the purifying agency of love, and from this again raised to the still higher pursuit of recondite religious inquiry.* The work of a whole existence, the Divine Comedy exhibits the various stages of a mind rising superior to itself by virtue of successive efforts, overcoming, step by step, the whole distance that separates the most imperfect of creatures from the perfection of the Creator. It is indeed the Comedy—or say, the Sacred Drama of Life: exhibiting in the first art the tumultuous passions, in the second the gentle affections, in the third the noble yearnings of a man's heart on its heavenward progress."—It is simply the theory of the future world, *as Dante had studied in the Schoolmen.*

"I have said ever-consistent idea; for the earthly feelings of the high-minded partisan, mellowed and softened though they be, by the soothing influence of the etherial region he is lifted into, are not only not extinct or dormant in heaven, but they seem to have sunk deeper and deeper into his soul, and to have assumed the character of unshaken religious convictions.

"That mysterious journey is the fulfilment of a great mission of justice and truth. There is rest for the relics of man in his tomb, but there is none for his memory. Posterity, as an immense jury, sits round his death-bed for his trial, but its sessions are adjourned to infinity. History issues no sentence that history may not repeat. A generous dispenser of praise and blame, it delights in visiting guilt within the silent sanctuary of the grave, in laying at rest oppressed innocence still smarting and writhing under the lash of human injustice. This sublime office of supreme reviser of human judgments, had Dante taken upon himself. He never swerved, never compromised with the awful responsibility of this sacred duty: 'For,' he reasoned, 'if I am too timid a friend to truth, I apprehend my name will not go down among the remote generations to whom the present times shall be the times of yore.' Truly was Dante, even in the heaven of his own fancy, a mortal, and therefore, an erring judge, but we contend, a conscientious judge. And when hurling the souls of Brutus and

Cassius amongst traitors and murderers in the lowest circle of hell, he certainly suffered his religious and political system to get the better of his moral sense; but we cannot agree with those critics who attribute these and similar aberrations of judgment to violence of temper, or indulgence in morbid feelings: they were the result of stern, deep grounded principles, the working of irresistible fatality. God ruled over the political, no less than over the material world, with eternal immutable laws. Mortals, who, either from error or motive opposed these laws—who wrestled with God, must be crushed in the attempt, even as he who would turn the course of the spheres, or disturb the balance of worlds.

"No man ever steered clear of rocks who followed up his system to the widest extent of its generalization. Dante's catholicity of Church and State too often led him to monstrous absurdities; and as his own views are uttered as the revealings of unerring, imperishable knowledge; as his own mind breathes through the eternal lips of prophets and apostles; as heaven itself speaks through him—every paradox startles and revolts us as sheer blasphemy and impiety. For all the misconceptions of this daring mortal, God himself is made responsible.

"With all these intrinsic and inevitable blemishes, however, *the Divine Comedy is, perhaps, the most moral of books. No man ever rose from a deep, careful perusal of the whole work without feeling*

himself in every respect, a nobler and a purer being. The religious tone of the poem works upon us with irresistible awe. There is a God in him, and the terror of his presence gradually creeps upon us. There is nothing mean, or gross, or impertinently minute and circumstantial; in the heaven of Dante. A pure idealization; it may not be God's own, but IT IS MAN'S SUBLIMEST CONCEPTION OF HEAVEN."

In saying that never was poem less original than the Divina Comedia,— Dante, as has been thus proved, having only added some embellishments to the poem already existing in the religious convictions of his contemporaries, in such refulgent and living characters as the pen of FAITH, of an inspiration, not feigned, but verily and indeed Divine, can alone indite —have we set forth our chief argument for the theory, that in what Dante has written, we have a mirror, faithfully, vividly, and in its full completeness, reflecting the image of the epoch to which the poet and his poem belong? That is *not* the chief reason; it is this.

Religion was not then an episode: it constituted, pre-eminently, the action, in the grand drama of existence. That dictum of Incarnate Wisdom— "moreover, one thing is necessary"—was deeply, solidly, quietly embedded in the convictions of all, during that epoch. Religion was not kept locked up for six days, as is done with a lunatic or a malefactor, whom it would be imprudent to suffer

to be at large; nor were faith and worship—the recognition of an ever-wakeful, ever-intervening Providence—like a Bible that is taken down from the shelf on Sunday, or that is left behind as a fixture in a pew. Religion walked abroad through the every-day world, then; she rehearsed in her daily conduct the scenes which made up the earthly career of the Redeemer—who took his texts from the lily of the field, from the signs of the heavens, and the birds of the air; from the fig-tree, the vineyard, the harvest field, from the economy of the sheep-fold and of the corn-field: from the cares of the house-wife, from the craft of the fisherman—shewing that every object in creation, from the stars of the firmament to the forgotten herb, is like a verse of the Bible. After His example, who hallowed the marriage feast by his presence, became the self-invited guest of Zaccheus, reclined at the banquet of the Pharisee, changed the heart of the sinful woman on Mount Garezim beside the well of Jacob by his discourse—the Church made herself "all to all." Above all things it was her mission to "save that which was lost," to set the seal of consecration to God, on every thing that the demon had endeavoured to pervert. And there was healing on her wings wherever she appeared; the flowers of peace, the reconciliation of sundered affections, sprung up along her path. Like the Divine author of her being, she also, "went about through the land doing good." Like Him, too, she knew how to rebuke with words more terrible than "a two-edged sword," as well as to pour the lamb of heaven into

the wounds and the sores of humanity. Like Him, whose voice was not heard in the streets, the serene, the ever benignant Jesus, who "was meek and humble of heart"—this power, "terrible as an army in array," could lay the scourge on the profaners.

Hence, being surrounded with the attributes of justice as well as of mercy, such fear as blends with the love of children for their parents, imparted to the feelings with which religion was then regarded, an indescribable mastery over generations which by no other species of controlling power but this—the device of Him "who knew what is in man,"—could have been restrained or schooled into anything like peaceful and organized society.

The Church in that epoch was what the "valiant woman" of holy Writ is represented to be. She was a mother, noble-hearted, sapient, severe as she was loving, in the midst of a most gifted and unruly family. And in the atmosphere of her solicitude, where her image was ever acting on their plastic minds, and on their very mein and features, the nations—above all the Italian nation—lived and moved, and had their being. Wherever they went—even in the wars—they were present to her view, and to her affections. Her image and her influence followed them everywhere; her impress was on everything that came from their hands, or from their teeming imaginations. And, as for the most abandoned profligate, in whose ruined heart the love of a pious mother has not been utterly crushed—there is always hope; in those ages of faith (as we

have witnessed in some striking instances), by reason of the filial reverence and love towards religion which were at that period a second nature to the heart, the case of sinners, the most outrageous, was never desperate. Thus religion was not only the *primum mobile* of that epoch—the paramount interest—the middle, the beginning, and the end of whatever was done or attempted—all enterprises, and all hearts were turned with child-like reverence and fondness towards religion.

Once more we appeal to the same unsuspected witness.—"Every branch of learning in those singular times," he says, "had for its object and subject—GOD. Colleges were almost exclusively divinity schools."—Again: "the ideas of mankind were, *in those dark ages*, perpetually revolving upon that life beyond life which THE OMNIPRESENT RELIGION *of that fanatical age loved to people*," &c. Putting the same truth in another light, still in his own scoffing vein, he says,—"The most immediate effect of this *gloomy* religion—(what! Catholicity a *gloomy* religion!—the religion of festivity, of hope, of love, of joy, of light:—the religion that subsidizes all the arts to make a heaven upon earth of the Sanctuary:—the religion that gave Dante his conceptions of heaven, GLOOMY! From one who was once a Catholic, and what makes it still more singular, an Italian Catholic—what strange perversity!)—"The most immediate effect of this gloomy religion," says this wayward child of Italy, where religion has ever constituted the greatest charm of social existence,

"had been to turn almost all Europe into one vast monkery. Nor were friars, white, black, and grey, deemed sufficient; but the whole world teemed with lay fraternities without number.—A peal of the organ in that epoch is antiphonal to a flourish of trumpets. A procession of monks treads on the footsteps of invading hosts: abbeys rise on battle fields."

Yes, and hence it is that the Divina Comedia, in bodying forth that which was the paramount, "omnipresent," all-moving, all-absorbing interest, the theme and the charm of existence, in the Hildebrand epoch, has brought out, into lucid, superb array before us, the mystery of its life, of its most abstruse and recondite reveries. Thus that phase of social existence, which is a mystery to us with regard even to the age in which we ourselves are living, one has the opportunity of contemplating as regards that epoch so distant —so comparatively dark—with as much clearness as he can consider his own image in a mirror.

Hence, it follows—irresistibly—as a conclusion, that the measure of the distance between society as it is imaged in the Divina Comedia, and as it was, in the foul, horrible, weltering chaos of the tenth century, is the exact measure of the benefit for which Italy stood indebted to Hildebrand and his successors; for it is not disputed, nor can it be, that it was by them—working the omnipotent lever of the FAITH, and scattering far and near the fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth—the West was

lifted from that abyss; and that without Papacy, and the machinery which the Papacy alone could wield, the West never could have been so lifted up or rescued. The Popes, therefore, made the poem: Dante copied it. He had to invent, to create nothing but mere accessories. The matter and the very form of the matter, they had supplied. The very dialect he was to be the first to make a literary use of, he found brightly furbished, like a coat of mail, fresh from the hands of a Milanese armourer: new, morbid as a silken robe, but brilliant and well defined, as if every syllable were a link of adamant. Theme, machinery, erudition, dialect—all were ready to his hand.

We are brought to the shrine of St. Peter in tracing up that language to its fountain head. A Pope in the last year of the tenth century—two hundred years and more before a single sentence of it can be found in writing—is the first who is heard by history to speak ITALIAN. That Pontiff, of royal lineage and one of the most accomplished scholars of the age in which Gerbert and St. Berward flourished, is pouring his knowledge, his fervour, as a Christian pastor, into the hearts and minds of the multitude, through the channel of that *then* chaotic jargon, when it is heard for the first time. In minds like his it found a mould; it became polished, flexible, fit for any purpose of the intellect. Up to the moment when Dante required it for his stanzas, the clergy had been the only educated men to speak it.

The Latin is a spoil torn from the Pagan world, and offered as a donatory at the altar; but the language of Dante—like the cathedral of Pisa or Siena—is a new creation in which the Papacy, the priesthood, and the people had each its part. The almost inspired raptures and hymns in which St. Francis of Assisi poured out that flame of love divine, of which his heart was a glowing furnace, left their bright impressions on that language. It was in that dialect his disciples and those of St. Dominic—the friar-preachers—wrought miracles of eloquence, astonishing, converting, enlightening, the generations who heard them, and "renewing the face of the earth." It was spoken as their mother-tongue, by those who carried the tidings of salvation into the remotest corners of the then known world, winning admiration and homage even from such enemies of the Christian name as Saladin. St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas of Aquin had preached in that language, before Dante was born. No dialect, after serving as a vehicle for the thoughts of St. Thomas, could be other than a perfectly logical and well ordered language. The jurists and the mere pedants of the universities, as Mariotti tells us, "despised it." The attempts at poetic composition before Dante's age, he also tells us, were "few and forgotten." Thus, it was alone to the instructors of the people, to those by whom the "Gospel was preached to the poor," that the language of Dante stood indebted for its capabilities, its charms, and its perfection.

The same who furbished the language for the Divina Comedia prepared the vast and varied erudition made use of in its construction; classified it, arranged it in most lucid order, and left it ready labelled, and in abundance, biding the arrival of the great architect who was to be sent. No one acquainted with the writings of the most unjustly vilified schoolmen of the thirteenth century, above and before all with St. Thomas of Aquino, has ever read the Divina Comedia without rising from the perusal of the poem, with the quiet, unclouded conviction, that Dante is transcendant as a poet, because he fell little short of the "Angel of the Schools," as a divine.

Mariotti, after endeavouring—in vain—to disparage the merit and the labours of those singularly gifted, pure, and Christian minds, by whom order the most exquisite was introduced into the intellectual and moral world, till then in little better case than society itself, only just rescued from anarchy, continues thus:—"And Dante was warm in the pursuit of this forbidden (!) knowledge."—(Forbidden! Who has said, "This is eternal life, to KNOW Thee, God the Father, and whom Thou hast sent—Jesus Christ?")—"Dante was as wild as any of the *angelic* or *seraphic doctors* that preceded him. He had explored all creation."—The works of such monks, friars, and schoolmen, as Roger Bacon, as Alexander de Hales, St. Bonaventure; as Vincent de Beauvais, who wrote the great Encyclopædia; as Albert the Great, who in commenting on the philosophy of Aristotle, added of his own an entire

treatise on mineralogy, a branch which the Greek sage had not touched,—these monkish philosophers had saved him the trouble.—"He had explored all creation; but this glorified, without explaining the Creator. He sought God in heaven—saw Him"—(that is, he had mastered the Divinity of the schoolmen) "and all the problems that harassed him before that terrible journey became as simple, as obvious as every spot in the valley or the hill-side is laid bare to the gaze of him who looks down from the summit."

Thus may the language addressed to the Apostles, in allusion to the prophets, lawgivers, and martyrs who had been before them in the vineyard of the Lord, be in some sort, and in all reverence, addressed to Dante, with regard to the Pontiffs, the preachers, the saints—to the innumerable labourers in the same field, in the great fallow of humanity, by whom, from even before San' Romoaldo's time, the ground was being cleared and prepared for him:—"Others have toiled, and you have entered on the fruit of their labours." This we say not to extenuate his merit, which we hold to be transcendant. No, Dante's was that sort of genius that could stamp with originality inspirations as old as Christianity, and as vulgar as the creed of the people.

"The study of Dante," says the same singularly gifted; but sadly perverted writer, "brings us to the summit of one of the most towering Alps of human intelligence. The insight we obtain of the

depth of his conceptions raises us in our own estimation, inspires us with new faith in the vastness and comprehensiveness, in the illimitedness of our human faculties. By the side of him on the one thousand fathoms pedestal reared up to him by the reverence of after ages, we become, as it were, part of him—one with him."

This is not an over-estimate of the "over-weening Papist"—his epithet for DANTE in another passage:—"Dante was a staunch Papist, a believer in One Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church. He shewed every-where the same instinctive dread of division. He abominated religious sectarianism, as he detested political faction. Christianity and unity of faith and worship, were indissolubly associated in his mind. He thought the empire itself originally, eternally intended to body forth the universality of the Church. He was for an unlimited centralization of ecclesiastical hierarchy. There was to be a high-priest on earth, as there was a Supreme Being in heaven. NO MAN EVER ENTERTAINED A MORE OVER-WEENING SENSE OF THE SACREDNESS OF THE PONTIFICAL MINISTRY THAN DANTE."*

Such was the chief chronicler appointed to transmit to posterity, the Hildebrand-epoch, as to its inner, all actuating, mysterious life. We have said the chief, because, in the growth and cultivation of the arts, in

* Mariotti, Italy Past and Present, vol. i. p. 116.

the progress, the enterprize, the liberty, the greatness, and the prosperity, of Italy and the Italian islands, we discover only so many chapters of the same history of which that poem is the noblest, most characteristic feature. We find every thing in it bears the impress of the signet of St. Peter. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, with all their kindred arts, had for ages found in the court, and what we may call the camp, of the Pontiffs their only refuge. From immemorial time they had been domesticated there. The Popes had imposed hands on them, so to speak, and ordained them to minister round the altar and in the temple. "In those singular times, as has been observed, every branch of learning had for its ultimate object and subject—God." The same might be said of every branch of art. A glance at the pictures of Giotto, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, or in Siena, or in the galleries of Florence, is enough to satisfy the beholder that the painter and the poet of the great Papal epoch, derived their inspiration and their imagery from a common source. It occurred to those who appealed to the eye, as well as to those who appealed to the imagination, that nothing could be more worthy of their art, than that like all the grand and varied creations of the Divine pencil, from the "Lily of the Field" to the "Starry Vault," their pictures should elevate the mind to heaven, and show forth the glory and the wonderful works of God. It was at a later period the same corrupt and Pagan tendency that polluted the literature of Italy crept into

this art—once so holy—when the Evangelist was its patron: when angels, the Virgin Mother, the Saviour and his saints, as seraphic piety and faith imagined them, were its models: when artists like Fra Angelico, by prayer, by holy austerities and intercourse with heaven, became, like Dante, familiar with the celestial beauty, the passionless, unearthly mein, which are the inalienable attributes of the beings they had to make visible to mortal admiration, before they attempted to draw a stroke upon the canvass. The scene of the Florentines bringing Cimabue's picture of the Madonna on a lofty triumphal chariot, through their city to Santa Maria Nuova, exhibits in a striking point of view what was the sphere, what the inspiring influence, what the object and the recompense of painting during the great Papal epoch.

What has been said of the poetry of this period is equally applicable to the sister art.—"The Divina Comedia is, perhaps, the most moral of books. No man ever rose from a deep, careful perusal of the *whole work*, without feeling himself, in every respect, a nobler and purer being." And in each of Giotto's pictures, too, we gaze upon a most impressive and purifying meditation. Cimabue was born A.D. 1240, Giotto between A.D. 1270 and 1276. Venice, Pisa, and Siena, also boast of their painters of this same epoch. We have seen how the monks of Monte Casino, got the start of them in all the arts.

Of architecture we need hardly speak. The West is but one vast page on which is attested the auspices

under which that art attained a pinnacle of perfection, from which it awes the scoffer into admiration, and frowns down the very thought of rivalry. It was in that age, the Cathedral of Pisa and the Campo-Santo were erected, from the spoils of the infidel. The Duomo was commenced A.D. 1063, and finished before the close of the century: the baptistery dates from A.D. 1152—the Leaning Tower from A.D. 1174. St. Mark's, at Venice, had been dedicated three years before, in A.D. 1171. The citizens of that one of the Italian Republics, which was the most Popish, which gave birth to a greater number of gifted men than all the rest of Italy, gives to an architect—during this Hildebrand-epoch—this pithy and magnanimous commission: "BUILD THE GREATEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD."*

That noble utilitarian enterprize, called the *Naviglio Grande*, forming a water communication between Milan and the Tessino was conceived and completed during this epoch. Commenced in 1179, immediately after Alexander III. and the Lombard League had triumphed over Barbarossa, and interrupted by the invasion of Frederic II., on the overthrow of that tyrant by Innocent IV. and the Lombards, it was resumed A. D. 1257, and happily completed soon after. This noble monument of the age when the people rallying with the

* "Le premiers édifices dignes de notre admiration, que les citoyens élevérent par la reunion de leurs efforts furent destinés à rendre hommage à la Divinité."—*Sismondi, Hist. des Repub.* &c. t. 2. p. 366.

Pontiff, guided and blessed by him, proved an overmatch for the most potent and ruthless oppressors in defending Christian liberty, continues to diffuse wealth and abundance through a vast region of Lombardy to the present day.* The walls of Milan were rebuilt during the same period. They were entered by sixteen gates—all marble and in the style of triumphal arches. Public buildings rose at Genoa in great numbers, at this time. The great Mole was built, also wharfs and magazines of great extent: and through the wild mountain tracts by which the city is fenced in, on the landward side, an abundant supply of the purest water was brought from a great distance, by means of the noble aqueduct which is still perfect. It was finished A. D. 1295.

Through the length and breadth of Italy the same spirit was in full activity and manifested itself in works of such public utility and on such a scale of grandeur, as to place them in the first rank, even in that country so abounding in wonders of this sort. The streams and rivers were spanned by stone, often by marble, bridges of the most elegant design, and of a construction so solid as still to defy the assaults of the elements and the ravages of time. The streets were well paved in the style of the ancients—that is with large masses of tufo or basalt ingeniously fitted like the stones in Cyclopian masonry, so as to form a smooth and indestructible surface. Nothing, in short, that could beautify the cities or contribute to

* Vid. Memoria della Campagna di Milano del Conte Giovan. Guilini, t. 8. l. 54. p. 145. ap. Sismondi, t. 2. p. 366.

the comfort and enjoyment of their inhabitants was left undone. The age of self-worship and civilization by isolation, had not dawned, as yet, on benighted Italy. Extreme simplicity in dress, in food, in manners, and in tastes was the pervading characteristic of all classes; and as they wasted but little on merely personal or private gratification, they had the more to dispose of for the advancement and the glory of their religion, and of their common country.*

In the life of St. Francis of Assisi we get a glimpse of town life in the Umbrian cities, at the close of the 12th and the opening of the 13th century. It reveals to us scenes of mirth and song and feasting amongst the youth; of brisk trading between city and city, not unfrequently disturbed by encounters between the young gallants of the rival towns, those of Assisi meeting those of Perugia, to shew their bravery and prowess. Wine and high feeding made them riotous. St. Francis before he yielded himself up to that devouring flame of the love of God that filled his heart, had played a leading part in the festivities: we do not find him mixed up in the quarrels. He at the same time attended to traffic—riding to Terni, Foligno, Perugia, Narni, and to all the cities far and near, to buy and sell—while his father's speculations brought him frequently across the Alps. Indeed, so attached did he become to France from this frequent

* Vid. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letterat. Italinana, t. 4. l. 3. c. 6. s. 2. p. 450. Muratori Annali d' Italia, for the character of the Italians.

intercourse, that he caused his son to be named Francesco, in honour of that country.

It is a striking illustration of the advantages accruing to Europe from the Crusades that Pisa, indebted to its commerce with the East for the progress made by its citizens in a taste for the fine arts and in their cultivation, became the great normal school of art for the other Tuscan cities.* The greatest architects of the 13th century were either natives of Pisa or brought up in its schools. Notwithstanding Vasari's opinion to the contrary, it appears certain that the celebrated church of St. Francis of Assisi was the work of the famous Niccolò de Pisa, and that he was also the architect of that marvellous creation—the Domo of Siena. Arnolfo, one of his pupils—more celebrated even than his master—presided over the erection of the great public buildings which rose so majestically at Florence, from A.D. 1284 to the great Jubilee year.—They were the Palace of the Priors and its Loggie, the church of Santa Croce, the still more magnificent dome of Santa Maria del Fiore. His was the conception of that astounding work: the completion of it was reserved for Brunelleschi. The sight of it filled the mind of Michael Angelo with wonder, and

* Tiraboschi, ubi supr. p. 454. The movement first communicated to Pisa by Benedict VIII. and Victor III. was communicated by Pisa to Florence, to Siena, Assisi,—in a word, to all Tuscany and Central Italy, from whence it spread through Lombardy, and the countries beyond the Alps.

lighted up within him that glorious emulation which helped him afterwards to surpass it, in the dome of St. Peter's.* Andrea di Pisa, son of Niccolo carried sculpture to as high a pitch of perfection, as architecture had been carried by his father and his father's scholars. In the great Jubilee year Andrea was at work on the gates of the baptistery at Florence. They well deserve to stand beside the other gates by Guiberti to the same temple. It was of the latter Michael Angelo said, that they were worthy to be the gates of heaven.

In the age of which Dante is an emanation; when flourished such portents of erudition as St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bonaventure, the Magister Sententiarum, Boniface VIII. (the greatest canonist of his time), and when Villani depicted historic scenes, not unworthy of Livy, we need hardly say that learning, like the arts, was cultivated with ardour and with brilliant success. In a single city of the Papal States —Bologna, the university halls, endowed by the munificence of Popes and emperors, were crowded, during this epoch, with ten, sometimes with as many as thirteen, thousand students—the flower not of the

* "When we recollect that the dome of St. Paul's is only a mock dome, being built on the inside of a conical shape, like the great chimney of a glass works, and padded out, with brick, lath and plaster, we can more correctly appreciate the genius and mechanical skill of the thirteenth century—when the dome of Florence, larger than St. Paul's, and consisting of a simple shell, was built, *without any scaffolding to support the work on the interior during its construction!*"—Vid. *Vasari, ap. Sismondi, ubi supra,* p. 14.

Italian youth alone, but of every other Christian country. The most profound scholars from seventeen districts of Italy, and eighteen different nations of Europe, walked beneath its porticoes. There the degrees and insignia, still retained in modern universities, took their rise. Although its jurists, as we have seen elsewhere, ran foul of that rock so fatal to Italian genius,—the fanatical and servile imitation of Pagan antiquity, nevertheless the studies they cultivated were the means of giving new impulse to the cause, for which the Pontiffs had fought single-handed so long, amidst the brutal force and lawless violence of the barbarian world. These schools became the nurseries of a new power—that which was to remove the decision of causes from the battle field, from the stormed breach, and the mortal duel in the lists, to the courts of LAW. "Thus," says Mariotti, "when the great national contest had been fought on the field of Lignano, and the cities of the Lombard league, sent their legates to treat as equals with Frederic Barbarossa for the peace of Constance, it was with a start of indefinable emotion that the world beheld a few dark-eyed, long robed, Italian doctors, advancing with a calm, secure countenance, among the iron-clad barons of the German court, as if announcing that the iron age was over, and arms were henceforth destined to give way before the gown." And this stride, also, in the advancement of social improvement was pre-eminently the work of the Popes—the authors of studies revived as well as of Lombard indepen-

dence. The rude soldier was superseded by the magistrate, learned in the canons of equity and sapient usage; fleets by sea and armies by land were superseded to a great extent, or governed in their tactics by jurisprudence. The relations of nation with nation and city with city began to be regulated, in the same manner as the relations between the members of the same community. Venice, Pisa, Genoa, agreed to a maritime code, defining the rights of commerce and navigation. European diplomacy derives its origin from the same period. The Popes set the example, and the Republics which had grown up under their auspices followed it.* The same remark applies to the modern financial systems, and to the systems of exchanges. Both, as Ranke has proved, derived their origin from the Curia of the Popes.†

Hardly less successful, or less effective in alleviating the woes of humanity, was another movement—the revival of the healing art—which takes its rise in this same creative period. The achievement of a monk, it was destined for ages to find in the cloister its most successful as well as its most zealous votaries.‡ Towards the year 1060, the ancient medical school of Salerno, was raised from a state of almost complete oblivion to its highest splendour and celebrity, by one who closed his life

* Mariotti, ubi supr. p. 65.

† History of the Popes, &c. vol. i. p. 305. Bohn's Ed.

‡ Vid. Tiraboschi, Storia della Litteratura, &c.

on Monte Casino, as an humble disciple of St. Benedict. This was Constantinus Africanus a native of Carthage, and one of those portents of acquired learning and brilliant genius, who come upon us like apparitions, in the dark ages. Thirty-nine years of his life had been passed in accordance with the invariable custom of the ancient Greek sages, in exploring the intellectual mysteries and traditional lore of the East. Constantinus had travelled through Egypt, Persia, India, not to speak of Asia Minor and the Byzantine empire, before he entered on his great work at Salerno. "He could read and write all dead and living languages; had conversed and discussed with the highest standing literary characters of the East and West, and beaten them at their own weapons in public and private debates: had searched, collected, and translated all the most precious treasures of Greek, Chaldean, and Arabic lore."*

The travels of Marco Polo, who penetrated into the remotest recesses of Asia, India, and China, are one of the most wonderful monuments of Italian genius and enterprise during this age of wonders.† And like the arts, learning, commerce, liberty, and even warlike enthusiasm itself, this spirit of adventure also was consecrated to religion. Born, A.D.

* Mariotti, ubi supr. p. 66.

† The title of his work, written while in captivity at Genoa, from A. D. 1298 to A. D. 1303, is, "Delle Maraviglie del Mondo da lui vedute. First edition. Venice, 1495."

1250, of a noble Venetian family, it was with his father and uncle, ambassadors or legates from Gregory X. to the Khan of Tartary and the Emperor of China, (who had sent to form alliance with the Pontiff, and to make inquiries as to the Christian religion), that this great explorer of the thirteenth century, while still in youth, made his first journey into those distant countries.*

This, too, was the epoch in which the princely fortunes were amassed that raised the merchants of the Italian cities to a par with crowned heads. Politeness also, a courteous mien, the language and the bearing of a civilization, dignified and punctilious, fiery, yet mellowed and chastened by the charities and lessons of the Christian faith (which is alone capable of forming a perfect gentleman), are to be added to the embellishments and blessings which, originating in the sanctuary, contracted vast advantages from the varied travel and great social rivalries in castle halls, in courts, and in camps, during the epoch of the Crusades.

Another glory of this epoch, in which Italy stands alone amongst all the nations of modern and ancient times, is this:—it saw emerging, from the miserably shattered and tainted debris of the language of Cicero, Virgil, and Tacitus, a new dialect, the mother tongue of the native Italian race, whose ancestors, in ancient times, possessed the soil. And in this new language Dante, who was the first to test its

* Vid. Rohrb. ubi supr. Reign of Greg. X.

powers, erects a greater monument of genius than any the elder Italian, the Latin dialect can boast. No other land but Italy has ever brought two languages to perfection, and reaped from both the richest harvests of literary renown. And here is another to be added to the glories and blessings which grew up in Italy under the auspices of the Popes. Italian is emphatically the creation of the Papal party of the Guelphs—of the oppressed millions who ever in their tribulation and their wrongs found consolers and champions in the Pontiffs; who won their liberties on the hard-fought field and in the breach, under the banner and to the cry of St. Peter. The Ghibellines—that is, the invaders—*the admired of modern Italian patriots!* clung to the German, as to one of the badges and prerogatives of their ascendency as conquerors. But like the liberties of the ancient Italians, their language, long trampled under foot by their barbarian invaders, sprung up in renovated beauty, and came forth in the inspired cantos of Dante, arrayed in a richness, elegance, and majesty that cast into the shade the most admired and polished efforts of the Latin muse. "It cannot be doubted," says Mariotti, "that even in our days the popular language exhibits more of the natural softness and melody of the mother tongue at Rome, at Venice, in the south of Tuscany, *and wherever the native race escaped foreign mixture to any considerable degree:* while the dialects of the Vale of the Po, in Lombardy, Piedmont, and Romagna, be-

tray their barbaric descent, by their harshness and rudeness, no less than by their strength and conciseness, by their sharp nasal Gallic accent, by their Gothic clash of diphthongs and consonants; while the mixture of Greek and Saracen are still to be recognized in the lively and argute dialects of the Calabrias, and in the deep guttural accents of the islanders." We have already traced the new language to its spring-head in history, close to the shrine of St. Peter as was Siloa's fountain to Mount Sion, and shewed by what agency it continued to be organized and elaborated, until it breaks upon us like the music of the spheres in Dante's clanging verses.

That we do not overrate the share the friars—the great popular instructors of the 13th century—must have had in forming and giving a finish to the Italian, will be still clearer, when we reflect that the three individuals of the age who had the greatest influence on that language, *viz.* St. Francis, St. Thomas, and St. Bonaventure, were all natives of the Papal States, and of districts of those States, in which the fair offspring of the ancient mother-tongue was spoken in its greatest purity. San Francesco was of Assisi, an Umbrian; San Tomaso was of Aquino, at that time a city of the Campania of St. Peter's Patrimony; San Bonaventura was of the little espiscopal city of Bagnorea, between Lake Bolsena and the Tiber. When St. Thomas preached the Lent in St. Peter's, wonderful were the effects. On Good Friday as he depicted the woes and agonies of the "Man of sorrows," nothing but sobs were to be

heard. The multitude that was dissolved in tears on that day, on the day of the resurrection, as they listened, seemed to enjoy a foretaste of the triumph over death and the raptures of heaven, depicted by the saint as they were imaged in his angelic and all but inspired mind.

As for the vestments of the clergy in serving at the altar, the ornaments of the sanctuary, with the sacred vessels and whatever else appertained to the Divine worship, we know from the catalogues of gifts and offerings made by the Pontiffs of this epoch, that they were of materials the most costly and precious, and that as to elegance and propriety, they were worthy, in form, style and elaboration, of that mediæval art, which, growing up in the mystic light of the holy place, had during that precise epoch, attained to its highest perfection. The chasubles, the copes, the dalmatics, mitres, stoles, chalices, crucifixes, thuribles, books of the Gospels and Epistles, of the ritual and missal, were heavy with the precious metals, and sparkling with jewels. Each festival and solemnity had its mystic colour; no symptom of penury was to be discovered in anything relating to the house of God or of His worship; but every thing betokened that the gifts by which the altar was surrounded came from such givers as are objects of divine love. The Church was "surrounded with variety;" she looked even in her exterior like the "spouse arrayed for the bridegroom," as she was represented in heavenly visions to St. John.

Thus from one Pontiff only, we read of vestments of the kind just alluded to being bestowed on all the churches of Rome, besides massive ornaments and books illuminated—*picturâ decoros*—in such quantities, and so sumptuous and beautiful, that the plain catalogue of them in the original is a thing to dazzle but not to be translated.*

* "Ad urbem summus Pater regreditur, grandi veneratione susceptus; qui licet innumeris vexatus augustiis erat (Gregory IX. in the crisis of Frederic the Second's persecution) tamen in divini nominis contemplatione robustior, et prædecessorum solicitudine devincens, et actus, electissimi serici colore, ac tincturæ mirabilis indumenta multiplicia Pontificalis officii, auro, et gemmis pretiosis intexta, in opus sacerdotale distribuit, ea juxta varietatem colorum solemnitatibus temporum allegorica consideratione conformans, ad altaris ornatum, in auro nitore gemmarum, quorum nobilius cum smaltis aureis pomorum quantitate conformibus, gemmis electioribus, et auro contextum, mille librarum æstimatione, probatur, et operis distinctione, multimoda velamina pretiosa, concessit. Crucem auream triginta sex auri marchis appensam, opere mirabili, gemmarum varietate distinctam, quorum pretium æstimationem non capit, grandem pretiosi ligni crucis vivificæ quantitatem, ingenio subtilis artificis contegentem, ejusdem deputavit obsequio, cujus pes argenteus aurea superinductione contentus, et capsa multæ soliditatis argentea, viginti marcharum ponderis pretio, appendunt. Sicque totius operis æstimatio, præter inæstimabile lignum crucis, mille marcharum argenti purissimi, consideratione malleatoris excedit. Libros contulit electioris literæ, ac picturâ decoros. Hic constituit, ut semper in sexta feria, in vesperis, completo solito cursu, canetur *Salve Regina*, et in nocte antiphona: *Beata Dei genetrix Maria*, secuta oratione, *Deus qui de Beatæ Mariæ*, &c. Et quòd ante corpus Domini, cum idem conficitur, campana pulsetur."—*Ap. Rer. Ital. SS.* t. 3 p. 582.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Only twelve days elapsed, from the death of Boniface VIII., until his successor was elected. After the appointed term, the Cardinals entered the conclave, on the 22nd of October, A.D. 1303; on the following morning, Niccoló Bocasini, of Treviso, was elected Pope, without a dissentient voice.

As to his opening career: having made his primary studies at Treviso, his native city, young Bocasini was sent to Venice, in the year 1240, to complete his education, and in that city took the habit of St. Dominic, while yet only in his fourteenth year. Fourteen years more were consecrated to the science of the saints, and to the cultivation of the eminent talents with which he was gifted, before he was sent to edify and enlighten the admiring multitudes who thronged to the sermons of the young friar preacher—first, in St. Mark's at Venice, and afterwards at Bologna. Many of his discourses are still extant, and also his commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures. In the year 1296, on being elected general of his order, he addressed his brethren—at that period

dispersed as preachers of the Word of God, not only in all Christian countries, but in the remotest regions of Asia and the East—exhorting them in language the most moving, to be more and more zealous in their love of poverty, of obedience, of holy solitude, and in the practice of prayer and charity.* He convened, at Venice, a general chapter of his order, in the year 1297, and seized that opportunity of strongly impressing upon all, the part it became them, as sons of their holy founder St. Dominic, to take during the commotions raised by the Colonna, in their schismatical attacks on Pope Boniface VIII.—"Since it is our duty, and in a special manner our vocation," he says, in an ordonnance issued during this chapter, "to devote ourselves for the peace of the Church, sparing no exertion or sacrifice, that can help to recover or maintain her in possession of that blessing, we expressly and under pain of obedience, prohibit all and each of the brethren, from, in anywise, either publicly or privately, assisting or giving encouragement to the designs and machinations of those who are wickedly rising in revolt against the Sovereign Pontiff, with intentions the most guilty and pernicious. And it is our will, that, on all occasions, and with a zeal that fears not too loudly to uphold the cause of truth and justice, you preach that our Holy Father, Pope Boniface VIII., is the true successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and that in

* Ap. Martene, Anecdot. t. 4.

the universities and elsewhere, you defend the same." In the credential letters of the envoys who were the bearers of this and the other ordonnances of the chapter to the various provinces of the order, the general added on the same subject: "In the tribulations which some are endeavouring to stir up round the Holy See and your Pastor, oppose yourselves like a wall of brass for the house of the Lord, and put forth your powers with that zeal and devotedness which become you as children who understand how to honour the father of the faithful, and to uphold the majesty and dignity of the apostolic office. To avert these evils, assail, beloved brethren, without cessation the ears of the Divine clemency by humble prayers—which the more importunate they are, are the more sure to be accepted."* That same year he was sent by Boniface VIII. as nuncio to France, to mediate peace between that realm and England, and while still occupied in the negotiation, was created Cardinal. The tidings of this promotion had an effect the reverse of elating the mind of Bocasini, averse as he was to incur the dangers and responsibilities attached to ecclesiastical dignities; but no alternative was left him, as the Pope, aware of his repugnance, sent with the hat a rigid command, that he was without demur to accept the dignity. Shortly after he was named to the See of Ostia, and made Dean of the Sacred College. In the year 1301, he was sent into Hun-

* Ibid.

gary, with the title of legate a latere, to bring about a reconciliation between the powerful and exasperated factions by which that kingdom was distracted. Complete success attended his endeavours. He not only brought back to the afflicted nation the long exiled blessing of peace: he also abolished a variety of superstitious practices—the relics of the heathenism, to which up to the beginning of the eleventh century, the Magyars had been so enthusiastically devoted. In Austria and at Venice, his wisdom and zeal as legate, had reflected not less honour on the Apostolic See, or been productive of less beneficial results to the welfare, political as well as religious, of those countries.

On hearing of his election to the Pontificate, the "mildest of mankind," as Benedict XI. is entitled even by Gibbon,* he was seized with terror; but the Sacred College insisted, and on the Sunday following his election, this Pontiff who has extorted praise and admiration from the enemies of the Holy See, and who was beatified by his great successor, the fourteenth of the same name that he bore, was enthroned in St. Peter, to the great joy of the Romans and of the universal Church.

"His thoughts," says Muratori, "were all for peace." Not that he forgot what was due to the chastisement of crime, or to the vindication of the Apostolic dignity, so nefariously outraged and insulted in the person of his predecessor. It was in

* Ubi supr. c. xlix. p. 357.

testimony of gratitude, and admiration of the late Pope, who in baptism was called Benedict, that he took that name when elected to succeed him. One of his first acts was to fulminate an excommunication against the perpetrators of the sacrilegious and unmanly outrage of Anagni. Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna, with fourteen of their principal accomplices, were put under the ban of the Church.

The two Cardinals Jacopo and Pietro Colonna, he absolved from the censures, but their dignity as cardinals was not restored: nor were the fiefs with which their turbulent and ambitious house had contrived to enrich itself to an enormous extent, at the expense of the patrimony of St. Peter, chiefly in Sabina and the Agno Romano, and during the pontificate of Pope Nicholas IV. His legates were sent to congratulate King Charles of Naples for having removed from Nocera the colony of Saracens established there by the Hohenstauffen persecutors of the Church, to the no slight detriment, as well to the faith and morals of the surrounding country, as to the security of property and life. The cathedral was restored to Christian worship, after having been long desecrated as a Mahomedan mosque. Ever since, that city has borne the name of Nocera de' Pagani. On the 8th of December, the same year, Andrew Doria came to Rome as procurator of Frederic of Arragon, the new king of Sicily, to pay homage for that kingdom in his royal master's name. In stipulating to hold his crown of the

Apostolic See, King Frederic bound himself to pay a yearly tribute of three thousand ounces of gold, to maintain one hundred knights in the service of the Holy See, to make in all emergencies the cause of the Church his own, to maintain all ecclesiastical immunities, to observe the treaty ratified between him and Charles of Naples—to whose successors the realm of Sicily was to revert after Frederic's decease. James King of Arragon paid homage the year following to Benedict for Sardinia and Corsica, of which he had received investiture from Boniface VIII.*

But the great aim of this holy and meek-hearted Pontiff was to carry out the policy we have seen so uniformly and perseveringly pursued by the preceding Popes, to assuage the ire of factions in Italy, and to keep kings and potentates at peace amongst each other, and combined in one grand confederacy for the defence of Christendom against the hourly increasing power and ferocity of the Turks and Saracens. Thanks to his intervention, the disputes that were raging between Padua and Venice were adjusted without bloodshed. His legates restored peace to Denmark and the other kingdoms of the North. The King of France, Philippe le Bel, was alone of all the crowned heads of Europe incorrigibly bent on the rejection of those truly politic as well as Christian counsels, which, had he lent to them a willing ear, might have been the saving of his own dynasty from the opprobrium which made

* Vid. Raynald. ad an. 1303. n. 50.—1304. n. 16. and n. 23.

it, in the first instance, the laughing-stock of all nations to whom its shame was exposed, and doomed it, in the next, to speedy and opprobrious extinction.*

However, while he was thus labouring to give peace to the Christian world, the factions that continually made the capital of the Church an arena of bloody encounters, of rapine and uproar, allowed himself no peace. The chief fomenters of these disorders were the Colonnesi; and to such a pitch were they carried, that in order to enjoy that freedom and security indispensable to his carrying on with fruit the administration of the Church, Pope Benedict was obliged to withdraw to Perugia—it having been given out, beforehand, to obviate disturbances which otherwise might have arisen, that his Holiness intended to go on a pilgrimage to Assisi.

It was after his return from the shrine of St. Francis, on this occasion, and while the court was fixed at Perugia, that a rather characteristic incident which is told by St. Antonino in his Ecclesiastical History, took place. Benedict having been informed that they had brought his mother, all the way from her humble dwelling in Treviso, to see him, the Pope asked the

* "Il avoit trois fils, Louis, Philippe, et Charles, qui promettaient une nombreuse et longue postérité. Leurs femmes furent accusées d'adultère, en plein parlement, le roi y séant. Celle de l'âiné et celle du troisième furent convaincues et enfermées, leurs complices pendus; celle du second fut renvoyée de l'accusation, ou par sa propre innocence ou par la bonté de son mari. A la mort du père, ses trois fils se succédèrent l'un, à l'autre, en moins de quatorze ans, et moururent tous, sans laisser d'enfants mâles." —*Rohrb.* l. 77. p. 496.

courtiers who came to announce her arrival, how the lady was attired? They said in silks, as became the dignity of the Apostolic See. "Oh! in that case," replied the Pope, "she cannot be my mother: for my beloved parent is a poor woman without an idea of silks, or finery." The courtiers took the hint—and when the venerable dame was brought, in the humble weeds she had been always accustomed to wear, while she nourished his infancy and watched over him with maternal fondness during his tender years, the successor of the Prince of the Apostles exclaimed, as he embraced her with filial tenderness, "Ah, yes, behold this is my mother!"*

There were dark rumours afloat, from the first, as to the authors of this great and venerable Pontiff's death. A contemporary writer, Ferreto da Vicensa, tells us, that certain attendants of the Pope were bribed by Philippe le Bel to poison him, and that they carried their nefarious commission into effect, by introducing the deadly compound, whatever it was, with some ripe figs, which they presented to the Pontiff while at table.† His death took place in the month of July—probably on the 7th day of that month, A.D. 1304.—We are thus precise in noting the time, because from it dates a totally new epoch, during which a change the most sudden, universal, and disastrous, takes place not only in the condition of Rome and the States of St.

* Par. 3. tit. 20. c. 9.

† Apud Muratori, Rer. Ital. SS. t. 9. p. 1013.

Peter, but of all Italy. The destinies of those petty republics which—as we have seen—were mainly beholden to the Popes for liberty, and the high degree of greatness, glory, and prosperity to which they had attained, were the first to experience the sad effects of their absence.

How the Popes acquitted themselves of the office (partly forced upon them and partly assumed) as guardians of the interests temporal as well as spiritual of the Italians, is now about to be tested. From the days of St. Leo and St. Gregory the Great, the tiara is in the foreground of the historic picture: the reader of the foregoing pages can say, whether it has redounded to the disgrace or to the glory, to the ruin or to the aggrandizement of the Italians, that the Papal influence has been thus prominently put forward—by what agency we pause not at present to inquire. The Italians are to be in leading strings no longer: no longer under a control which, in some of their fits they seemed to find as irksome as did Israel the strong hand of their Lawgiver, or as did the prodigal, the austere but wholesome discipline of the paternal roof. Rome and the States are about to be left in a great degree to themselves. We are about to see Italy assume the *toga-virilis*—to take its stand in the world, on its own account,—no longer trammelled, or patronized, or plagued, by the Popes and their eternal meddlings in every petty broil, in every thing, little or great, that takes place from the Alps to Sicily—whether it is a life and death

struggle against the gigantic aggressions of the Swabian Kaisers, the reconciliation of the burgher factions of Nepi, a right to coin money to be conceded to Lucca, or the stooping to be podestà of Pisa, (as in the instance of Boniface VIII.), or the transferring the kingdoms of the south, to this or that dynasty at pleasure. All this is about to be in a great measure put a stop to—and not for any brief spell, either. With the exception of what may be termed a flying visit, on the part of Urban V., Rome and Italy, are for full seventy years, to be altogether rid, as many would express it, or as others would say, to be altogether deprived, of the Pope's presence. Rome, Italy, and the Italians, are, during all that time, to enjoy a clear stage: left to themselves, they are to have exclusively in their own hands, the shaping of their own destinies. Even from that period up to A.D. 1450—making in all an epoch of one hundred and forty-six years—their independent and untrammelled agency as architects of their country's fortunes, for weal or for woe, for glory or for opprobrium, for its acceleration in that career of progress and greatness on which the Popes had so triumphantly launched it, or for its irretrievable shipwreck, is now indisputably free to let the world know whatever virtue is in it. The term for the experiment is ample. The conditions under which *they* take it in hand, are infinitely less unpropitious, than were those in which Gregory the Great, in which St. Leo III., above and before all, than those in which St. Gregory VII. found it.

Mark well the aspect of affairs, the condition of the commonweal in Italy, when—like Cincinnatus laying down the dictatorship—the Papacy, (from being at the head of affairs, from being the middle, the beginning, and the end of all that comes on the tapis, not in Rome only, but from end to end of the Peninsula,) is seen to throw round it the mantle of its own majesty, and in a great measure standing aloof, to observe, but not without solicitude the most profound, how Italy will manage its affairs, when left to itself. What a spectacle of grandeur, of power, liberty, wealth, enlightenment, peace, prosperity, is that country now, compared with the chaos of hideous, dismal, and apparently irremediable, barbarism, from which the reforming Pontiffs drew it forth—Oh, with what gigantic efforts, and with what matchless heroism!—See how *they* raised it in the scale of nations, until now, by universal acclamation, it is hailed as the mother of arts enlightenment and liberty, as well as of religion, and as alone worthy to be crowned, the queen of the Christian nations; a country like to the Church in every thing conducive to greatness without being destructive, and like the Church also, "surrounded with variety."* Conquest crowned her arms abroad: the

* Eccles.—Variety in organized unity is *a* definition of the Catholic Church, as it also is of whatever is most perfect, in the arts, in literature, or in the universe. Happy will be the day for Italy, of all countries the most diversified, in every sense, when her gifted children shall adopt it as the leading axiom of their politics.

blue waters all round her coasts were crowded with her argosies bearing to her lagoons and harbours the treasures of the most distant, and richest countries. Her great emporiums, renowned for commerce, for the skill in manufactures and in the fine arts, as well as for their civility and the princely enterprize and opulence of their inhabitants, were swarming with a gallant, religious, active, moral, population, to whom want was an utter stranger; for whom existence—from the genius of their faith—resembled a protracted festival. Their very turbulence itself,—as it in a great measure arose from high feeding, from a too generous wine, and a certain fermenting of prosperity with the old leaven of the barbarian love of armed encounter, so was it easily calmed down, as we have seen in so many instances, and made to give way to the outpouring of brotherly love, at the voice of religion. Lakes and marshes had been drained, canals dug; bridges spanned the torrents; the cities were adorned by stupendous monuments of the genius, the public spirit, and the more than princely resources of their wealth; the whole country, whether on the plains, on the hill-sides, or along the valleys, was cultivated and embellished like a garden; the vast peninsula seemed too confined for its inhabitants; yet everywhere they were not only crowned with abundance, but fleets were incessantly putting off from their wharfs and getting under way from their estuaries, deep laden not alone with the productions of the factories, the workshops, and the

studios of Italy, but also with its varied fruitage, the corn and wine—not to speak of other productions of its teeming and skilfully cultivated soil.

This is no sketch from fancy; by such enemies of the Popes as Mariotti and Sismondi, it is allowed. It is demonstrated in an elaborate manner by the latter, that the epoch during which the Papacy was in the zenith of its power, when its will had more than the force of law, from the Alps to the Pharo and beyond it, the Italians were a greater, happier, more warlike nation, and more devoted to liberty, more virtuous, and more universally admired, respected and honoured, than ever they were, either before or since. However ingeniously all this may be disguised or dissembled, denied or questioned it cannot be.

The same writers, and for the same irresistible reasons, are obliged to confess that, from the withdrawal of the Papacy until it again resumed its prescriptive position, things, far from improving, went irretrievably, and almost at once, from bad to worse, throughout all Italy. The independence which we saw the Lombard cities achieving under the auspices of Alexander III. and of Innocent IV., is speedily ravaged from them, never, never, to be recovered. This was the first feature of the change; and that the disaster happened, because there was no longer a Pope to interfere, is too plain to be doubted of.

As the clue to the entire epoch is to be found in the solution of this point—viz. the overthrow of Italian liberty, as established and brought to a glorious

maturity by the alliance of the Popes and the people—a brief word as to the cause to which that disaster is mainly to be attributed will not be out of place. Some notice of the subject is not to be dispensed with.

Whoever, in treating of the history of England, should make light of the two great parties that alternately rule this empire, merely because their designations of Whigs and Tories are involved in some obscurity as to their origin, and are not remarkably significant or dignified, as to their import, would prove himself but ill-qualified for his task. Not less so would he be for his, who, in treating of Italian history, would dispatch the Guelphs and Ghibellines with the cavalier remark, that they were two mad-cap factions, who, from sheer delight in bloodshed and rioting, were no sooner separated in Milan, than they began in Bologna, slashing with swords, stabbing with daggers, besieging and slaughtering each other on every available opportunity, through the length and breadth of the fair land; by turns razing each other's homes to the ground, confiscating each other's property—the victors never omitting to drive out the vanquished into exile; and all this, forsooth, because one set had a whim to shout "Webling" or "Ghibling," and the other to lift the countershout of "Guelph" or "Welph," when reciprocally rushing to the charge. No one of even moderate

experience in the history of intestine struggles of that description, involving the entire of a mighty people, and renewed with ever-augmenting fury through a long succession of generations, but ought to surmise, even were it less clearly recorded than it is on the face of the Italian annals, that, under the surface of these seemingly unmeaning cries of faction, there were interests at stake of such a nature, that to conquer or defend them, the risk of life and home are regarded by brave men as but of secondary moment. But the fact is, we are not left to guess our way to this conclusion. It is sculptured in high relief on the records of Italian history, that what the Normans were in England from the eleventh century to the fifteenth, that what the British have been in Ireland for seven centuries of a conflict almost without a truce, but not without a meaning or a motive, the Ghibellines were in Italy; and that what the Saxons were for several ages, and what the Irish, alas! seem doomed to be for ever, the Guelphs were long made to feel they were—A CONQUERED PEOPLE.

In the first volume of this history we shewed the resurrection from long and bitter ages of bondage of one great section of the Italian family—the inhabitants of the Papal States, more especially of those on the Romeward side of the Apennine. It was Hildebrand first sounded the trumpet of resurrection for the ancient Italians, who, through the gloom of many ages, lay buried beneath an opprobrious bondage,

in the Tuscan and Lombard cities. We quoted the words of Henry IV., in which he upbraids the Pontiff with having possessed himself of an irresistible dictatorship—" an iron power"—through the force of the millions who rallied with enthusiasm at his call for the reform of the Christian commonwealth. The army of proud barons, ecclesiastical as well as secular, who, at the head of their vassals, welcomed Henry as he descended from the frozen Alps, and who were so wroth at his having submitted at Canossa, were not, it is true, called Ghibellines: nor were the sturdy townsmen of Milan, or Piacenza, or Florence, as yet, called Guelphs. Nevertheless, it is as certain as history can make it, that the feudal chiefs, who rallied for the Swabian Kaiser: that the dominant party, the heirs of the conquerors—made up of Lombards, Franks, Germans, but one and all of ultra-montane descent—were the ancestors of the so-called *Italian* nobility, who, after sharing the defeats of Barbarossa and of Frederic II., are now under the party-designation of Ghibellines, everywhere engaged in desperate struggles once more to recover their long lost ascendancy.

The more strikingly to illustrate this great leading feature, which it did not suit the views of those in whose almost exclusive keeping—not safe—Italian history has unfortunately been left, too clearly to reveal, we have reserved for this place a characteristic event occurring in the reign of the immediate successor of Innocent IV. We refer to the crusade

proclaimed by Pope Alexander IV. against Ezzelino da Romano who had but too fully merited the surname of "the Cruel," awarded him by the public voice.

After the death of Frederic II.—to whose daughter he was united in marriage—Ezzelino da Romano, considered himself as an independent sovereign, and seemed determined to inaugurate his reign by the massacre of all within the March of Verona who were distinguished either by rank, fortune, or noble qualities, whether of body or of mind. It was not enough to glut his fury, that his victims were put to every species of death the most cruel, after being racked and tortured in every limb and lacerated in dungeons the bare description of which is enough to congeal the blood with horror, he caused their lifeless and mangled bodies to be brought to their native towns, that after being exposed on the market place, naked, to the public gaze, their heads might be cut off and set up in the most conspicuous and frequented places. Often would he gather all the men of gentle blood of a city on the chief piazza, or in some enclosed place, (as happened on one memorable occasion in the amphitheatre of Verona,) and cause his satellites to fall on them without mercy, and cut them to pieces to the last man. He would next cause their dead bodies to be cut up limb from limb, like

meat in a shambles, and then roasted on great fires lighted for that purpose. By night and by day, the wild shrieks, the groans of anguish, the agonizing cries of the victims under torture within his palace, ceased not to ring through the hearts of all, and through every region of the city.* Whatever bore the stamp of excellence, no matter in what order, was doomed to be seized as a prey and torn to pieces by the ferocity of Ezzelino. Traders remarkable for enterprise, jurisconsults distinguished for their knowledge of the law, prelates and ecclesiastics, no matter of what grade or order, if eminent for piety or zeal or learning, were doomed to torture and to a cruel death, as his enemies. Even charms and accomplishments were treasonable crimes that daily brought their innocent possessors to the scaffold.

It was a constant practice with Ezzelino to force the proprietors of houses, especially of such as stood in any strong position or near the gates of a town, to sell them to him ; hardly would the purchase-money be counted down, when his satellites, by the tyrant's orders, would come, and not only take back the money, but carry away the unfortunate vendor himself to execution. Had his cruelty not taken precautions to prevent escape, all would have fled from his dominions. Terrible was the fate reserved for those who fell into the hands of his troops posted on the frontier. Without any form of trial, interrogatory, or a moment's delay, a leg was cut off, the eyes were plucked out: the mangled wretch

* Monachi Patavini Chronicon, t. 1. p. 687.

might then depart!—The victims of this species of cruelty, who wandered about, objects of terror and compassion, through the surrounding countries and cities, were so numerous, that, along the highways and in the streets, they were everywhere to be met with, inspiring all hearts, not dead to manhood, with glowing indignation and an implacable desire to rid the earth of a monster, the author of such barbarities.*

Hardly had Pope Alexander IV., the immediate successor of Innocent IV., ascended the throne of St. Peter, when he proclaimed a crusade, and sent his legate at the head of a powerful army to carry on the war against this wild beast in human shape.—"A son of perdition," writes the Pontiff in his circular letter of A. D. 1255, to all the bishops and grandees of the free cities of the north of Italy, "a man of blood, one reproved by the faith, Ezzelino da Romano, the most inhuman amongst the children of men, taking advantage of the disorders of the times (of the Hohenstauffens) has possessed himself of a tyrannical power over your country. All the bonds of human society, he has rent asunder; all the laws of Christian liberty, he has trodden in the dust—torturing and decimating the nobility and butchering those of the plebeian order. — But we, solicitous for your salvation—above all for your welfare in the life which is to come—hereby send amongst you our

* See Sismondi, ubi supr. t. 2. p. 109—112. The above is a very feeble sketch of facts, *about which there is no dispute, but which are admitted, on all hands, to be as certain as the existence of Ezzelino da Romano himself.*

legate, the archbishop-elect of Ravenna, to enkindle the flame of zeal amongst the faithful, to attack Ezzelino and his perfidious associates with arms spiritual and temporal, to give the cross to all who fly to arms against the said monster, and to cheer them on to the encounter with the same indulgences as are granted to those who take the cross in the war against the Saracens. May his voice act like the trumpet of the resurrection on those men who seem to sleep the sleep of death, may it brace with new heroism the hearts that are awake to what the time requires. He is empowered (to use the language of the prophet) 'to pluck up and to scatter: to build and to plant.' We have charged him according to godly prudence, to take all measures necessary for introducing into your affairs such order, as shall redound to the salvation of your souls, the honour of the Church, and to the tranquillity of your country. Given at the Lateran, the 13th of the Kalends of January, A. D. 1255."*

"What a noble thing is war," says Sismondi, in quoting the Papal Letter—"when proclaimed in the name of God, against the enemy of humanity." Into the details of the struggle we need not enter. Suffice it to say, it was severe and protracted.

* Epist. Alex. IV. l. 2. ep. 7. ap. Raynald. an. 1255. n. 10. The character given by Matthew Paris of this Pontiff is, as Sismondi translates it:—"Il était bon et religieux, assidu aux prières, et ferme dans l'abstinence; mais aisément séduit par les propos de ses flatteurs."—*Sismondi, ubi supr.*

Ezzelino, brave as he was ferocious, and at the head of a great and powerful state, extending from Trent and the Tyrol to the Po, embracing besides the Marches of Verona and Treviso, the cities of Padua, Beluno, Vicenza, Bassano, Piedimonte, and several minor places, was able to bring into the field an army more numerous, better disciplined and accustomed to war, than the army of the Crusade, consisting of the Papal forces and those of the Guelph League. The tyrant was morever strong in his alliances. The Marquis Oberto Pelavicino, and Buoso da Doara, the leaders of the Ghibellines all through Lombardy and leagued in the tyranny they exercised over Cremona, were devoted heart and hand to Ezzelino. Brancaleone also, as we saw in a preceding chapter, was bound up in the same cause. In Brescia the Ghibelline interest was so strong that Ezzelino, to whom it was devoted, was in daily expectation of seeing that important city added to his dominions. The Ghibellines of Milan were equally interested in his cause. They had called for his aid to recover the ascendancy from which they had been so long, but with such difficulty, dethroned. Ezzelino was also the first to take the field, bursting in on the rich plains of Mantua, which he laid waste with fire and sword.

After great religious solemnities and penitential works and prayer, the Crusaders unfurled the standard of St. Peter, on Monday morning, the 18th of June, A.D. 1255, and marched from Piene-di-Sacco, the

legate surrounded by the clergy, at their head. And when they entoned the hymn to the cross :—

" Vexilla regis prodeunt ;
Fulget crucis mysterium :"

this glorious pæan to the King, who established his throne on Calvary, was taken up with enthusiasm by the whole army. The Marquis Azzo d'Este was the commander-in-chief. The first advantage was the winning the passage of the Brenta, with little or no loss ; the next was the storming of Padua, on the very first attack, and as if by miracle.

It happened that in the army of Ezzelino, there were eleven thousand chosen men of this ill-fated city and its contado. No sooner had the news of the fall of Padua reached him, where he lay encamped on the Mincio, at the head of from thirty to forty thousand troops, than he led the army by a forced march to Verona by night, and entering the city at the dawn, gave orders for the division of Padua, eleven thousand strong, to take up its quarters in the amphitheatre, but without arms.* An order came forthwith to the doomed Paduans, thus shut up, to deliver into the hands of Ezzelino, all who were from Piene-di-Sacco. It was through the treachery of that town, he said, that Padua had been lost. The others, in seeing the victims thus designated, felicitated themselves on their escape, and their companions in arms

* Sismondi says, " dans l'enceinte de Saint Georges."—*Ib.* t. 2. p. 115.

were given up to their horrible fate.* Ezzelino next demanded all who were from Cittadella;—*their* compatriots had surrendered without fighting. They also were given up. Then he said that all of the environs of Padua must be surrendered; and so they were by the townsmen. Again he demanded the nobles—the plebeians were glad to surrender them, in the hope that escape was reserved for themselves alone. They were mistaken. His vassals of Piedimonte, mostly bravi, on whom he could depend for anything, he sent against the plebeians. In short, of the eleven thousand chosen men who entered Verona at the dawn, hardly two hundred escaped with life!*

When the town of Friola, a garrison of Padua, was recovered by Ezzelino, all,—clergy and laity, men, women, and children—were submitted to one and the same cruelty. It consisted in plucking out their eyes, and cutting off their noses and feet. "From one extremity of Italy to the other," says Sismondi, "these mutilated wretches were to be met with, soliciting pity, and accusing Ezzelino of the barbarity that had reduced them to that sad state."

After three years of a war, desperate and full of reverses and tragedies the most awful, the monster

* Sismondi's note to this is, "Les détails sont tirés de Rolandini, l. 9. c. 7. et 8. p. 304—306, mais le fait est attesté par tous les contemporains, Chron. Veronense, p. 636, &c."—*Ubi supr.* t. 2. p. 115. What an illustration of the golden rule of tyrants, in all ages—*divide et impera!*

was captured at last. He had been wounded in several parts of his body during the battle. When taken, he was guarded with great care, and protected from the rage of the people, who would otherwise have torn him to pieces. His wounds were bandaged; but in the excess of his fury, he laid violent hands on the ligatures, and tearing open his wounds, thus ended a life the most execrable by the guilty act of self-destruction.*

If there be one thing clearer than another on the records of this transaction, it is, that it was alone through the enthusiasm aroused by the crusade, and the persevering and commanding policy, adopted by Pope Alexander, that success crowned this great effort of the Guelphs. Without the rallying and directive influence of the Pope, Ezzelino, instead of being put down, must have greatly extended his tyranny. The elements of power, it is true, were on the side of the Guelphs—that is, of the great mass of the nation; but the horrid spectacle in the amphitheatre of Verona shews, how thoroughly Ezzelino was convinced from experience, of the facility with which the able and desperate few could so divide the many, and so arm them against each other, as to make instruments of them for their own destruction. In their common faith, in their enthusiastic reliance on the successors of St. Peter, is found the main spring of the greatness

* Vid. Sismondi, ubi supr. t. 2. p. 123, who quotes the authorities.

to which the Italians attained. Held together by this bond, stronger than death, and actuated by this spirit, they first conquered their liberties, next triumphantly defended them, and thus rose to the highest pitch of prosperity. This was one reason why the bias of the Ghibellines was always anti-papal. The Popes, as we saw on various occasions, insisted on the Ghibellines being restored to their country, their possessions, and to their share in all the immunities and privileges of the State. But they resisted their domineering pretensions, and that was enough to bring them into disfavour with this most desperate party. In the violence of their opposition to the Church reform of Hildebrand, they went headlong into every excess that could annoy or embarrass the Pontiffs. Hence their patronage extended to every most destructive form of error. To be in arms against the Popes, even on doctrines which they themselves were ready to die for, was enough to ensure a welcome in their castle halls. The schismatical wars of the Hohenstauffen emperors fearfully increased this evil, and at the same time contributed to impart to the elements of the alien ascendancy, a unity, a force, and a uniformity of action, which speedily made the Ghibellines an overmatch for the Guelphs. In the Popes the latter had ever found their centre and bond of union. The ancient leagues in which lay their strength are seen to go to pieces, when the Papacy ceases to preponderate in Italian affairs.

The wreck took place the sooner from an inherent defect, common to all those mediæval republics, with the exception, perhaps, of Venice. Had the various orders—as essential to society, as are the diversities of hill and valley, of towering Alp and wide-extended plain, to nature—been better harmonized in the Italian republics, their equipoise would have enabled them to survive the shocks by which they were so liable to be overthrown—one time on the side of a fierce democracy, another on that of a ruthless oligarchy or of a single tyrant. The causes could be pointed out which entailed on the republics this fatal defect. It is enough here to state that the chief one was this :—for ages accustomed to wield the ascendancy over the conquered and plebeian masses, as they called the Italians, the dukes, marquises, counts, and barons of all degrees —the castellans we saw rising as feudal autocrats out of the hurly-burly strife of the tenth century, and whose ranks were so frequently recruited by the followers and favourites of the Swabian invaders —were too haughty to act as mere colleagues of the tradesmen, merchants, and other citizens of low degree. They frequently assert it to be their inalienable birthright to command.—To obey their behests, and submit to be burdened, taxed, maltreated at discretion—are the only franchises they will concede to the Italians. Hence the eternally recurring and sanguinary struggles. The foreigners and the native populations did not, of course,

always stand marshaled and apart from each other. They became blended and combined by a thousand accidents. We saw the Papal legates, at Bologna, at Florence, everywhere they went, endeavouring—and with success—to bring about alliances between the hostile parties by intermarriages. Friendships, neighbourhood, community of tastes, interests, professions, studies, contributed to soften down asperities. Some of the most enthusiastic Guelphs were foreigners, some of the fiercest Ghibellines were Italians; but, in the main, the alien and the Italian interests are infallibly represented in all historical combinations by the two unmeaning war cries, as they are called—the one, the cry of "Wibeling," derived from the birth castle of the Hohenstauffens; the other from Guelf, or Welf, duke of Bavaria, whose name (from his alliance with the great heroine Matilda—though herself of Teutonic origin,) endeared it to the Italians, and made it their war cry for religious and civic liberty.

The first woe, therefore, that the Italians reaped from being left to themselves was, that speedily and in all the proudest cities of upper Italy—and indeed in central Italy, too, with the exception of Florence—the despotic control, the Ezzelino-like tyranny, of some daring and powerful Ghibelline family became established. The immediate offspring of this disaster was another scourge of the most monstrous kind—we allude to the free com-

panies composed of soldiers of fortune—the outlaws and desperadoes of all countries. Nor was the utter ruin of liberty, the destruction of life and property, the sacking and ruin of cities, the plundering and devastation of the open country, besides the perpetration of an infinity of crimes and barbarities, the greatest evil that ensued from this two-fold agency. These calamities, it is true, were great, so great, that—the writer of all others most conversant with the elements of the comparison, from his thorough acquaintance with the local histories in which Italy so abounds—Ugelli, in his Italia Sacra, says, that the woes and the ruin entailed on Italy by the absence of the Popes, were greater than all she had suffered at the hands of any of the ancient hordes of barbarians.* But great as were these merely temporal disasters, we hold it to have been a blow more fatal to the Italians, that, under the demoralizing influence of this hundred and fifty years, the pristine faith and virtue for which, during the Hildebrand epoch, they were renowned, became so irretrievably damaged that they never afterwards recovered it, at least to the full extent.

"The frequency of murders, the appalling perpetrations of domestic tragedies," says Mariotti, "gradually undermined the basis of sound morals, on which alone the sovereignty of the people could harmlessly subsist, and ministered to hereditary

* "*Majorem cladem ex illo abscessu quam ex ullo barbarorum hostili processu, tulisse dicitur Italia.*"—*Ughelli, Ital. Sacr.* t. 1.

animosities, which no human interference could any longer reconcile. All tender and kind affections were scared from the most gentle bosoms by the habitual spectacle of revolting atrocities. The innocent emotions of love not seldom added fuel to the vehemence of political passions. Here, Imelda Lambertazzi sucked death from the wounds of her lover, who had fallen at her feet pierced by the poisoned daggers of her brothers.* There, Buondelmonte paid with his blood the outrage of which he had rendered himself guilty, by deserting a noble female to whom he had plighted his faith. The bonds of family relations even to the remotest degree, were held in a reverence of which we have no example in our days. The next of kin hastened to the injured parties, espoused their quarrel without examination, stained the points of their swords and poniards in the blood of the slain, and flew to the pursuit of the murderers. Soon doors and windows were fastened, barricades were stretched across the streets, all trade and intercourse were at an end, blood flowed in the squares, in the churches, in the halls of justice. The alarm was spread from town to town: whoever had old accounts to settle, seized the opportunity, whoever had no quarrel of his own embraced that of his neighbours." But results even

* This use of poisoned daggers was one of the many similar accomplishments, for which the Italians stood indebted to the Saracen guards and mercenaries, who formed the main prop of that much-lauded tyrant, Frederic II.—See *Sismondi*.

worse than these ensued; we shall have to advert to some of them hereafter.

An excerpt here and there from the general history of the north of Italy, closely bound up as it was with the destinies of the Papal States, is all that our space, already but too much narrowed, will allow of, before turning once more to pursue the onward course of the narrative. This we hope to do with greater rapidity as we approach the end.

The first result of the new order of things was the violent and almost universal outbreak of the old feuds and rivalries, which, besides having but too many incentives in the character and antecedents of the various cities, were, moreover, industriously fomented by the ambitious nobles, well aware that they were thus paving their own way to dominion.

It was in the very first years of the fourteenth century that Dante travelled. In all the Lombard cities he found the order of things just alluded to, either already established or fast growing into consistency—

> "Che le città d'Italia tutte piene
> Son de Tiranni, et un macel diventa
> Ogni villan, che parteggiando viene."

"In every city and place," he says, "the struggle for the prerogative to tyrannize was raging."

As yet unbroken in their array, the free cities were everywhere battling fiercely against the usurpers. As yet they were not schooled to the yoke. Their revolts against it were as sudden and irresistible as their vengeance in the hour of recovered liberty—or now alas, of licence—was implacable and terrible. The whole country was filled with wandering tyrants, who had too soon or too far reckoned on the passive endurance of the people, and who considered themselves fortunate to have thus escaped the worst consequences of the resentment of the dormant lion they had provoked.

"The fate of Ezzelino da Romano," says Mariotti, "was not a sufficient warning to the ambition of Alberigo, his brother, and he fell, like him, a victim to popular fury, stabbed to death with his wife and children in the hall of his palace at Treviso. William of Montferrat, who had extended his sceptre nearly over all Piedmont, taken prisoner by his subjects of Tartona and Alexandria, was shut up in an iron cage; nor could his near relationship to the Greek Emperor and the King of Castile, nor could any remonstrance or menace withdraw him from the vengeance of those fierce republicans, who dragged him from town to town, exhibiting him like a wild monster, until he died of his sufferings after two years' of captivity. Ugolino della Gherardesca, who, profiting by the calamities of his country, had by treason and crime usurped the high dominion of Pisa, fallen into the power of an exasperated multi-

tude, and given up to his bitterest adversaries, walled up in a dark dungeon, with two of his sons and grandsons, expired amidst those pangs of exquisite torture, that the fancy of Dante alone could have dared to picture in verse."*

These tyrants were without exception of Ultramontane extraction. About the Ezzelini there is no doubt. They were Tedeschi, and not very long settled in Italy. Of the Visconti, who, with occasional and most tragic reverses, domineered over Milan, from the opening of the 14th century, until their line, becoming extinct, was succeeded by Francesco Sforza, famous as a condottiero from the close of the 14th to the middle of the 15th century; Mariotti says, "they were most probably of northern descent." The same is to be said of the Carrara, tyrants of Padua, from the opening of this century, until, during their wars with the Venetians, this sanguinary race was utterly extinguished, in A.D. 1406. The Gonzaga also were from beyond the mountains. They were Signors of Mantua, from early in the 14th century to the middle of the 18th. The Correggio wielded the tyranny of Parma, through the greater part of this century. They were of Lombard origin. History bears ample evidence that, between these great Ghibelline Barons and Ezzelino, the difference was only one of degree. His tyranny was of the blackest dye; that of the others was also of the same colour. Thus of the Della Scala of

* Mariotti, ubi supr. vol. 1. p. 101.

Verona, also called the Scaligeri, their own historian, according to Mariotti, speaks thus :—

"The name of Mastino is disgraced by the record of awful crimes: and the hand which he probably stretched to the roaming poet (Petrarch), was stained with the blood of his nephew, an archbishop, whom he had only a few years before, slain on the threshold of the sanctuary. The crimes of stabbing and poisoning, were ever since perpetuated in this reprobate family of the Scaligeri, who, as one of their biographers observes, 'perished like a race of mad *dogs* and *mastiffs*, tearing each other to pieces, with the very rage of the animals, from which they seemed so fond of borrowing names.' "*

As for the Pela-vicini—how the family rose to greatness, is very significantly intimated by their name. It means, that the occupation of a hawk in a dovecot, or among chickens in a farm-yard, is figurative of the relations that existed between the Pela-vicini and the Italian populations, amongst whom they first took up their quarters.

Besides the many other advantages which, as a foreign and prescriptive ascendancy they possessed over the native people, (ever liable to have their advantage, as to numbers, neutralized by the divisions, jealousies, and factious broils, in which the alien nobles were ever delighted to see them involved, and which they were industrious and adroit in fomenting), the frequent descents of the Teutonic aspirants to the empire, was another means whereby

* Ubi supra p. 163.

the Ghibellines were enabled to triumph, almost everywhere, over the champions of the national interest. Thus it happened, when Henry of Luxembourg, descending by the passes of Mount Cenis, invaded rather than visited Lombardy and central Italy, in the opening years of this century. In Milan, the della Torre, "leaders of the people," were driven out, and forced with a vast number of citizens, to retire into banishment, so as to enable the leaders of the foreign interest—the Ghibelline Visconti—to domineer in the cradle and citadel of Italian liberty, in times gone by. At Cremona, where the attempts of the aggressive faction had been defeated, the Guelph leaders are expelled and the Ghibellines brought in, on the necks of the citizens. The same happens at Crema, but with this difference. There the walls and defences of the city are razed to the ground, in order to leave the people more completely at the mercy of their oppressors. To escape a similar fate the gates of Parma are opened to the Rubei—the Ghibelline chiefs—and the Guelph leaders are banished. Doubtful of their power to resist, yet fearing still more to submit, the inhabitants of Brescia retire, *en masse*, to the hills—the Germans and their Ghibelline allies enter the deserted city, and leave of its walls not one stone on another. "Terrified," says Platina, "by these calamities, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, submit to their fate. Piacenza also agreed to the expulsion of Albertus Scotus, the leader of the Guelphs."*

* In Vit. Clem. V.

To Henry VII. (of Luxembourg) had succeeded Louis the Bavarian, who after betraying friends and enemies in his invasion—mark *invasion*—of 1327, had carried along with him in his retreat, the gold and execration of Italy. Nor had the descent of John of Bohemia, in 1333, any more fortunate result. It was now the turn of his son, Charles IV., who, having assumed the imperial purple in 1347, made also his attempt on Italy in 1354. "He appeared on the Alps unarmed and unattended, reckoning, like all his predecessors, on Italian discords and jealousies."—Mariotti might have added, calculating on the foreign or Ghibelline interest, as his own next sentence proves,—"*The Lombard and Tuscan lords rallied, in fact, around his standard;* but, after having rewarded them by all manner of extortion and treachery, he hurried back to Germany, leaving behind him PLAGUE, FAMINE, AND UTTER DESOLATION, WHEREVER HE PASSED."*

Thus it fared with Italy in the absence of the Popes, when factions and emperors had it all their own way. It is time that we turn next, to see how it fares with the States and with Rome, no longer controlled by their presence, but left, almost without let or hindrance, to manage affairs as they choose.

* Platina says of this plague—a thing incredible—that only one in a hundred survived it: "Vix decimus quisque ex millesimo homine superfuerit."—*In Vit. Clem. VI.*

CHAPTER II.

In turning over the pages of Muratori, the cities and states of Italy seem to pass before us,—full of outrage and direful suffering, of bacchanalian revelry and broken-hearted despair, of flight and pursuit: darkened by a hideous array of evil and cheered with but comparatively few and feeble rays of public virtue, is the panorama that meets the view. Town is at war with town, and state with state. Within, the cities are torn asunder and agonized with the furious struggles of the factions—without, the free bands are ranging like hell-hounds through the open country, despoiling the husbandman of the fruits of his toil, levying contributions on the cities. They are burning, they are plundering: they are filling every place with violence, crime, and terror: wherever they go, they are leaving despair, ruin, desecration, and the pestilence of their vices behind them. Hardly any respite from open war, and in the fitful intervals of so-called peace, hardly is there any security for honour, property, or life. The pilgrim—but few venture to travel, now—is ransomed at every pass of the rivers or of the hills: those who attempted to traffic are in still

greater danger. It is the tenth century revived, with the additional ingredients of infidel impiety and a contagion of libertinism, that seems to infect the social atmosphere, and to instill its deadly virus into the most gifted intellects of the age.

The Signors who at this time sway the sceptre of faction in the provinces beyond the Apennines are:—in Ferrara, the D'Este—Guelph: as heirs of the spirit of the heroine Matilda, mostly devoted to the cause of the Church; in Ravenna, the Traversara and Polenti; the Malatesta in Rimini; the Alidosi in Imola; the Ordelaffi in Forlì; in Bologna, the Bentivogli and Pepoli, also the Lambertazzsi; the Conti di Montefeltro, in Urbino; the Varani in Camerino; the Trinci, in Foligno of Umbria; the Tarlati in Arezzo, and the Casali in Cortona. Both the latter are border cities of Tuscany.

"An. 1306," we quote from Muratori, "the Calboli are driven out of Bertinoro, the Malatesta out of Fano and Pesaro. An. 1307, Feuds in Romagna between the Malatesta—supported by Rimini and Cesena—and the people of Forlì, regarding Bertinoro; between Bologna, Faenza, and Imola. The Lateran burned." Again, the local historian of Cesena, after depicting the happiness and prosperity of that city and its contado for many ages—from the close of the tenth to the opening of the fourteenth—goes on to tell how petty tyrants and usurpers sprung up on all sides, after the See was translated to Avignon. "This plague," he says, "which speedily

extended through the length and breadth of the peninsula, first took its rise in upper Italy."*

Another scourge, were the organized bands, armies we may call them, of marauders and soldiers of fortune. They went by the name of Compagnas or "Free Corps," and derived their birth from the prevailing anarchy, which in their turn, they were the chief means of aggravating and extending to such a pitch that it seemed to defy all remedy.

To Lodrisio Visconti belongs the sinister renown of being the first to set on foot one of these compagnas. This was in the north. That one, however, which he formed of mercenaries, and robbers, and assassins of all sorts, very speedily fell to pieces. From the wreck of it, a new one was organized by a German soldier of fortune, one called Malerba, in the service of Giovanni, Marquis of Montferrat. Though but small at first, by the accession of disbanded mercenaries (a great many of whom came from Pisa), by runaways, outlaws, and rascals of all nations, as also of Italians—some of them exiles, driven out by the factions of the petty republics, and others of naturally lawless passions and abandoned life—this troop of Malerba so swelled in force and numbers, that it received from the Tuscan writers of the time, the name of the *Gran Compagna*. A certain Werner, duke of some place in

* "Dein, ubi Avenionem translata fuit Sedes Apostolica, occasio invadendi Italiam superiorem nata est tyrannis."

Germany, became its chief. He had probably remained behind with the stragglers of some one of the Imperial expeditions, preferring, to the revenues of his German duchy, the proceeds of a war carried on, on his own account, in the rich cities and pleasant lands of Italy. This Werner, a caitif of the Ezzelino type, by act and profession appeared to be the very impersonation of the dark impiety of the Manicheans, a virus that seems to have infected great numbers, more especially of the Ghibelline nobles of Italy, during these lawless and troublous times. Not content even with glorying in his enormities, like Ezzelino, this blasphemous desolator wore a silver plate on his breast, with this inscription—"ENEMY TO GOD, TO PITY AND TO MERCY!"

This great company is said, by Muratori, to have consisted of three thousand horse, and of disciplined foot-soldiers to a far greater amount. On the march, in the camp, and even in the foray, (into all the horrors of which, the thirst of plunder, or of worse, attracted them), these bands of ravagers were attended by a vast crowd of the most dissolute characters—harlots, jugglers, scape-grace youths, and even children—a multitude motley to behold, and abandoned to ribbald sports, excesses, and profligacy of every kind. "Gente tutta bestiale," says Muratori, "senza legge, sol volta ai saccheggj, agl' incendj, agli strupri.—Guai a quel paese dove giugnea questo flagello."

The territory of Siena was the first to suffer from this scourge. To get riddance, the inhabitants paid Duke Werner two thousand five hundred crowns in

gold. This plague then passed upon Citta' di Castello, next on Assisi — spreading terror and woful havoc through all the surrounding countries. From thence they crossed the mountains into Romagna: the Duke d'Ateni, the Perugians and others, having, like the Sienese, had quittance of them, each at the cost of many thousand florins. We next meet with them in the parts about Rimini, in the service of the Malatesta. By aid of these brutal allies, these Signors of Rimini laid siege to Fano, and took it, on the 13th December of the same year.

Hawkwood's company appears at an earlier date. Giovanni Villani gives a glowing description of it. From his account it would seem that the horse-guards of the present day are not more splendidly accoutred or more dainty looking, than were these desperadoes, who lived at free quarters in the fairest regions of Tuscany for many a year. Their armour shone resplendent with gold, and their war horses were cared by grooms who followed their march and held the horses aloof, whenever the riders thought it expedient to stand the shock of superior numbers on foot. This they frequently did, formed not in a square but in a circle, in which they sometimes strengthened their array—linking themselves body to body, round the whole circumference, with a chain. Egidio di Albornoz, at length inflicted on them a bloody and total defeat, in which Hawkwood himself was taken.* After being held for some time in prison, the Papal

* Pugnatum est inter Arretium et Cortonam . . . . annitente peditatu, ex sex millibus equitûm qui cum Anglico militabant

troops were entrusted to his command. He betrayed them; for, in common with all the other condottieri, Hawkwood also, made light of principle and honour.

About ten years later, in 1353, we find another of these companies getting a-foot, under the management of *Fra Moreale*, a gentleman of Provence and cidevant cavalier of Rhodes. Expelled the order for his crimes, he offered his sword for hire, but found such little profit in the pursuit of war, under the leadership of others, that he took it up as a trade, on his own account. He soon found himself at the head of a formidable band of from three to four thousand infantry and men at arms. His first adventure was against the Malatesta, signor or tyrant of Rimini, with whom he had, from of old, some unsettled reckoning, and whom, on this occasion, he routed, in their encounter under the walls of Fano: the tyrant of that place, *Gentilda Magliano*, affording valiant seconding to Moreale, by a sally from the town, where he had been previously hard pressed with siege by Malatesta. In such force did he find himself after this, that he forthwith commenced to sack and ravage the parts around Fano, and all through the Marches,—bidding fair to rival, and even to surpass the Gran Compagna in deeds of horror.

pauci evaserunt, atque ipse dux in deditionem venit."—*Platina in Vit. Urban V.* "Brevi autem in Galliam reversurus, Joannem Haucut egregium copiarum ducem e carcere missum, copiis illis omnibus (Urbanus) præfecit, quæ antè sub Ægidio militaverant." —*Ib.* "Postea vero Joannem Haucut pecuniâ et pollicitationibus corruptum, ab ecclesiâ in partes suas trahunt, etc."—*Id. in Vit. Greg. XI.*

Sir Edward Bulwer's brilliant description of Fra Moreale's encampment is historical.

" 'A noble sight!' said the captive Cavalier, with enthusiasm, as he reined in his steed, and gazed upon the wild and warlike streets of canvass, traversing each other in vistas broad and regular.

" One of the captains of the great company who rode beside him, smiled complacently.

" 'There are few masters of the martial art who equal Fra Moreale,' said he, 'and savage, reckless, and gathered from all parts and all countries,—from cavern and from market-place, from prison and from palace, as are his troops, he has reduced them already into a discipline which might shame even the soldiery of the empire.'

" The knight made no reply; but spurring his horse over one of the rugged bridges, soon found himself amidst the encampment. But that part at which he entered little merited the praises bestowed upon the discipline of the army. A more unruly and disorderly array, the Cavalier, accustomed to the stern regularity of English, French, and German discipline, thought he had never beheld: here and there, fierce, unshaven, half-naked brigands might be seen, driving before them the cattle which they had just collected by predatory excursions. Sometimes a knot of dissolute women stood—chattering, scolding, gesticulating—collected round groups of wild shagged northmen, who, despite the bright purity of the summer-noon were already engaged

in deep potations. Oaths, and laughter, and drunken merriment, and fierce brawl, rang from side to side, and ever and anon some hasty conflict with drawn knives was begun and finished by the fiery and savage bravoes of Calabria or the Apennines, before the very eyes and almost in the very path of the troop. Tumblers, and mountebanks, and jugglers and jew pedlers, were exhibiting their tricks or their wares at every interval, apparently well inured to the lawless and turbulent market in which they exercised their several callings. Despite the protection of the horsemen who accompanied them, the prisoners were not allowed to pass without molestation. Groups of urchins, squalid, fierce, and ragged seemed to start from the ground, and surrounded their horses like swarms of bees, uttering the most discordant cries, and with the gestures of savages, rather demanding than beseeching money, which, when granted, seemed only to render them more insatiable. While sometimes mingled with the rest, were seen the bright eyes and olive cheek, and half-pleading and half-laughing smile of girls, whose extreme youth, scarcely emerged from childhood, rendered doubly striking their utter and unredeemed abandonment.

"'You did not exaggerate the decorum of the grand company!' cried the knight, gravely, to his new acquaintance.

"'Signor,' replied the other, 'you must not judge of the kernel by the shell. We are scarcely

yet arrived at the camp. These are the outskirts, occupied rather by the rabble than the soldiers. Twenty thousand men from the sink, it must be owned, of every town in Italy, follow the camp, to fight if necessary, but rather for plunder, and for forage:—such you now behold. Presently you will see those of another stamp.'

"The knight's heart swelled high. 'And to such men is Italy given up!' thought he. His reverie was broken by a loud burst of applause from some convivialists hard by. He turned, and under a long tent, and round a board covered with wine and viands, sat some thirty or forty bravoes. A ragged minstrel, or jongleur with an immense beard and mustachios, was tuning, with no inconsiderable skill, a lute which had accompanied him in all his wanderings—and suddenly changing its notes into a wild and warlike melody, he commenced in a loud and deep voice the following song:—

"THE PRAISE OF THE GRAND COMPANY.

Ho, dark one from the golden South,
Ho, fair one from the North,
Ho, coat of mail, and spear of sheen—
Ho, wherefore ride ye forth?
'We come from mount, we come from cave,
We come across the sea,
In long array, in bright array,
To Montreal's Companiè.'
Oh! the merry, merry band,
Light heart and heavy hand—
Oh! the lances of the Free!

Ho, princes from the castled height—
Ho, Burghers of the town;
Apulia's strength, Romagna's pride,
And Tusca's old renown!
Why quail ye thus? why pale ye thus?
What spectre do ye see?
The blood-red flag, and trampling march,
Of Montreal's companiè.
Oh! the sunshine of your life—
Oh! the thunders of your strife,
Wild lances of the Free!"

A league had been formed by the cities of Romagna with the most powerful of the nobles, and great was the commotion, long-protracted and frequent the debatings and closettings in Ferrara, between Obizzo D'Este, Mastino della Scala, and Taddeo Pepoli of Bologna; for now the storm was beginning to lower on their borders. They had been joined by the Signors of Imola and Faenza, and by Ostasio da Polenta, Signor of Ravenna and Cervia. At first they were for taking the chance of battle. But reflecting how perilous it is to bar the path of a banditti driven to despair, and how little is to be reaped even from victory in such a contest, the leaguers agreed, that, in gold they might find a better remedy than in the sword. Duke Werner, therefore, and his barbaric horde—the Gran Compagna—had a contribution, and on the 25th and 26th of January, 1343, passed from Romagna through the Bolognese without committing any, or but few acts of violence.

They then began to live at free quarters in the border towns of Modena, tarrying in Montale, Mugnano, Formigine, Bazovara and the country thereabouts, for the space of eight days. Supplies were sent them regularly from Modena. This had but little effect to check their depredations. The homesteads and granaries of the country-folk, they swept clear of forage. Their wine they consumed; and in short, of no species of property they could lay their hands on, or carry off, did they allow a particle to escape. Many also of those whom they stripped of their goods, they also deprived of life—hanging them on the boughs of trees, along the highways, through the fields, and often at their own doors. They next, on the 4th of February, shifted their quarters, and filled the territories of Reggio and Mantua, from one extremity of that ill-fated land to the other, with scenes indescribable, of brutal violence, rapine and blood. They then wheeled round again on Modena. This time, the scourge fell on a different set of towns—on Ganaceta, Soliera, Carpi, Campo Galliano, and others, not a few. Wherever they went, woe, curses, despair, and desolation followed them.

At length they disbanded of their own accord, on being paid by the terror-stricken and ruined country, the sum of 10,000 gold florins. Some of them, after that, returning home beyond the mountains, and others taking service with one or other of the States or princes. All were enriched with gold and plunder.

CHAPTER III.

In this general Saturnalia, to which all Italy—the South excepted—was abandoned, during the absence at Avignon of the Pontiffs, her claim to pre-eminence was triumphantly vindicated by Rome. This unfortunate city was not only given over, within itself, to every species of calamity that intestine feuds —to the almost utter suspension of every appearance of law and order—could heap upon the heads of its inhabitants; but from it, as from a furnace of exasperation and of an insane thirst for the horrors of war, a baleful fury seemed to radiate that utterly blasted and made desolate the whole country surrounding it, far and near. The following account is taken from the letters of Petrarca, who—in his enthusiasm to behold the Capitol, to tread that land so renowned in the classic ages which he idolized—having bade adieu for a season to the tranquillity of Vaucluse and the festive banks of the Rhone, had landed at Civita Vecchia in the winter of 1337.

Fain would the poet have hurried at once over the few miles—only forty—now intervening between him and the long sighed for object of so many glowing reveries. He learned, however, that unless the wings of his imagination were strong enough to carry him thither through the air, he must be con-

tent to stop short at the water's edge. To travel on terra firma, except at the risk of life, was altogether out of the question. His friends the Ghibelline Colonna and the Orsini Guelphs were indefatigably engaged, at that moment, in their ordinary pursuit. In plain terms, they told him the flames of war were raging all over the Campagna, and from one end of the Patrimony to the other.

The cause of the feud we need not ask: the cause was in that chronic mania for war, that seemed to have infected the very atmosphere the ancient people of Romulus had respired. The very stones they had left behind in arch and pillar cried out for war. On this occasion, according to De Sade, the Orsini, but ill content with the pacification effected by the Pope in the year 1335, between them and their rivals, had once more rushed to arms, and were, at the moment of Petrarca's landing, in full campaign. But from a letter of the poet to Stephen Colonna, it would appear that the first provocation came not from the Orsini, but from their haughty rivals. However this may have been, the traveller had to seek refuge at Capranica, a castle where he was very well received by Orso,* Count of Anguillara, who was married to Agnes Colonna, sister of Petrarch's great patron and friend the Cardinal. This Orso was a man of wit and a lover of letters. His feudal seat is thus described by Petrarch.†

* Some were of opinion that this Orso was of the Orsini; the contrary is proved by Sansovino.—*Hist. di Casa Orsina.*

† Ep. Fam. l. 2. Ep. 12.

"Capranica is for me," he says, "in my present state of mind, distracted and devoured by cares and anxieties, the sort of retreat that suits me best. It was formerly a wilderness overrun with bushes and underwood, on which used to browse the wild goats, thus giving to the place its present name. The charms of its situation and the fertility of its soil, by degrees attracted some people who came and settled here, erecting a fortress on the most elevated point, and as many dwellings as could be crowded round it on the narrow limits of the hill, from the summit of which you can see the mount Soracte of which Horace speaks, and which was the retreat of Pope Sylvester. It also commands a view of the lake of which Virgil speaks.* Sutri, a city beloved of Ceres, and believed to have been founded by Saturn, is only 2,000 paces distant.

"The air of Capranica is very pure. All round it are wooded hills of no difficult ascent, and a number of caverns which are very deep: towards the south a tufted forest cools the torrid heats of summer: and the hill, sinking towards the north, discovers to the eye a flowery plain, well sheltered, and where the bees enjoy themselves. Many fountains send down their streams of sweetest water to irrigate the valleys. In the woods are seen to roam the deer, the hart, and wild animals of all descriptions, while a great variety of birds make them re-echo with their singing.

"In short, here is to be found whatever is most

* Æn. l. 7.

delightful in the most fertile and best cultivated countries; without mentioning the lakes, the rivers, and the neighbouring sea, all so many bounteous gifts of nature.

"But from this sojourn, otherwise so agreeable, the blessing of peace is banished. No where, amidst this enchanting scenery, is its heavenly form to be met with. Is it some fatality, or is it the chastisement of some crime of the nation, that draws down this scourge of war? Revolting anomaly! The shepherd whose pursuit is usually associated with ideas of peace and gentleness, when in these regions he betakes him to the pastures and the leafy groves, goes armed to the teeth, as if anticipating, not that wolves will attack his flock, but that his fellow man will attack himself; the husbandman ploughs in full armour, and uses a lance instead of a goad to urge on his oxen. The woodsman, in watching his traps and his snares, holds his buckler ready to ward the stroke or the arrow of some lurking enemy; the fisherman, when hieing to the river or the lake, girds on his sword; and what is still more singular, you see the villager making use of his helmet, instead of a pitcher, to carry water from the rivulet or the spring. In a word, even in rural economy and household pursuits, you are startled at every turn by the images of war. Nothing can be more horrible than the shouts and cries that constantly disturb the night, and keep up an unceasing tumult around the walls; but your ears are as constantly saluted with loud and repeated calls to arms.

This country, he concludes, is the image of hell; every thing in it breathes hatred, war, and carnage."* In another letter he represents himself as enjoying a saunter in the forests along the hill-side—probably within the castle walls, while the appalling spectacle of feudal warfare—the furious charge of steel-clad warriors, the fierce cries, the curses of the combatants, the groans of the wounded and dying, the bloody slaughter, the flight and pursuit—is enacted before his eyes in all its horrible reality on the adjacent plains.†

Amongst the potent houses—descendants of the northern invaders of Italy—the Colonna yielded to none, either in the pride with which their ascendancy prerogatives were asserted, or in their enthusiastic devotion, as Ghibellines, to the empire as opposed to the Papacy. From the year 1101, their first appearance on the historic scene, (as usurpers of the estates of St. Peter), to the sack of Rome, in the reign of Clement VII., with a few but glorious exceptions, they are seldom to be met with but in arms against the Pontiffs. It is all but certain that they derived their title from the little town of Colonna—called by Platina their *paternum solum;* and not until the reign of Nicholas IV.—in no way connected with them by blood or affinity—did they attain to any thing like the importance they afterwards assumed. To their doings or sufferings in the

* Epist. Famil. l. 2. ep. 12. † Ibid. ep. 13.

times of Boniface VIII., we need not again revert. Dislodged, at that time, from Nepi, on the Tuscan side of the Tiber, from Colonna, Zagarola, and Prenestæ,—the chief seat of their power (as Paliano afterwards became in the time of the hero of Lepanto and of so many other exploits achieved as admiral of the Papal galleys against the Turks), they returned once more under the mild sway of Benedict XI. Though not reinstated by Benedict in the vast territories of which they had contrived to obtain investiture from Pope Nicholas, in the next reign—that of Clement V. the first of the Avignon Pontiffs—we find the Colonna in all their glory, enthusiastic on the side of Henry of Luxembourg, when, in A.D. 1312, he came to receive the crown and consecration of empire, from the hands of the Papal legates.

"To guard against any tumults or surprise," says Platina, "during so great a solemnity—the passions of all parties being in high ferment at that moment—the emperor-elect introduced his troops into the ancient thermæ and other strong positions within the walls; and succeeding in this, he became so confident of his power that he at once insisted on the Romans paying him a heavy contribution. On this the tide set in for the Ursini, who had great strength in all Trastevere, besides holding Sant' Angelo garrisoned, and the adjacent bridge well guarded. In order to act against the castles beyond the river, the emperor and the Colonna brought in a strong body of archers from on board the galleys

of Pisa, which lay down the Tiber, off St. Paul's. But, on the other side, Prince John, brother of Robert King of Naples, who lay close under the Aventine with his fleet, prepared for the Pisani such a warm reception, that their retreat resembled a flight: the more so, as they had not at all expected such a welcome. Thus, leaving the tax to be collected on some less unpropitious opportunity, the emperor withdrew his troops, first to Tibur, then to Perugia. In the course of the next year he met his death in Tuscany—the Ghibellines said by the impious treachery of a monk; but in those times of internecine feud, all parties, especially the Ghibellines, dealt largely, without shame or remorse, in the most cruel and unnatural slanders.

The Colonna are found playing a still more conspicuous and characteristic part in the drama, when Louis the Bavarian came to Rome, in defiance of John XXII., to take the imperial crown. He was chiefly urged thereto by Castruccio Castrecane, who was the Ezzelino of Tuscany, until, like his prototype, he came to an untimely and evil end. No one but the Pope, or legates deputed by him, could—*even according to law*—confer the empire. The device for escaping from this perplexity brings Petrarca's hero and patron, the elder Stephen Colonna, on the scene, in an attitude as aspiring as it was novel. The steel-clad Signor of Palestrina, taking the crown of Charlemagne from the altar of the Lateran, places it on the head of Ludovic of Bavaria: Ludovic being thus made emperor, creates, instanter,

a Pope of his own, one Pietro de Corbaria—*Pontificem statim creat.* Peter created cardinals—*homines sui ipsius consimiles.* This is Platina's version. Others say it was by the antipope Ludovic was crowned; and that Jacobo Colonna, who was afterwards bishop and Petrarca's bosom friend, rode boldly to the Lateran, and supported by only four attendants, read aloud the Papal bull of excommunication against the so-called emperor and his abettors, and then dashed away, sword in hand, the spectators not stirring hand or foot to arrest him. But however the matter happened, the whole proceeding had a termination the most darkly tragical. Castruccio Castrecane met an untimely death the next year. Stephen Colonna saw his numerous sons, in the pride of manhood, cut down by plebeian swords before his face, at the gate of that said Lateran.* As for the antipope, no sooner had he served the turn of those, whose tool he consented to be, than they hastened to betray him. As for Ludovic, he hurried back

* We allude to the slaughter of the vanguard of Stephen Colonna's feudal army, at the gate of St. John, by Rienzi and the militia of Rome. Gibbon describe it thus: "Stephen Colonna the younger, to whom Petrarch ascribed the restoration of Italy, was preceded or accompanied in death by his son John, a gallant youth, by his brother Peter, by a nephew of legitimate birth, and by two bastards of the Colonna race; and the number of seven,—the seven crowns, as Rienzi styled them, of the Holy Ghost,—was completed by the agony of the deplorable parent, and the veteran chief, *who had survived the hope and fortune of his house.* The Vision and Prophecies of St. Martin, and Pope Boniface VIII. had been used by the Tribune to animate the troops."—*Hist. of Decl. and Fall, &c.* ch. lxx.

across the Alps, "carrying along with him," says Mariotti, "the gold and execration of Italy—leaving behind him plague, famine, and utter desolation wherever he passed."

About this time the Romans, headed by the Colonna, sustained a sanguinary defeat under the walls of Viterbo. In alluding to it and to the slaughter under Tusculum before described, Gibbon compares these disasters to the "memorable fields of Thrasymene and Cannæ." "Sixty-eight years," he says, "after the battle of Tusculum, the Romans marched against Viterbo with the whole force of the city; by a rare coalition the Teutonic eagle was blended in the adverse banners with the keys of St. Peter." As partisans of Ludovic, the Colonna and the Romans lifted the standard of the empire with that of the Papacy, on account of Pietro di Corbaria; the same standards, thus unlawfully assumed by their invaders, were, by right, on the side of the Viterbians, the Orsini, and the others who stood for the Church. "The Pope's auxiliaries," continues Gibbon, "were commanded by a count of Toulouse and a bishop of Winchester. The Romans were discomfited with shame and slaughter." This bishop was the celebrated Peter de Rupibus; he had been a soldier and a statesman, before entering the Church. Gibbon with justice takes exception to his estimate of the Roman loss, which, however great, could not have amounted to 30,000 slain and a still greater number taken on the field and during the pursuit. "Had the policy of the Senate and the discipline of the

legions," continues Gibbon, "been restored with the Capitol, the divided condition of Italy would have afforded the fairest opportunity of a second conquest. But in arms, the modern Romans were not *above*, and in arts they were *below* the common level of the neighbouring republics. Nor was their warlike spirit of any long continuance. After some irregular sallies, they subsided in the national apathy, in the neglect of military institutions, and in the disgraceful and dangerous use of foreign mercenaries." Such was the result of the Arnaldist delirium for making the Capitol once more the head of an all-conquering republic. It was an anomaly worthy of that hopeful project, that the great enthusiasts for restoring the ancient military tyranny of Rome were the heirs of the barbarians—as were the Ghibellines to a man; while, with few exceptions, the descendants of the ancient Italians were loyal to St. Peter and to the true interests of their native land. As for Petrarca's praises of the Colonna, it is on all hands admitted they are to be received with reserve; for adulation of princes was one of the many flaws in the poet-laureat's character. His favourite resorts were the petty courts of the Correggio and the Scaligeri, scarcely second to Ezzelino da Romano as monsters of perfidy and cruelty of the blackest dye. The Orsini, who were Guelphs, and the great rivals of the Colonna, were probably of Italian extraction. One Ursus or Orso of Perugia was the founder of the Roman family.

No sooner had Petrarca reached Capranica, than he dispatched a messenger to apprize the Colonna he was there, but that knowing the intermediate country to be in the hands of the Orsini, he feared, notwithstanding all his longings to embrace his friends, and to behold the Eternal City, to venture further. Not long after, Jacobo Colonna, with his brother, the younger Stephen, at that time Senator of Rome, arrived at Capranica with an escort of one hundred men-at-arms; and their having attempted to come so long a ride with only that number, was looked on as the height of rashness. To nothing were they indebted for their safety, it was considered, bnt to the terror inspired by the very name of the leaders. They were not less fortunate when returning. As for Petrarch, such was his rapture at finding himself at Rome, that the first morning he rose, he could scarcely believe he was actually lodged on the Capitol. The younger Stephen had given him apartments in the fortress of that famous hill, where, as Senator, he was residing.

In a letter to Cardinal Colonna, then at the Papal court, the poet says:—"I remember that, one day at Avignon, as we were conversing, you warned me not to come to Rome. 'Rome,' you said, 'is no longer what it was. It is only a phantom that will disappoint your expectations; you will see nothing there but ruins.' These remarks made a deep impression: I had experienced more than once how fatal is a near acquaintance to great names; and I felt

my ardour diminish. But with regard to Rome, this has not happened. The conception I had formed of its grandeur has been only exalted more and more from actually beholding it. These fragments of antiquity! these ruins! there is about them a charm of grandeur and majesty that impresses me with a sort of veneration. When I consider them, my wonder is, not that Rome subdued the world, but that it did not subdue it a great deal sooner."

Nothing at Rome, however, filled Petrarca with such astonishment, as the ignorance of the Romans themselves with regard to those monuments of the past, and the brutish indifference with which they regarded them. "It goes to my heart," he says, "to write it; but nowhere is there so little known about Rome, as in Rome itself."* The only man he met that had any notion of Roman history was Giovanni di San Vito, brother of the famous Stephen Colonna, then an old man. His remarks to Petrarca, whom he often accompanied in walks among the ruins, prove him to have known little or nothing beyond a vague jumble of popular traditions, such as we find recorded in a document of the 13th century, entitled "The Wonders of Rome," and full of all sorts of absurdities. As for the inhabited part of the city, it presented a picture of the most revolting neglect, desolation, and ruin. The streets were encumbered, and in many places entirely choked up

* "Qui enim hodie magis ignari rerum Romanarum sunt quam Romani cives. INVITUS DICO, NUSQUAM ROMA MINUS COGNOSCITUR QUAM ROMÆ."—*Ep. Fam.* l. 6. ep. 2.

with rubbish, caused by the falling of ruinous houses, or by the debris of the war towers and palaces demolished during the feuds of the various contending factions, but above all of the Colonna and Orsini, whose reprisals, brutal, bloody, and destructive, knew neither termination nor truce. The once glorious basilicas and churches, refulgent in the times of the Pontiffs with every thing that could add to their splendour and beauty, are represented by Petrarca as scenes of the most deplorable ruin and neglect. The very altars had been denuded of every ornament—the clergy who served at them were half naked: the offices of public worship and the solemnities of the Church were stripped of all their impressive majesty. Neither pilgrim nor traveller was seen any longer to approach the city—the highways being everywhere infested with brigands, and the whole country in such a state, that nothing was talked of but murders, robberies, invasions, rapes, assassinations, adulteries. These were the occurrences of every day and hour. Outrage was rampant everywhere, and justice was mute. Impunity gave increased audacity to crime: and though at war on every other point, the barons were in heart and hand united, in trampling the poor and the defenceless under foot.

What fired the soul of Petrarch with greater indignation (for alas, this famous poet, like so many others, was the sycophant of those in power), was the shameful traffic carried on by the Roman nobles (and by the objects of his laudation, the Colonna,

like the rest) in the few noble relics of antiquity, which time and so many disasters had spared. The exportation, by land and water, of the columns, slabs, entablatures, statues, relievi, and ornaments, torn from the ancient temples, sepulchres, and other vestiges of the classic ages—was the only species of commerce that flourished, under the dictatorship of the Colonna.* In a letter to Paolo Annibaldi, bound up like all of his name with the Colonna, Petrarch implores of him, whatever he may do in emulating the other exploits of his progenitors—their love of fine horses, of dogs, of the forest and the chase—at least not to follow their example in tearing out, with parricidal hands, the entrails of their country. "Be not proud to rival them, in the mania for destroying edifices and monuments—that is work for enemies." At this period each noble family had its marble quarry—that is to say, a certain number of the ancient ruins, from which, in mercantile phrase, the trade was supplied; it appears, however, from some records of the baronial treaties of this epoch, that the Coliseum, as a quarry, was to be open to all.† Marble statues and inscriptions were broken and burned for lime. Raphael states this.

* "De vestris marmoreis columnis, de liminibus templorum—de imaginibus sepulcrorum, sub quibus patrum vestrorum (!) venerabilis cinis erat, ut reliquas sileam, desidiosa Neapolis adornatur."—*Epist. Edit. Basil.* f. 536. *ap. De Sade, &c.* t. 2. p. 327.

† M. L'Abbé Barthelemy perused these MSS. in the archives at Rome.—Vid. *De Sade, ubi supr.* t. 2. p. 328. The latter,

While sounding the praises of the Colonna, and especially of Stephen, the patriarch of the faction, Petrarch relates some facts and traits of character that tell a different tale. It appears that the Bishop of Lombès, on whose invitation the poet had come to Rome, excited the fierce displeasure of his aged parent, because he one day expostulated with him regarding this horrible feud with the Orsini, as it was an inexhaustible source of suffering to the unfortunate people, and of crimes most atrocious and unnumbered. By order of the Pope, this young prelate had been straining every nerve to bring about a cessation of these atrocious hostilities, and it is clear from the letters of Petrarch, that it was chiefly through the implacable rancour and tyrannical pride of his own aged father, his mission of charity failed of success.* With much entreaty, the wrath of Stefano against this son—the peace-making bishop—was in some sort appeased by Petrarch, as he walked one evening with the haughty chief "along the Via-Lata, from where the crow-killers have their stalls to the enclosure of the Campus Martius."† He reminds him of some words that fell from him as they both leant against the ancient

after quoting M. de Barth to the same effect, adds, "et je pense avec lui, que l'ignorance, l'intérêt et les guerres particulières des seigneurs Romains ont presque tout detruit," &c.

* Epist. Famil. l. 8. ep. 1.

† "Via Lata a macello corvorum ad Septa Campi Martis." —*Ib.*

triumphal arch of Camillus. They expressed a foreboding, that old as he was, he was doomed to survive his sons—a foreboding terribly verified in their slaughter during the battle with Rienzi, in front of the Lateran gate.

The Romans heretofore so refractory, were at this time transpierced with grief at the absence of the Pontiffs, whom their sires in their folly had often so plagued and outraged as to make their abode in Rome, irreconcilable with the dignity of their august charge, or the free and efficient government of the Church. A two-edged conviction, so to speak, had now entered the soul of Rome, that, abandoned by the successors of St. Peter, she must cease to be a metropolis, and sink irretrievably into a ruin scattered wilderness—a haunt, as of old, for flocks and herds, or for the wild denizens of the forest. In an appeal which Petrarch was prevailed on to address to the Pope on this subject, after depicting the desolation of the city in glowing colours, he thus continues:—"Rome stretches out towards you her emaciated and withered arms; the bosom of Italy is agitated with sobs of grief, imploring your return." At his approach all their woes, he says, will be scared away, and the happy times of yore return.*

* Carm. l. x. ep. 5. excel. Inop. In the address presented, only the other day, at Portici, by Prince Odiscalchi and the Roman Municipality, the same images are reproduced, the same entreaties are urged, to induce Pius IX. to return to the desolated

In casting a glance after the retreating steps of the wandering poet, we catch a glimpse of Lombardy; but that glimpse is enough.

"At Parma," says Mariotti, "Petrarch was involved in all the horrors and tumults of a ruthless war, kindled by the intrigues and perfidies of Azzo da Carreggio, who had bartered his sovereignty of Parma to the Visconti of Milan, and the Este of Ferrara, defrauding both with every kind of perjury, and robbing his own brothers of their share in the bargain. Released from the trances of terror and suspense, into which the distracted State of Lombardy had plunged him, he crossed the Alps, and arrived safe in Avignon, though not without infinite dangers and hair-breadth escapes."*

Petrarch visits Rome again in the year 1341, to receive the crown of Poetry and History. "The ceremony," says Gibbon, "was performed in the Capitol by his friend and patron the Supreme Magistrate of the Republic."—He was only the colleague of Stephen Colonna in the office of Senator. The latter was at that moment at Avignon, whither he had been summoned by Benedict XII.—"Twelve patrician youths were arrayed in scarlet: six representatives of the most illustrious families, in green robes with garlands of flowers, accompanied the pro-

city. We pray fervently that, until some of the mists clear off now shrouding the political destinies of France, his Holiness may continue where he is.

* Ib. p. 162, 163.

cession; in the midst of the princes and nobles, the Senator Count Anguillara, a kinsman of the Colonna—assumed his throne, and at the voice of a herald Petrarch arose. After a discourse on a text of Virgil, and thrice repeating his vows for the prosperity of Rome, he knelt before the throne, and received from the Senator—who took it from his own head to place it on that of Petrarch — a laurel crown, with a more precious declaration, "this is the reward of merit." The people shouted, "Long life to the Capitol and the Poet,"—the cry was—"Viva lo Campidaglio e lo Poeta!"* A sonnet in praise of Rome was accepted as the effusion of genius and gratitude; and after the whole procession had visited the Vatican, the profane wreath, —why profane?—was suspended before the shrine of St. Peter."†

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* "In quel tempo che fu allo Papa misier Stephano Colonna, misier Orso della Anguillara volse coronare misier Francesco Petrarcha nobile poeta, e fu fotta in Campidaglio, &c."—*Diario di Ludov. Monaldeschi Contemporaneo.*

† The noble houses mentioned as represented in the procession by Ludovico Monaldeschi, are—Casa dello Fumo, Casa Trincia, Casa Crescentio, Casa Caffarelli, Casa Capozuchi, Casa Cancellieri, Casa Cuccino, Casa Rosci, Casa Papazuri, Casa Paparese, Casa Altieri, Casa Lucii; the six citizens in green were—Saviello, Conte, Orsino, Anibale, Paparese, Montanaro. The Roman families mentioned on occasion of the bull-fight in the Coliseum, A.D. 1332, are the Colonna, Orsini, della Rovere (from Trastevere), Cafarello, Savelli, Capreccio, Conti, Annibaldi, Altieri, Corsi. When the Senator, taking the crown from his own head, placed it on that of

When Cola da Rienzi enters first on the scene it is as the "Liberator di Roma," at that time, A. D. 1347, involved in extreme misery through the feuds and the tyranny of the barons. Viterbo still elated by its victory of 1324, refused to submit to the new magistrate, supported though he was by the Papal Vicar: but Giovan da Vico, Prefect and Signor of that place, was forced at length to yield—"*con rendergli i varie rocche.*" These rocche were nests of banditti.

"The privileged houses," says Gibbon, "the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades in the fortifications of the Capitol. The venerable father of the Colonna was exposed in his own palace to the double shame of being desirous, and of being unable, to protect a criminal. A mule, with

Petrarch, he said, "Corona premià la virtù." "Se levao la ghirlanda dalla capo e la mise a mesier Francesco. Et isso disse uno bello sonetto a favore delli Antichi Romani *Valorosi.*"

We have not seen it adverted to, that throughout the diploma the crown is awarded the laureate, not less for his historical studies, than for his merits as a poet. Thus it is Franciscus Petrarcha, Florentinus, Poeta *et Historicus*, that is crowned. Again: Franciscum—Magnum Poetam *et Historicum* declaramus.—Coronam lauream nostris manibus ejus capiti impressimus, dantes eidem tam in dicta arte poetica, *quam in dicta historica arte*, &c.

Of the fruits reaped by him from these laurels, Petrarch himself tells us: "Hæc mihi Laurea scientiæ nihil, PLURIMUM VERÒ QUÆSIVIT INVIDIÆ." The tree of Apollo, to judge from its fruitage, has not, since Petrarca tasted of it, changed its nature.

a jar of oil, had been stolen near Capranica; and the lord of the Orsini family was condemned to restore the damage, and to discharge a fine of four hundred florins for his negligence in guarding the highways. Nor were the persons of the barons more inviolate than their lands or houses; and either from accident or danger, the same impartial rigour was exercised against the heads of the adverse factions. Peter Agapet Colonna, who had himself been Senator of Rome, was arrested in the street for injury or debt; and justice was appeased by the tardy execution of Martin Orsini, who, among his various acts of violence and rapine, had pillaged a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of the Tiber. His name, the purple of two cardinals his uncles, a recent marriage, and a mortal disease, were disregarded by the inexorable tribune, who had chosen his victim. The public officers dragged him from his palace and nuptial bed; his trial was short and satisfactory, the bell of the Capitol convened the people: stripped of his mantle, on his knees, with his hands bound behind his back, he heard the sentence of death; and after a brief confession, Orsini was led away to the gallows. After such an example none who were conscious of guilt could hope for impunity, and the flight of the wicked, the licentious, and the idle, soon purified the city and territory of Rome. In his time," says the historian, "the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the

sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers, trade plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets, and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway."*

Thus far Rienzi had the blessing and the support of the Pope's Vicar,—Raimond, bishop of Orvieto—through whose encouragement and influence the Tribune had attained to power. Not content, however, to aim at the reform of the City and Contorni, which might have been within his power to achieve, this fantastic genius would be satisfied with nothing short of placing Rome at the head of an Italian Republic, "one and indivisible," as in the palmiest days of the past! He cited Pope Clement VI. and his cardinals to return to Rome, cited into his august presence, Louis of Bavaria and the German Electors; in short, his conduct was that of a person touched with insanity, or of an actor who had turned Rome into a stage, thereon to expose antiquity to ridicule by making it the subject of a farce. The Colonna, Orsini, Savelli, and other barons rebel against the "August Tribune;" his power vanishes like a dream. After he has wandered through many countries, and been a captive at Avignon, we shall meet with him again. Italy, at this time, was desolated by a dreadful plague. It grievously afflicted the Adriatic provinces.

Much has been done to embellish the character

* Ubi supr. ch. 70.

of Cola da Rienzi; but history, though she does so with regret, refuses to endorse the brilliant fiction. That Pagan malaria we have spoken of so often, as hanging above the Capitol, was too much for his exalted but rather chaotic imagination. Mistaking the souveniers of an order of things, irrevocably and for ever past, for the living, actuating hopes of the present, the very titles—high sounding and incongruous—which he assumed, demonstrated, from the outset, that he comprehended neither his own position, nor the wants or the capacity of the age. Of course, he failed. Without entering into the discussion as to the causes of that fall—either on the first occasion, when he abdicated, or on the second, when he was basely slain—we think it enough to quote, without at all adopting, the following defence of Rienzi's most zealous and able apologist. "The reader will find," says Sir Edward Bulwer, "that both in his abdication as Tribune and his death as Senator, Rienzi fell from the vices of the people. The Tribune was a victim to ignorant cowardice—the Senator a victim to ferocious avarice. It is this which modern historians have failed to represent. Gibbon records rightly, that the Count of Minorbino entered Rome with one hundred and fifty soldiers, and barricaded the quarter of the Colonna—that the bell of the Capitol sounded—that Rienzi addressed the people—that they were silent and inactive, and that Rienzi abdicated the government." Again: "The sighs and the groans of the people,"

says Sismondi, justly, "replied to his: they could weep, but they would not fight." This strange apathy the modern historians have not accounted for, yet the principal cause was obvious—Rienzi was excommunicated.

In a note, in which the motives are discussed by which the Pontiffs—*to whose favour and countenance Rienzi was indebted for his sudden rise, and for any little good he effected at the outset of his career*—were obliged to have recourse to this severity, the eloquent apologist does not advert, it would seem, that, in bringing out the absurd "religious fanaticism" of Rienzi as the cause, he is stamping the character of his hero with that very charge of Quixotic insanity from which it is his object to free it, and at the same time establishing the real cause of his failure, and of his fall. "His LETTERS," he says, "ARE FULL OF MYSTICAL FANATICISM. His REFERENCES TO THE ANCIENT HEROES OF ROME ARE ALWAYS MINGLED WITH INVOCATIONS TO HER CHRISTIAN SAINTS. The Bible, at that time little read by the public civilians of Italy, is constantly in his hands, and his addresses studded with texts. *His very garments were adorned with sacred and mysterious emblems.* No doubt the ceremony of his knighthood, which Gibbon ridicules as an act of mere vanity, was but another of his religious extravagances; for he peculiarly dedicated his knighthood to the service of the Santo Spirito; and his bathing in the vase of Constantine was

quite of a piece, NOT WITH THE VANITY OF THE TRIBUNE, BUT WITH THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE FANATIC."

Behold the effects of the Capitoline malaria, setting the distempered brain on fire with a fantastic jumble of incongruous ideas: things as repulsive of each other as are the Bible and Ovid, the religion of the martyrs and the Paganism of those who doomed them to death for that religion. What wonder that an "EXTRAVAGANT FANATIC" failed to regenerate a disordered State, when he knew not how to govern his own conduct by the dictates of common sense?

"Even his justice," says Gibbon, "was tainted with the guilt or reproach of selfish cruelty, the most virtuous citizen of Rome (Pandulfo di Guido) was sacrificed to his jealousy: and in the execution of a public robber, from whose purse he had been assisted, the magistrate too much forgot, or too much remembered, the obligation of the debtor. A civil war exhausted his treasures, and the patience of the city: the Colonna maintained their hostile station at Palestrina; and his mercenaries soon despised a leader whose ignorance and fear were envious of all subordinate merit. In the death, as in the life, of Rienzi, the hero and the coward were singularly mingled. When the Capitol was invested by a furious multitude, when he was basely deserted by his civil and military servants, the intrepid Senator, waving the banner of liberty, presented

himself in the balcony, addressed his eloquence to the various passions of the Romans, and laboured to persuade them, that in the same cause himself and the republic must either stand or fall. His oration was interrupted by a volley of imprecations and stones, and after an arrow had transpierced his hand, he sunk into abject despair, and fled weeping to the inner chambers, from whence he was let down by a sheet before the windows of the prison. Destitute of aid or hope, he was besieged till the evening: the doors of the Capitol were destroyed with axes and fire; and while the Senator attempted to escape in a plebeian habit, he was discovered and dragged to the platform of the palace, the fatal scene of his judgments and executions. A whole hour, without voice or motion, he stood amidst the multitude half naked and half dead; their rage was hushed into curiosity and wonder: the last feelings of reverence and compassion yet struggled in his favour; and they might have prevailed, if a bold assassin had not plunged a dagger in his breast. He fell senseless with the first stroke; the impotent revenge of his enemies inflicted a thousand wounds; and the Senator's body was abandoned, to the dogs, the Jews, and to the flames."*

What has always appeared to us, we must confess, the greatest absurdity in Rienzi's character, the foulest blot upon his fame, is revealed in a circum-

* Hist. of Decl. and Fall, &c. ch. 70. Rienzi was murdered Sept. 8, 1364.

stance that has been but little noticed.—With a sort of proud shamelessness he relates the scandal—perhaps falsely too—of his own mother. He, the "last of the Tribunes," forsooth, the fanatical worshipper of the Rome of the Gracchi and of Cæsar; he who waves his sword towards the four cardinal points, to signify that, as the representative and heir of such Romans, the whole world is his, has made a boast of it, and recorded it with a flourish, that he had the honour to be the spurious offspring of the Teutonic Barbarian, Henry of Luxembourg!*

A jubilee having been published in A.D. 1350 by Clement VI.—who reduced the term fixed to 100 by Boniface VIII., to 50 years—an unprecedented concourse to the Limina Apostolorum was the result. The thoroughfares of the Italian towns and cities became crowded as in fair-time; so great was the number of the pilgrims, that as Matteo Villani tells us, not less than 1,200,000 strangers were in Rome between Shrovetide and Easter.

An. 1355. Charles IV. with the Empress Anna came escorted by a retinue of 4000 cavaliers to Rome, where they were received with extraordinary pomp, and crowned in St. Peter's on Easter Sunday,

* "See in Dr. Papencordt's work, and in Rienzi's own words, his *claim* to be a bastard son of the Emperor Henry the Seventh, whose intrigue with his mother—a washerwoman—Rienzi relates with a sort of proud shamelessness."—*Gibbon's Decl. and Fall, &c.* ch. 70. p. 371. *Dr. Milman's note*, †.

5th April, by the Cardinal-legate Pietro di Betrando, bishop of Ostia.*

But how unreal, even with all this, were the much-boasted reforms of Rienzi and his establishment of the "good estate," will become but too palpable if we consider the plight in which Rome was found by Pope Urban V., when he paid it a visit a few years after—October 8, 1367.†

The city which had rivalled the architectural wonders of antiquity and been an object of admiration and reverence to all nations, had sunk into a state of abject misery. The churches and basilicas looked as dilapidated, the palaces of the princes as forlorn, as the ancient monuments of the Forum and the Palatine. Rome for the third time had sunk beneath its own ruins. Houses everywhere lay untenanted, weeds grew in the thoroughfares: heaps of rubbish and barricades thrown up during the feuds of the contending factions encumbered the streets.

The most agonizing entreaties had long been turned not from Rome alone, but from every part of Italy to Avignon. The return of the Popes to their ancient seat was now appealed to from all sides, as the last hope of rescuing Italy from suicidal

* Murat. Antiq. Dissert. 29. p. 855.

† "Trovò esso Pontifico al suo arrivo la fomosa città di Roma ridotta in pessimo stato, cadute le maestote fabbriche degli Antichi Romani, chièse provinate, alagj abandonati, case rote o diroccate, e con mano toccò gli amari effetti della si lunga assenza de' Pontifici."—*Muratori Annali, &c.* an. 1367.

anarchy, and Rome from being utterly effaced from the list of cities. "Since the removal of the Holy See," says Gibbon, in quoting from Petrarch's letters, "the sacred buildings of the Lateran and the Vatican, their altars and their shrines, were left in a state of poverty and decay. The cloud which hung over the Seven Hills, it was added, could be dispelled only by the presence of their lawful sovereign. Eternal fame, the prosperity of Rome, and the peace of Italy, would be the recompense of the Pope who should dare (not fearing to throw off the yoke of the French court and its cardinals) to embrace this generous resolution."

But it is not so easy to recover from a false position; and the Christian nations were doomed to be mulcted heavily, (none of them so heavily as the two great delinquents in this transaction, *viz.* Rome and France itself)—for having instigated or connived at, the events, of which the first and fatal result was what is called the captivity of Avignon, and which finally occasioned the great schism with its desolating effects. Hence, though the seat of the Papacy was definitively removed from Avignon, January 17, A.D. 1377—after a sojourn coinciding, exactly, as to the number of years, with the great captivity of the ancient people of God—the great schism, which dates from the first year of Pope Urban VI., the immediate successor of Gregory XI. by whom the See was restored, caused the day of hope to be still further adjourned. In a word, it was not until the year 1421, that

Rome—the schism having received its death-wound at Constance—was comforted by the sight of the legitimate heir of St. Peter, approaching along the solitary and grass-grown highways, that led through the lone desert to her fallen and forlorn gates.

"Taking leave of Florence, Pope Martin V." says Platina, "at length drew near the gates of Rome. He was hailed as the propitious star and last hope of their country, by what still was left of the Roman people and princes, who all went forth in great joy to give him welcome. They marked that day as one of the brightest in their annals—it fell on the 10th of the kalends of October, A.D. 1421. Rome he found in a condition so dilapidated and forlorn, that it no longer presented the appearance of a city. The houses you might see tottering and nodding to their fall; the temples prostrate, the streets deserted: every thing wore the appearance of decay, of neglect long continued and beyond redress. Want and misery were stamped on the visages of the inhabitants. Of the festive crowds, the concourse, the polished air and brilliancy of city life, there was no vestige to be discovered; but it looked as if the offscouring of the whole country had been swept together, in that dingy, forlorn place."* The

* "Effusis principibus tantæ urbis qui hominen (Martin V.) non secus ac quoddam salutare sidus vel unicum patriæ parentem expectabant. Urbem Romam adeò diruptam et vastam invenit ut NULLA CIVITATIS FACIES IN EA VIDERETUR. Collabentes vidisses domos, collapsa templa, desertos vicos, cœnosam et oblitam urbem, laborantem rerum omnium ceritate et inopia. Quid plura?

portico of St. Peter's was in such a state, that to prevent its falling and crushing the passers-by, it was taken down. The Laterân was unroofed, or nearly so—its pavement broken up. The Santi Apostoli was in no better case. Nearly all the titular churches stood sadly in need of repair.

But the Romans, notwithstanding so many and such dearly paid for lessons, had not yet finished their studies in that school, in which even fools are said to learn wisdom. The peace that reigned at the accession of Eugenius IV. who succeeded to Pope Martin V. in A.D. 1431, in Rome and throughout the States, was ere long disturbed and overturned utterly, chiefly through the machinations of Visconti Duke of Milan. Visconti detested the Pope. In Francesco Sforza, Fortebraccio, Piccinino, and the Gibelini of Rome with the Colonna faction at their head, he found, for every sort of mischief, the most effectual and zealous instruments.

The Colonna—whose pride and domineering pretensions had risen to the highest pitch during the reign of the lately deceased Pontiff, a member of their haughty race—were the first to join in this last but desperate fit of the old half-feudal, half-classical saturnalia, which has never failed to bring

Nulla urbis facies, nullum urbanitatis indicium in eâ videbatur. Dixisses omnes cives aut inquilinos esse, aut ex extremâ omnium hominûm fece eo commigrasse."—*Platina, in Vit. Martin V.*

on a collapse, always wretched in proportion to the violence of the orgies that give rise to it. A word of reproach addressed to Stephen Colonna by Eugenius, for having treated with severity and insult some of his (Colonna's) own kinsmen, in executing an order which, as General of the Papal forces, had been entrusted to him, was the spark that caused the mine, already prepared for the destruction of the Pontiff, to explode. Stefano flew to Palestrina. At his call, in which he was loudly joined by those who were first at court under the late Colonna Pope, the whole lineage and their allies flew to arms—sumptis *properè* armis pontificem aggredi instituit.

Giovan-Battista led the vassals to the attack. The city they found with its gates open—suspicious of no such visit. Without seeing the face of an opponent, the Colonnesi pass under the gate of St. John, cross the Lateran quarter, pass along by the Coliseum, then under the arch of Titus, down the Via Sacra to the Forum, and round the Campidoglio, on to the region of the city they called their own. Just there, in the present piazza Colonna, close to the convent where the Pope was then residing, their van was encountered by the array of the Papal troops supported by the bulk of the Romans—*magna populi parte adjuvante.* Very severe was the action while it lasted; but the Colonna finding the pulse of Rome beat differently from what they expected* were fain to

* Longè aliter sentire quam arbitrarentur.—*Platina, ib.*

sound a retreat—consoling themselves for their defeat by sweeping the whole Campagna of man and beast, from Rome to their own borders—*omnia passim rapiunt, pecora abigunt, homines abducunt.* Nevertheless they were ready and well-inclined to try again. Nor was it long until that prince of mischief-makers, Matteo Visconti—the deadly foe of Eugenius, and the architect of his own miserable downfall and that of his long-dominant house—afforded them an opportunity of not only retrieving their honour, but of obliging the Pontiff to fly for his life, in disguise, from Rome. In the brief lull between the two invasions, Sigismund, who had long been elected king of the Romans—from A.D. 1410—was crowned by Eugenius with great pomp in St. Peter's, A.D. 1433.

In A.D. 1434, says Muratori in his Annals, the forces—mostly horse troops—of Niccolò Piccinino having formed a junction at Tivoli with those of Niccolò Fortebraccio (another famous brigand chief of that lawless period), who, already closely leagued with the Colonna, had been indefatigable in laying waste the Campagna and harassing the Papal City in every way he could, a plot was arranged with the Ghibellines, or adherents of the Colonna within the City. The plan was this:—The conspirators were to point to the desolation of the Campagna as *prima facie* evidence of the Pope's unfitness to reign, and thus constrain him to abdicate the temporal power. The firm refusal of Eugenius was followed by the proclamation, once more, of the

glorious Roman Republic—"Septemvirs" being appointed to look to the regeneration of the City. The Sovereign Pontiff himself became a prisoner in his own palace—at that time the convent of the Santi Apostoli. Disguised as a monk, with Arsenio, a religious, he entered a small boat on the Tiber.* But his flight being soon discovered by the guards, the Ghibellines and the Colonna pursued. They hurled stones and shot arrows so furiously after the swift rowers, that it was as if by miracle Eugenius escaped unhurt. A galley waiting at the mouth of the Tiber soon brought the Pontiff to Livorno; from thence he proceeded to Florence, where—received with unbounded joy—the envoys of the Romans soon followed him, to implore him—*con tutta sommissione*—to return and lift their city from the abyss of misery and ruin into which their regenerators had cast it. There was for themselves, or their country, no hope or remedy, they said, except through his compassion.†

Eugenius, however, being much absorbed with the great affair of the Greek Church, and with the conciliabulum of Basle, which kept up a kind of guerilla warfare after the overthrow of the great schism in the Council of Constance, A.D. 1418, was not able, until the year 1443, to accede to their pe-

* A.D. 1434.

† 1436. "I Romani—dopo la fuga del medesimo Papa, oltre al procurare un cattivo governo, miravano crescere ogni dì più, la lor povertà, &c."—*Muratori*, an. 1436.

tition. On the 23rd of September of that year, the Papal cortege halted towards evening at a casino outside the Flaminian gate.* Next day, the Pope went in state to St. Peter's. From thence the procession, as described in the coronation of Innocent III., moved across the city. The aspect of that city, —the plight truly miserable in which that Pontiff found it—at length so well cured of its folly as to have remained steady and even enthusiastic in its allegiance, for a series of four hundred and five years almost to the day—we leave to Ranke to inform the reader.

"In the year 1443," he says, "when Eugenius IV. returned to Rome, the city was become a mere dwelling of herdsmen; her inhabitants were in no way distinguished from the peasants and shepherds of the surrounding country. The hills had been long abandoned, and the dwellings were gathered together in the levels along the windings of the Tiber: no pavements were found in the narrow streets; and these were darkened by projecting balconies and by the buttresses that served to prop one house against another. Cattle wandered about as in a vil-

* See how accurate is M. Sismondi's description of the *auto-da-fè* in which "the Porto del Popolo, the Corso, the Strada Babuino, and the Ripatta," form such a conspicuous feature. Three hundred years, after that scene is feigned by the historian of the Italian Republics to have taken place, the Porto del Popolo is yet unheard of. Platina calls the gate, which in later times received that name *from the adjoining church of the Madonna del Popolo*, the Porta Flaminia.

lage. From San Silvestro to the Porto del Popolo all was garden and marsh, the resort of wild ducks. The very memory of antiquity was fast sinking; the Capitol had become the "hill of goats:" the Roman Forum was "the cows' field." To the few monuments yet remaining, the people attached the most absurd legends. THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER WAS ON THE POINT OF FALLING IN PIECES."*

Thus fared it with ROME, WITHOUT THE POPES. Let us now take a nearer view of the Capitol, and the parts beyond it.

"In the last days of Pope Eugenius the Fourth,† two of his servants, the learned Poggius and a friend, ascended the Capitoline hill; reposed themselves among the ruins of columns and temples, and viewed from that commanding spot the wide and various prospect of desolation. The place and the object gave ample scope for moralising on the vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave, and it was agreed, that in proportion to her former greatness, the fall of Rome was the more awful and deplorable. Her primeval state, such as she might appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of Virgil. This Tarpeian rock was then a savage and solitary

* Vid. Ranke's Hist. of the Popes, vol. 1. p. 358, Bohn's Ed.

† Gibbon mistakes. It should be Martin V. Vid. ch. 71.

thicket: in the time of the past, it was crowned with the golden roofs of a temple: the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged; the wheel of Fortune has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred ground is again disfigured with thorns and brambles. The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! the path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill!" . . .

Behold what so many enchanted castles—the creations of enthusiasm for the Pagan Capitol—have left behind! Verily, men do not "gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles!"

On the proud summit of this heaven, where rose the golden abode of Jove, "a savage and solitary thicket:" "thorns and brambles," where Rome embraced her heroes; "the path of victory, obliterated by vines;" the Forum, a "garden for pot-herbs," a paddock for "swine and buffaloes;" "the benches of the senators concealed by a dunghill"—behold the monuments that record the wisdom and the success of the restorers of the world-wide dominion of ancient Rome! These are the trophies that set forth, more veraciously and emphatically than sculptured arch or pillar, the exploits of the Arnalds,

the Carasomis, the Capoccios, the Brancaleones, the Rienzis, the Colonnas, and their allies.

They laboured and they toiled—oh, how did they not toil and labour, to sow the seeds of conquest? In the "savage and solitary thicket," in "thorns and brambles," behold the harvest! The social organization introduced by the Redeemer, uniting all hearts in "charity and the bonds of peace," these votaries of the heathen Past endeavoured to supersede by such charities as of old united the conspirators who were wont to congregate in the curia and comitia of the Forum, down yonder, to plot against the most sacred rights and liberties of all nations, and, at a later period, to inebriate peoples and kings from the chalice of idolatry, while persecuting the disciples of the true and only God:—behold, in the "swine and the buffaloes" wallowing in the rank soil piled high above the grave where the eloquence of Cicero and the Gracchi lies interred, the inscription in which the award of Providence, as to that branch of the hopeful project, has been registered.

The wild, baleful, incongruous visions, lighted up in the delirium that so long tormented and inflamed the Roman mind, have vanished! mark well the significancy of the wreck the visions have left behind.

We speak not of the solid structures, whether material, social, or political, of the people who formerly held here, for a thousand years, the Acropolis of their dominion. The ancient Romans were a wise, a great, and in the pristine ages, considering that

they were Pagans, not a corruptly inclined or wanton people. They were the wisest, greatest, most moral *Pagans*, that ever lived. They were, in these respects, immeasurably above the Greeks. Whether as Christians or Pagans, they proved themselves the greatest organizers of conquest, the most successful founders of their own institutions in subjugated countries, that have ever appeared, or probably ever shall. They, beyond all doubt, had a high, an useful—one, in a certain sense, may add,—a sacred and heaven-appointed mission to perform. They were sent, without knowing it, *to pioneer the way for the Apostles.* And right nobly and effectually they performed their task. The Pontiffs, successors of Peter, were aware of this; they did not despise what the Romans had done: they appreciated it fully. They used every thing, turned all to account, that had been prepared by this people, who unconsciously "prepared the way of the Lord, and made straight his paths." So long as a shred of the empire, or of the order of things so wisely and wonderfully founded by the Romans, held together, the Pontiffs clung to it as does a stout mariner to the wreck, while there is left one ray of hope that by heroism or exertion it can be saved.

Who but Leo the Great and the other Pontiffs of that direful epoch, stood devoted, fearless, and not without effect, by the side of ancient Rome in its last agonies? Unless we chose to substitute for the language of history the language of fiction, who but St. Gregory the Great was the "last of the

Romans?" That *he* was a Roman, a Roman of pristine and high patrician lineage, we know; but, after his exit, in vain will you search, amidst the gloom and barbarism of succeeding times, to recognize, *by name,* one single individual of whose Roman origin you can be certain. As for the Colonnas and Rienzis, with such other champions and heritors of the Scipios and the Gracchi, we have seen through what channels—proh pudor!—the most extolled and renowned amongst such Romans derived his blood.

Is it, then, to the Romans of the magnanimous, thorough-going, wise, far-sighted, valiant, disciplined, ancient race—whose character, though tyrannous and cruel, and on that account detestable, still bore the stamp of force and grandeur—we advert, when we point to the "savage thickets" and the "dunghills" of the Capitol, as a heaven-written parable on their folly? No, it is to the Arnaldisti we point—we point to the Ghibelline Colonna; we point to the spurious offspring of a barbarian invader, the "last of the tribunes," forsooth! parading his own dishonour, and trumpeting through the world his own mother's shame. *Their* attempts at Capitoline reaction had all the absurdity, without any thing of the amiability, or fitness, of the child's sport, that builds up a Flavian amphitheatre with painted cards, or bits of sticks.

While even one plank of the great wreck of antiquity held together, the Roman Pontiffs did not abandon it. When it went to pieces beyond redemption, who but the Pontiffs constructed from its

fragments a raft, on which to save so many treasures that otherwise must have been engulphed, and irretrievably lost to posterity? Reaction was proved to be a thing possible, to a great and most beneficial extent, when Leo III. led the Barbaro-Romanze world, with Charlemagne at its head, into that—the only path of improvement, it was, at that crisis, possible to enter on. The retrospects, the souvenirs of the PAST were not, at that juncture, so many delirious fancies that only make feverish and torment the imagination to no purpose. When the Popes originated and encouraged them, such retrospects were most improving studies; they were meditations that became pregnant with substantial blessings, so solidly founded, that they have withstood the waste and the fury of a thousand years. But an attempt to bridge the "great chaos" which was fixed between Lazarus and Dives, as the Gospel describes it, would be only a fitting climax to the IMPOSSIBILITY, so often and so madly aimed at during that protracted mania, which, first excited by Arnald of Brescia, was to end only with Stefano Porcaro. The break-up of the Carlovingian empire and the anarchy of the 10th century had rendered all return to the ancient paths impossible. The Pontiffs saw this. With the watchword, "God wills it," which it was said had been given from on high, the new nations received the order from Hildebrand and his successors to advance —turning their backs on the Pagan Past, and their faces towards the Christian Future, to march FOR-

WARD. The nations and the cities heard the order with enthusiasm; to obey it was proved by the results that followed, to be a destiny that led to glory, liberty, advancement in knowledge, in arts, in literature, and in whatever else can crown a people with fame, prosperity, and happiness. In carrying out, heroically and conscientiously, this word of command, the other Italians have been literally "renewing the face of the earth." We have seen them turning boldly and nobly towards the future, to create a glory of their own, instead of fretting away their energies in childish and contemptible regrets and frantic rhapsodies about an order of things that had its day, or attempting to deck themselves with laurels picked up from the path of by-gone generations, with whom they had, by blood, but a doubtful and faint alliance, and none at all, through moral or religious ties. Without stooping to imitation, or even thinking of rivalry, in many things, the Lombard, the Tuscan, the Adriatic cities have already eclipsed the ancients, and if they falter not in the right path, they are destined to outstrip them in all; for the career which the Christian cycle has thrown open before them, knows no bound but eternity and heaven. But the "reactionists" of Rome—the belated plagiarists of the Capitol—far from having won the headship of the world, have sunk so low in the progress of their experiment, that they are described as the refuse and dregs of Italy! So writes one who was himself a

"reactionist:"—"DIXISSES OMNES AUT INIQUILINOS ESSE," says Platina, "AUT EXTREMA OMNIUM HOMINUM FECE EO COMMIGRASSE."* And Gibbon says, that "in arms they were not *above*, and in arts they were *below*, the common level of the neighbouring republics."†

With what propriety and force, might not Poggio or his friend, as they sat amidst the ruins, the underwood, and the filth that strewed the Capitol, have put the question: What hath it profited the Romans, that, when beckoned to this hill three hundred years ago, by an adventurer of evil repute and distempered brain, they deserted the successors of St. Peter, and abandoned themselves to a fanaticism that cast, though they did not intend it, a censure on the religion of the martyrs, in which they, above all the rest of mankind, ought to have placed their greatest glory? Of all the clamour and declamation, of all the restorations of senates, equestrian orders, tribunes, emperors; of all the assemblings, deliberations, decrees, embassies, letters, constitutions, manifestos, voted and enacted by the "most magnificent senate," and the most "terrific Roman people:" of all the devastations of vineyards, orchards, corn-fields, of all the plundering of flocks and herds, of all the burnings, maimings, mutilations, and massacres: of all the bloody battles that have left stains on the Campagna,

* Platina, de Vitis Pontif. in Vit. Martin V.

† Ch. 69.

from Viterbo to Tivoli, and from Tivoli to the ill-fated Tusculum, are the "swine and the buffaloes" below, yonder, on the Forum, are these "savage thickets" on the Hill of Jove, these "thorns and brambles obliterating the path of victory," this "dung-hill" of opprobrium, beneath which the benches of the Senators lie buried, the only advantages that have been reaped, the only trophies that remain? This mania for reaction towards the past, was barren of every thing but mischief. Of that, in all its species, and in quick succession, it produced the most prolific harvests. But nothing great, or good: nothing in any way beneficial—if we except an incalculable amount of bitter and dear bought experience like that of the prodigal, can it be proved, or with any show of truth be asserted, to have produced.

The most ample and favourable opportunity has been allowed these enthusiasts for their experiment. Had there been any thing in it, it must have come forth. If, during the 12th and 13th centuries, they allege that such Popes as Alexander III., Innocent III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Gregory X., or Nicholas III., disconcerted their plans, or threw obstacles before the car of conquest—during the entire of the 14th century, and the first half of the 15th, they, in a great measure, have had Rome to themselves. They have had their senate independent, their elections without restriction: they harangued as they liked, made decrees of war and peace, without being, in the least, interfered with. They had their

own army: their banderisi lorded it in the rioni: there was no Pope to hold them in the leash. They marched forth to conquest, when, and through whatever gate, it pleased them best. They have been panegyrized by poets, patronized by emperors, not meddled with by Popes. They also have had great leaders, "senators," and "tribunes:"—still standing on the Capitol, at the close of this epoch of full 300 years of golden opportunity for their scheme, we ask, where are the monuments, the institutions, the trophies indicative of extended dominion, of progress in enlightenment, in agriculture, commerce, arts, or prosperity, that have resulted from all this? Under these auspices,—the Rome which the Pontiffs had built up and adorned, until it became a greater wonder of the world than the Rome that had passed away, how has it fared with it? From being the first of cities, it has sunk into a "village." It has lost all the features of a city—"*nulla urbis facies. nullum urbanitatis indicium, in eâ videbatur.*"* Its palaces have become "dismantled tottering ruins"—its glorious basilicas are in no better case—its streets, which used to be thronged by the wealth, the worth, the grandeur, of all nations, now that the reign of the Fisherman has been set aside for that of the Pagan Republic, they are "deserted:" the city that, under the reign of the Pontiffs, was wont to inspire the countless pilgrims who beheld it with wonder at its beauty as well as at its greatness, has become

* Platina, ubi supr. in Vit. Martin V.

sordid, decayed, forgotten.* Poverty and suffering, without sympathy or honour, have become the lot of the miserable remnant of its once flourishing and mighty people, the pattern and the admiration of all the young nations who looked to them as the authors of their conversion, as the selected courtiers and body-guard of the Prince of the Apostles. The very tombs of the Apostles have been stripped and dilapidated: the dowry of the Church, the patrimony of the poor has been mortgaged and dissipated to carry out the Pagan schemes of conquest, to offer hecatombs to Mars; the clergy who serve the desolated altars are reduced to the most abject want—the few pilgrims that casually venture, at the risk of life, through highways infested with banditti, proclaim the scandal to indignant Christendom, that they have seen the holy mysteries offered up at the shrine of the Apostle, in "vestments patched and sordid." Rome, from being the crown of the world, had fallen so low, under these auspices, as to be regarded as a blot and a pestilence. Rome, heretofore the first of cities, had become the last.† While all the other cities of Italy had been making rapid strides, because they followed

* "Collabentes vedisses domos, collapsa templa, desertos vicos, cœnosam et oblitam urbem, laborantem rerum omnium caritate et inopia."—*Platina, ubi supr. in Vit. Mart. V.*

† "Labefactati etiam ita civitatis mores erant, ut nihil urbanitatis habere videretur; utque illi mores aliunde petendi essent, quæ totum orbem terrarum quondam ad urbanitatem redegerat."—*Id. in Vit. Greg. XI.*

up the grand impulse first given by the Popes, Rome alone refractory, and bent on the retrograde movement, the re-action, has been sinking rapidly; and had it not been, once more, for the Pontiffs, it must have fallen into an utterly desert or savage state. The objects enumerated by Poggio, as the characteristic features of the Capitol and its environs, were the expressive types of the misery and degradation to which the inhabitants of Rome, left to itself, had been reduced.

Nor was there ought but shame and remorse to be gathered from the retrospect of these three hundred years. The Romans had been plunged into all sorts of calamities and crimes, while under the influence of the mania, which, during that protracted period, tormented their blood like fits of an intermitting fever. Hence, so far as the Senate and the people are concerned, the annals of that entire epoch, resemble one's reminiscence of a ghastly nightmare dream, full of blood, and anguish, and horrors. It is a cycle of debates as bootless as the ravings of the storm, of arrogant pretensions which provoke but scoffs and ruthless rebuffs, such as were dealt by the sword of Barbarossa: of invasions, that end in overwhelming and well-merited defeat. It cannot be said that they were thwarted, or that they were not even encouraged and aided, whenever there was any symptom of a move in the right direction, by the Pontiffs—witness the support and encouragement given to Rienzi, until the mania

turned his brain,—hurrying him from the path of improvement, into a labyrinth of chimeras and impossibilities. And were it not for the repeated interventions of the Pontiffs, through their vicars and legates, in nothing short of utter extermination could the insane and incessant feuds of the Colonna, the Orsini, the Savelli, the Annibaldi, the Corsi, the Capocci, the Papareschi, the Rovere, the Viteleschi, and of the rest, have ended. Even the transient visits of Urban V. contributed not a little to check the career of ruin. But while ever the mania lasted, there was no possibility of advancement or even of recovery; nay, as the patient became more exhausted, so did the distemper become more deadly. It is precisely when this epoch of disaster was drawing to a close, the factions, especially the Colonna, increased in violence. To make war on the Pontiffs seemed to be to them a sort of destiny they could not resist. Whether residing in the fortress of the Capitol, or in the cloisters of some convent, it is all the same. They are doomed to be everywhere attacked by the Colonna.

Nor within the ring-wall itself was there any truce from hostilities. In every region, and throughout its entire circumference, it was but one vast arena of hostilities. The few buildings that stood erect, whether of the Papal or the Pagan epoch, wore the aspect of war. The streets, embarrassed and blocked up with barricades and entrenchments, seemed intended more for the purposes of feudal warfare, than for social intercourse, the resort of traffic, or the

cultivation of the pastimes and the arts of peace. On a paltry scale, all the scourges inflicted on the Pagan city by the terrible Barbarian kings and their ferocious armies, were renewed during the reign of those who were fain to identify themselves with that city, on which a doom, visibly from on High, had fallen. In Braccio di Montone of Perugia, the Rome of the Retrogradisti finds an Alaric: it finds a pigmy Genzeric in the profligate Ladislaus of Naples. The lands, on the harvest of which depend the lives of the handful, by whom its ruin-encumbered streets and tottering palaces seem to be still infested rather than inhabited, were repeatedly wasted with fire and sword, by such condottieri as Niccoló Fortebraccio and Niccoló Piccinino. In the wars of the factions, they were exposed to devastations that came round almost as regularly as the seasons.

To sum up, the characteristics of the entire epoch during which the Romans were the sport of this delirium, are accurately expressed in the words of Tacitus. Of a period of singular calamity and shame in the annals of the Pagan city, he says it was—*atrox prœliis, discors seditionibus, et etiam pace sœvum.* And this epoch was also rendered atrocious by battles: it was lacerated by seditions; during peace, it was truculent in aspect. And lest in this last particular, as well as in those of the battles and seditions, of which we have seen more than enough, during a festive scene, of *amusement*, on which all the Roman matrons of

proudest lineage with their virgin daughters shed their smiles, no less than seven-and-twenty of the flower of the Roman youth were stretched weltering in their gore on the arena, where gladiators, in Pagan times, were forced to slaughter each other and martyrs of Christ were thrown to the lions. Of the seven-and-twenty (all pierced and torn with such wounds as victorious wild bulls inflict), no less than eighteen were carried from the Coliseum to their untimely graves. Only eleven of the bulls were slain. On this, it is not inaptly observed by Gibbon, that the *quadrupeds* carried the day.

But, after all, it is in the obstinacy with which it clung to its victims, and defied all modes of cure —even the most bitter potions of adversity, disappointment, and defeat, again and again experienced—that we are to look for the peculiar type of this most disastrous malady. It would not have been unreasonable to expect, that, after the result of the last experiment to supersede the rule of the Pontiffs by that of the Republic, the most stolid and perverse would have become sensible of the suicidal madness of the attempt. Nevertheless, the mania is to have one outbreak more, but it will be the last—the last, until after the immense interval of four hundred years (almost from day to day), the city is to be once more tormented by a fit—a very aggravated fit, of the old mediæval pestilence. But as Stefano Porcaro, with whom ends the dynasty of the Arnalds, the Brancaleones and the Rienzis, makes his

first appearance during the funeral of Pope Eugenius IV., we may be allowed for a moment to suspend the narrative, in order to insert what is said of the character of this Pontiff, by Platina, a writer much more inclined to libel than to eulogize the Popes.

"Eugenius," says Platina, "as to his mien and presence, was a man to wonder at, impressing the beholder with reverence; in discourse he was remarkable rather for the gravity of his thoughts than for the eloquence of his diction. His acquaintance with classical literature was moderate, but great was his erudition, more especially in history. Liberal to all, to men of letters he was so in a pre-eminent degree, delighting much in their society. From their ranks his three favourite secretaries, Leonardo Arretino, Carolo Poggio, and Trapezuntius Blondus were chosen. It was right difficult to move him to anger, for he did not resent injuries, and heeded little or nothing the slanders men circulated against him. With the same composure did he regard the bitter libels and menacing invectives, which were aimed at him by the ablest pens of his day. To all universities and seats of learning without distinction, he was a fostering parent; but the Roman Gymnasium he made the object of a more special solicitude. The religious orders he greatly loved and greatly favoured."

He then says—an assertion most untrue—"that he had a passion for war," and urges as a proof, that "La-

dislaus of Poland, at his instance and accompanied by the Cardinal-legate to the battle-field, encountered and overthrew the Turks between Adrianople and the Danube—a victory which was the saving of Christendom, breaking the infidel power by the slaughter of 30,000 of their best troops and the dispersion of the rest.

"Very few," continues Platina, "and those only learned men, did he admit to familiar discourse. But these—that they might be as it were the vouchers to the world of the modesty with which he lived,—it was his habit to receive in his chamber, conversing freely with them while at supper, as to the news of the city, and asking them what was said of public measures, with a view to rectify anything wrong, either on his own part or on that of his ministers. His exertions were zealous to adorn the Church of God, by aid of architecture and the other arts, as any one will believe who sees the Papal Chapel or the bronze gates of St. Peter's. Illustrious alike for genius and great achievements, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, the Pontiff died, and his remains sleep in a marble tomb in the Basilica of St. Peter, inscribed with the following verses:—

"Eugenius hic quartus, cor nobile cujus
Testantur vitæ splendida facta suæ."

We now resume our review of the mania for restoring the Republic according to the ancient type. The narrative we leave to Gibbon, a sufficient guarantee that, if blame be due to the Pope in this transaction of Stefano Porcaro, it will not be withheld.

"Petrarch was at this time," says Gibbon, "the oracle of the Italians; *and as often as Porcaro revolved the ode which describes the patriot and hero of Rome, he applied to himself the visions of the prophetic bard.*" This is evidently what may be called "a decided case." The fire of patriotic indignation is not enkindled in the breast of Porcaro—the *visionary* Roman—as it was in the *matter-of-fact* Roman, the elder Gracchus, by witnessing scenes in Etruria very strikingly resembling (in a mitigated degree) the scenes of which Mr. Poulett Scrope and Mr. Bright were eye-witnesses, in the west and south of Ireland during the autumn of this year. Stefano Porcaro's patriotism is of a loftier, more ethereal origin. There is nothing grovelling or earthly about it. It does not spring from any vulgar low-born sympathies such as made the very blood tingle in the veins of the plodding patriots, both ancient and modern, just alluded to. The patriotism came on Stefano as inspiration fell on Sybils and Poets; he seems to have fancied he had "a call" to be the restorer of Roman glory. It was nothing short of that, nothing less magnificent. It is not even with the prosaic intent

of the benevolent knight of La Mancha, "to redress injuries," &c. to reform existing abuses; it is not even to obtain any ordinary ameliorations of the existing order of things around him, that Porcaro feels himself beckoned to the Capitol, as often as he revolved the ode which describes the patriot and hero of Rome, "*he applied to himself the* VISIONS *of the* PROPHETIC BARD."

"His first trial of the popular feelings," continues Gibbon, "was at the funeral of Eugenius IV. In an *elaborate* speech he called the Romans to liberty and arms; and they listened with apparent pleasure till Porcaro was interrupted and *answered* by a grave advocate, who pleaded for the Church and State. By every law the seditious orator was guilty of treason; but the benevolence of the new Pontiff—Nicholas V.—who viewed his character with pity and esteem, attempted by an honourable office to convert the patriot into a friend.* The *inflexible* Roman returned from Anagni with an increase of reputation and zeal; and on the first opportunity, the games of the place Navona, he tried to inflame the casual dispute of some boys and mechanics into a general rising of the people. Yet the humane Nicholas was still averse to accept the forfeit of his life; and the traitor was removed from the scene of temptation to Bologna, with a liberal allowance for his support, and the easy

* How like what has happened in our own times! Nor is the ingredient of black ingratitude wanting to complete the parallel.

obligation of presenting himself each day before the governor of the city. But Porcaro had learned from the younger Brutus, that with tyrants no faith or gratitude should be observed."

This last sentence brings out the dark features of this fell spirit—the workings of which cost poor de Rossi his life in our own days—in all its horrors. This Porcaro does not pretend even to be provoked to treason by the sufferings or wrongs of the people. He only imagines himself called to restore the ancient glories of the Capitol. As for himself he has been loaded with favours; but all this, notwithstanding, whoever stands in the way of the Senate and the Roman people, according to the type of the pristine *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, no matter how "benevolent," how "humane," how enlightened and advantageous to the common weal, as a ruler, the patriot, stricken with this mania, feels it a duty, a destiny, to deal with him as Brutus dealt with Cæsar. But it is plain, that Porcaro, like Rienzi and so many others who declaimed about Roman liberty, had chiefly in view to raise himself to despotic power.

"The exile Porcaro, continues the same writer, declaimed against the *arbitrary sentence!* A party and a *conspiracy* were gradually formed; his nephew, a daring youth, assembled a band of volunteers; and on the appointed evening, a feast was prepared at his house for the friends of the Republic. Their leader, who had escaped from Bologna, *ap-*

peared among them in a robe of purple and gold, (just like an actor, making his entré on the stage! this is another feature of the mania, as we saw exemplified in Rienzi). "His voice, his countenance, his gestures, bespoke the man who had devoted his life or death to the glorious cause. In a *studied oration*, he expatiated on the motives and the means of their enterprize; the name and liberties of Rome, the sloth and pride of their ecclesiastical tyrants—especially Pope Nicholas,—the active or possible consent of their fellow-citizens; three hundred soldiers, and four hundred exiles, long exercised in arms and in wrongs; *the license of revenge to edge their swords*, and a million of ducats to reward their victory. It would be easy, he said, on the next day, the festival of the Epiphany (by a surprise like that of Cencio at the Præsepe on Christmas night, A.D. 1075), to seize the Pope and Cardinals, before the doors, *or at the altar of St. Peter's;* to lead them in chains under the walls of St. Angelo; to extort by the threat of their instant death, a surrender of the castle; TO ASCEND THE VACANT CAPITOL; TO RING THE ALARM-BELL; AND TO RESTORE IN A POPULAR ASSEMBLY THE ANCIENT REPUBLIC OF ROME. But while he triumphed, he was already betrayed. The Senator, with a strong guard, invested the house; the nephew of Porcaro cut his way through the crowd; but the unfortunate Stephen was drawn from a chest, lamenting that his *enemies* had anticipated by three hours the execution of his

design. After such manifest and repeated guilt, concludes Gibbon, *even the mercy of Nicholas was silent.*" With nine of his principal accomplices, Porcaro was put to death.

After a lapse of four hundred years, we have seen the project of the infatuated and most ungrateful Porcaro, resumed by men apparently much better versed than he was, in the science of conspiracy and revolution.*

* Of this dark and bloody plot, a contemporary writer says: "Facinus, profecto quo, neque periculo horribilius, neque audacia detestabilius, neque crudelitate tetrius, a quoquam perditissimo uspiam excogitatum sit." Though Gibbon sneers at this, every word of it is true.

CHAPTER III.

THE character of Nicholas V., to which the virtues of "benevolence," "humanity," and mercy, are assigned even by Gibbon, is set before us by Mr. Macaulay, in his own brilliant manner, under a different point of view, on his being installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In pourtraying the aspect of Europe just before the founding of the University, in A.D. 1449, Mr. Macaulay says:—

"At this conjuncture—a conjuncture of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters, held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much, must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the revivers of learning, Pope Nicholas V. He had sprung from the common people; but his abilities and his erudition had early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much, and travelled far. He had visited Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was to his native Tuscany what the back

settlements of America now are to Britain. He had lived with merchant princes of Florence, those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the protection of the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arranged the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy, your founder rose to a throne; but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy, Theodore Gaza and George of Trebizond, Basaroin and Filelfo, Masilio Ficchino and Poggio Bracciolini. By him was founded the Vatican library, then, and long after, the most precious and the most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine empire. His agents were to be found everywhere—in the bazaars of the farthest East, in the monasteries of the farthest West—purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments, on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers. But no department of literature owes so much to him as history. By him were introduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled models

of historical composition, the work of Herodotus, and the work of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon and with the manly good sense of Polybius. It was while he was occupied with cares like these, that his attention was called to the intellectual wants of this region—a region now swarming with population, rich with culture, and resounding with the clang of machinery—a region which now sends forth fleets laden with its admirable fabrics, to lands, of which, in his days no geographer had ever heard: then, a wild, a poor, a half barbarous tract, lying in the utmost verge of the known world. He gave his sanction to the plan of establishing a university in Glasgow, and bestowed on the new seat of learning all the privileges which belonged to the University of Bologna. I can conceive that a pitying smile passed over his face as he named Bologna and Glasgow together. At Bologna he had long studied. No spot in the world had been more favoured by nature or by art. The surrounding country was a fruitful and sunny country, a country of corn-fields and vineyards," &c.

Another phase of this Pontiff's character is thus brought out by Muratori, in treating of the state of Italy, A. D. 1450, that is exactly four hundred years ago.

"Through a long and dreary lapse of years," he says, "we have seen Italy worried and torn to pieces by wars—being dragged now to this, again to that side, by the contending factions. The present year (in which Pope Nicholas had proclaimed a jubilee) appeared to bring with it a miraculous effect; for, if minds were not every where in harmony, at any rate, there reigned throughout the land a profound and universal peace; and Pope Nicholas, endowed as he was with a noble mind and a disposition truly regal, availed himself of the serene time to set on foot a variety of undertakings that were to exalt the city of Rome, and endear to it the memory of his reign. The revival and encouragement of letters he had greatly at heart. To give a fresh impulse to the movement already commenced, he gathered round him and rewarded in a princely manner, the most gifted and laborious scholars of the time, and caused the works of the ancients to be searched after and collected from all parts of the East as well as of Europe. Of these he had the copies multiplied in manuscript, the art of printing being as yet unknown or kept a secret. He thus formed a library which for that age was a wonder. He set a number of the most accomplished Hellenists to make translations of the works of the Fathers from the original Greek; the Greek poets and historians he also caused to be translated. At the same time he had on hand great enterprises in building. These were on a scale in harmony with

the grandeur of his ideas, as might be seen not only in the sacred temples, such as the Lateran, the Liberian Basilica, St. Paul's, San Lorenzo's—in all of which great works were executed by his order,—but also in various public edifices of the city which he caused to be erected, and in the walls and fortifications which he caused to be in a great measure rebuilt. All these things have been fully and minutely described by the Florentine, Gianazzo Manetti, in his Life of this Pontiff. They are also recorded by Stefano Infessura in his Diary. He says, that in this year, 1450,—he restored the walls. They had fallen into such neglect under the Republic, that in several places there were gaps and breaches through which whole squadrons could ride without impediment, as was exemplified more than once in the raids of the Colonna. The towers and gates of the city he rebuilt, also during this year, besides restoring the buildings of the Capitol, increasing the great tower of Sant' Angelo and adding to its fortifications. Close to Saint Mary Major's he built a palace, and at St. Peter's he built the Canons house; the Church of St. Theodore he raised from its foundations. Many other similar works we pass by unnoticed."*

The crowning of the Emperor Frederic III. in St. Peter's, by the hands of this Pontiff, took place while these works were going on, amidst scenes of great magnificence. This was on the 18th of

* Annali d'Italia, an. 1450.

March, A.D. 1453. Three days previously the Pope had performed the ceremony of crowning the emperor-elect, with the iron crown of Lombardy, on the same occasion, uniting him in marriage to the Princess Leonora, daughter of the king of Portugal, who on the 18th, received the crown as empress, at the same time her spouse received the imperial crown.* The celebrated Æneas Silvius de' Piccolomini, who afterwards reigned as Pope under the title of Pius II., acted at that juncture as chief secretary or cabinet minister of Frederic. The enemies of peace in Italy and of the Papacy, the Visconti, having become extinct, a new ducal dynasty was at this time enthroned at Milan, in the person of the far-famed Condottiero, Francesco Sforza, who had long usurped the marches, and at one time extended his invasions over the duchy of Spoleti, and on as far as Viterbo and Toscanella. But, from the opening years of this Pontificate, the sway of St. Peter has been firmly and universally re-established, from the lower to the upper See, and from frontier to frontier, in the greatest extent the States have ever had. Up to the usurpation of Rome and the States, in A.D. 1799, by the Infidel Faction, installed at Paris under the name of the Directory of the French Republic, the chief vicissitudes, the dominion thus re-established is to experience, during the lapse of exactly three hundred and fifty years, are found to consist in a two-fold deve-

* Vid. Muratori, ubi supr. an. 1453.

lopment. By the one, it recovers the free and unimpeded exercise of its functions in the resumption of the great fiefs, such as Urbino and Ferrara; by the other, it makes itself felt in procuring for the inhabitants of the States, a more protracted exemption from the calamities of war, and a greater amount of all the blessings of peace, than have fallen to the lot of any other people in Europe, during the same epoch, or, perhaps, at any other.

With the opening of this new cycle in the destinies of Rome, and of the Pontifical States, it becomes necessary for us to adopt a new plan in treating their history. Henceforward, that history is governed by a law of uniformity, of which during the preceding periods there was hardly any trace; so that, to form anything approaching a correct idea of the history, it was indispensable to seek it, from reign to reign, in the peculiar policy of each successive Pontiff, and oftentimes, even in his relations with the Church and with Christendom at large. We have seen it almost invariably happened, that the temporal sovereignty had either to stand or fall, to be either enfeebled or to acquire new force, according as the issue was adverse, or favourable, to the Papacy, in those grand debates and struggles, so characterized by alternations the most portentous and abrupt. But in examining the annals of the States from this memorable date, *viz.* the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred and fifty, we discover, to use a term of the

schoolmen, that they have at length acquired a *subsistency* of their own. We discover in this diversified and glorious region of central Italy, an organized unity that has its regular progressive growth and development, throughout the entire period of three centuries and a half already specified. When we look to the other branch of the subject, the history of the city, more striking and salient becomes the evidence of uniform increment, as in the case of a tree or of a human being. We behold it rising uninterruptedly, until the Rome of Sixtus V., of Alexander VIII., of Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., stands before us as the perfection of that structure, which was founded by Nicholas V. amidst the deformed scene of decay and ruin, in the heart of which that great Pontiff commenced to build a modern Rome, after two cities of the Pagan æra and two of the mediæval epoch, had been overthrown and their ruins in great part swept away.

In addition to this law growing out of the subject itself there is another, the stern law of necessity, by which we are inhibited from stepping beyond the limits of these two points—THE GROWTH OF THE STATES, AND THE GROWTH OF THE CITY. For such a purpose, the two hundred pages still available are far from sufficient. In fine, although we could have wished to have brought the movement headed by Luther, in the 16th century, in contrast with that which Hildebrand originated, in the 11th, and to have dealt with what we conceive to be an organic fallacy

in Ranke's History of the Popes, as well as with a variety of erroneous positions and details of the same work, we are obliged to abandon the idea. The injury entailed on a constitution, not naturally robust, by an attempt to achieve, in a few months, a task to which as many years, to do it justice, should have been devoted, has, in addition to the other grounds, made peremptory the order to be brief.*

* Even were it possible (as in the preceding stages) to enter somewhat into Papal biography, we should have still hesitated to do so, knowing that the Chevalier Artaud de Mentor, so advantageously known by his histories of Pius VII., Leo XII., and Pius VIII., has been for years engaged in composing a general History of the Popes, more especially of those who reigned during the cycle embraced by Ranke's work.

CHAPTER IV.

Counting from the death of Gregory XI. to the election of Pope Nicholas V., the Curia, or Papal Court, rather partook of the destiny of the camp, that was shifted from station to station by command of the Jewish Lawgiver, than of a permanent city.

The former Pontiff had finally removed it from Avignon, but Rome did not become the fixed abode of the Pontiffs who succeeded him. There is hardly a city, from Nocera to Constance, in which they do not pitch their tent, surrounded by the army of operation, the Curia in all its branches, during the course of those seventy years. Their Court is fixed at Gaeta, at Florence often, and, for protracted periods, at Viterbo, at Perugia, at Terni, in Bologna,—never at the once-favoured but ungrateful Anagni, doomed not to recover the judgment that seemed to strike it for the betrayal of one of its greatest ornaments and benefactors, Pope Boniface VIII. An attitude of preparedness to move at almost a moment's warning, a feeling like that of an army ever on the alert—disposed to march, or to remain in the same quarters, according to the word of command, and without being, for a moment, misled to regard any one encampment or garrison, as *a home*;—such were the characteristics of the Curia during that

nomadic period. This habit was the more easily contracted, that the vast majority of the *employés* in the various departments of the world-embracing, most complicated, and exact administration, were not held by the ties and responsibilities that weigh so heavily on men, who have families to live with and provide for. In a few days after the order for the route, the Curia, through all its ramifications, with the throng that ever followed it, was found as cheerfully and as effectively occupied, and neither less nor more at home, in Perugia, Viterbo, Bologna, or Florence, than when the station was within the ring wall of the Seven Hills, in the vicinity of the Capitol and the Tiber.

A third condition of these seventy years by which the camp-like character of the Papal Court was rendered still more decided, were the incessant wars which filled that entire period with commotions the most violent and capricious. Of these commotions the Roman Capitol was one of the most active foci. From the day, (so honourable to that great Pontiff's memory,) that Innocent II., by refusing to allow the Tivolesi and their city to be dealt with as were the unfortunate denizens of Tusculum and their town, at a later period—in a word, from the appearance of Arnald of Brescia up to the frustration of the sanguinary and most atrocious plot of Stefano Porcaro—for the Popes to fix their court in Rome, and there carry on the administration of the Catholic world, was scarcely possible. Hence, in no one station

was the Curia less sure of a protracted halt, than when their tents were pitched on the Campus Martius, and as we may say under the batteries of the Capitol. The consequence was, that, though some of the basilicas and churches, the entire of which, as we have seen, he found in a ruinous and tottering state, were repaired by Martin V., and that still more was done in the way of new erections by Eugenius IV., it is, nevertheless, from the jubilee year, A.D. 1450, when the last embers of the great schism were extinguished, and with them those of the mania that had made the Capitol a volcano of sedition and ruin, that we are to date the foundation of modern Rome. When it was debated, amidst the ruins to which Brennus had reduced the Rome of the Kings and the Elder Commonwealth, whether the people should rebuild on the ancient site or emigrate to Veii, the chance phrase of a centurion, in marking with his halbert the station for his cohort, decided the fate of Rome, and, in a great measure, of the civilized world. The existence of the city of Romulus and of the Elder Brutus would probably have faded even from vague tradition, two thousand years since, had not the centurion said, striking the ground of the forum with his lance, "Here is a good station," meaning for the soldiers' tents;—but for the determination of Nicholas V. to rebuild the walls, and lay the first stone of the city which his successors—and they alone—completed, the desolation described by Poggio Bracciolini would have inevitably pro-

gressed; and a few fragments, with perhaps a solitary column, defaced and shattered, would have stood in mournful solitude, where now rises that city, allowed on all hands, to stand like its own unrivalled temple—alone, and unapproachable in interest, majesty, and beauty.

Next in importance to the buildings of Nicholas V., the bridge erected by Sixtus IV., and hence called the Ponte Sisto, is deservedly ranked; because it formed a new centre of attraction by facilitating intercourse and commerce between the two sides of the Tiber, theretofore with but one bridge, and that not adapted for commerce,—by reason of the restrictions to which, as a most important military position, it was of necessity subjected. Hence we find two regions, of entirely new buildings, springing up as if by magic, one round the Trastevere opening of the new bridge, and the other where it opened on the Campus Martius. The Curia, it was now perceived and felt by all, had become irrevocably fixed; the States were in the enjoyment of peace and of consequent prosperity; the exorcism had told at last, and the Romans, so long tormented as if by an evil spirit that allowed no peace to themselves or to any within the sphere of their power, appeared to have acquired a new nature. The exact manner in which the young city was affected by these various influences might be no easier matter to describe, than to assign, to soil, to fertilizing showers, to healthful breeze and genial sunshine, their separate quotas to the growth of a

tree, or of a crop of corn: but it is enough to say, the fostering influences were at work, and that the city grew, waxing greater, and more wealthy and fair to look upon, as successive years rolled over it.

Most notable was the advance under Julius II. "Not content," says Ranke, "with his enterprize of St. Peter's church, Julius II. also restored the palace of the Vatican, and across the declivity that separated the old buildings from the villa of Innocent VIII., called the Belvedere, he laid the foundation of the Loggie, one of the most admirably contrived works in existence. At no great distance from these erections his kinsmen of the Riario family, and his treasurer, Agostini Chigi, were all building palaces of great beauty, each in emulation of the other. Of these, the Farnesina, that of the Chigi, is unquestionably the superior, admirable for the perfection of its plan, and the grace of its construction, but most of all for the rich decorations it received from the hand of Raphael. To the north of the Tiber, Julius also displayed his munificence by completing the Cancellaria, with its fine Cotile, which, from the purity and harmony of its proportions, is considered the most beautiful in the world.* The example of the Pontiff was eagerly followed by his Cardinals and nobles: among them the Farnese, the magnificent entrance of whose palace has gained it the reputation of being the finest in Rome; and Francesco del Rio, who boasted of his house that "it

* It was the scene of Count de Rossi's assassination, A.D. 1848.

should last till a tortoise had completed the tour of the globe." The Medici meanwhile filled their dwellings with the most varied treasures of art and literature, while the Orsini adorned their palace on the Campofiore with painting and sculpture, both within and without. The remains of that magnificent period, when the noble works of antiquity were so boldly rivalled, do not receive all the attention they merit, from the stranger who passes them in his walks around the Campofiore and across the Piazza Farnese. The genius, emulation, and fertility of spirit, characterizing this bright epoch, produced a general prosperity in the city. In proportion with the increase of the people, buildings were erected in the Campo Marzo, and around the mausoleum of Augustus. These were further extended under Leo X. Julius had previously constructed the Lungara—a wide and noble street along the Trastevere side of the river—the Strada Giulia, a street in the same style, and on the opposite side of the Tiber, was built at the same time.

While, on the Campus Martius, in Trastevere, and in the Borgo of St. Peter's, the site where the new city was beginning to lift its head, the face of things was rapidly changing, of the Seven Hills—the site of the Pagan city—from the time that Poggio viewed it as he and his friend were seated on the Capitol, the aspect remained the same. He might

still have repeated the same words in pointing to the same scene.

"Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous fragments the marble theatre, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticos of Nero's palace: survey the other hills of the city, the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws, and elect their magistrates, is now enclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is the more visible, from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."

These relics are minutely described by Poggio.—1. Besides a bridge, an arch, a sepulchre, and the pyramid of Cestius, he could discern, of the age of the republic, a double row of vaults, in the salt-office of the Capitol, which were inscribed with the name and munificence of Catulus. 2. Eleven temples were visible in some degree, from the perfect form of the Pantheon, to the three arches and a marble column of the Temple of Peace, which Vespasian erected after the civil wars and the Jewish triumph. 3. Of the number, which he rashly defines, of seven thermæ, or public baths, none were sufficiently entire to represent the use and distri-

bution of the several parts: but those of Diocletian and Antoninus Caracalla, still retained the titles of the founders, and astonished the curious spectator who, in observing their solidity and extent, the variety of marbles, the size and multitude of the columns, compared the labour and expense with the use and importance. Of the baths of Constantine, of Alexander, of Domitian, or rather of Titus, some vestiges might yet be found. 4. The triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine, were entire, both the structure and the inscriptions; a falling fragment was honoured with the name of Trajan; and two arches, then extant, in the Flaminian Way, have been ascribed to the baser memory of Faustina and Gallienus. 5. After the wonder of the Coliseum, Poggius might have overlooked a small amphitheatre of brick, most probably for the use of the Prætorian camp; the theatres of Marcellus and Pompey, were occupied in a great measure by public and private buildings; and in the Circus, Agonalis and Maximus, little more than the situation and the form could be investigated. 6. The columns of Trajan and Antonine were still erect; but the Egyptian obelisks were broken or buried. A people of gods and heroes, the workmanship of art, was reduced to one equestrian figure of gilt brass, and to five marble statues, of which the most conspicuous were the two horses of Phidias and Praxiteles. 7. The two mausoleums or sepulchres of Augustus and Hadrian could not

be totally lost: but the former was only visible as a mound of earth; and the latter, the castle of St. Angelo, had acquired the name and appearance of a modern fortress. With the addition of some separate and nameless columns, such were the remains of the ancient city: for the marks of a more recent structure, might be detected in the walls, which formed a circumference of ten miles, included three hundred and seventy-nine turrets, and opened into the country by thirteen gates.

The state of the ruins is brought before us in another point of view, by two singularly elegant and interesting documents of the reign of Leo X. One is a letter written by Bembo, as the Pontiff's secretary of Latin letters, to Raphael di Urbino: the other is a Report drawn up and presented to Pope Leo by Raphael, in consequence of a commission given him regarding the said ruins.

In the letter or brief to Raphael, Leo is made to say, that it having come to his ears that the ruins of the ancient city are commonly resorted to by all persons in want of building materials, not only for structures within the city but for whatever they may have occasion to erect in the country round about, he makes him, Raphael, prefect of the ancient ruins, with a right of pre-emption for the use of St. Peter's, regarding all fragments of antiquity, whether of marble or of whatever kind of stone. And all by whom materials shall for the future be excavated or otherwise brought to light, are bound

under penalty, of from 100 to 300 gold pieces, to give notice thereof to the prefect. "Moreover, as I am informed," the Pontiff goes on to say, "that marble slabs and monumental stones with sculptured figures and inscriptions, have, with a barbarous temerity, most injurious to the hopes of art and literature, been subjected to the saw and the chisel without regard for the inscriptions or relievi, by those who work in marble, it is our command to all sculptors and others working in marble at Rome, never for the future to presume to saw or chisel any stone inscribed with letters or figures, without your express licence and permission, and this under the same penalty as in the former case."*

In the second piece,—the Report on the Ruins, presented by Raphael to his great patron Leo X., and from which it appears that he could wield the pen as well as the pencil with inimitable grace and mastery—after expressing his admiration of the genius evinced in those relics of antiquity, and his grief that of so much grandeur and elegance, the disfigured and lacerated carcass or rather a mere skeleton is all that has survived, Raphael dwells on the ravages to which these surviving monuments, few as they are, have been exposed, even within his own

* "Quoniam certus sum factus, multum antiqui marmoris et saxi, literis monumentisque incisi, quæ quidem sæpe monumenta notam aliquam egregiam . . . a fabris marmoriis eo pro materia utentibus temere secari, ita ut inscriptiones aboleantur, mando omnibus," &c.—*Vid. Roscoe's Leo X. Append. no. ccx.*

memory. "For the sake of raising pozzolana, [the sand used for cement in new erections], have not the ancient structures, he says, been in many instances undermined? Who can calculate the quantity of lime that has been burned from ancient statues and sculptured ornaments, broken to pieces for that purpose? I am bold to affirm, that, great and beautiful as is this new Rome, which we now behold, so adorned with palaces, churches, and other edifices, the lime used in building it is entirely made from ancient marble. And, though it is not quite eleven years since I came to Rome, I cannot without soreness of heart revert to all the fine things, such as the Meta that stood in the Via Alessandrina, the Arco mal'avventurato, columns, I know not how many, and temples, that have been made away with." It appears that in these devastations, the Signor Bartolommeo della Rovere, was one of the most unsparing. The body of the Report is taken up with a very minute account of the system he had adopted in preparing the plan of ancient Rome, according to the commission given him by the Pope. Nor was there any thing novel in this disposition to lay under contribution the ancient, when new, buildings were to be raised,—just as happened when the fugitives had returned and commenced to build amongst the ruins to which the Gauls had reduced the primitive city. In one of the very few instances in which unanimity is found to prevail among the factions, by whom the city was torn to

pieces, and utterly ruined during the absence of the Popes, is one which Gibbon mentions.

"In the fourteenth century, a scandalous act of concord secured to both factions, the privilege of extracting stones from the free and common quarry of the Coliseum; and Poggius laments, that the greater part of these stones had been burnt to lime by the folly of the Romans. To check the abuse, and to prevent the nocturnal crimes that might be perpetrated in the vast and gloomy recess, Eugenius IV. surrounded it with a wall; and, by a charter long extant, granted both the ground and edifice to the monks of an adjacent convent. After his death, the wall was overthrown in a tumult of the people; and had they themselves respected the noblest monument of their fathers, they might have justified the resolve that it should never be degraded to private property." The spirit that actuated Eugenius, was the same by which Benedict XIV. was moved to consecrate the Coliseum as a place of Christian worship, thus effectually guarding it from further injury.

According to the passage above quoted from Raphael, it appears the "New City" has rapidly progressed. Already in the opening of Leo's reign, it presents such an aspect as to call forth the admiration of one, who of all that lived before or since, was best qualified to pronounce judgment on such a subject.*

* "Ardirei dire, che tutta questa Roma nuova, che ora si vide, quanto grande ch' ella sia, QUANTO BELLA, quanto ornata di

In a description of a grand pageant which took place in the first year of Leo X., when he went in state from St. Peter's to the Lateran, the soul and life that animated this newly risen city, are brought before us in the most clear and brilliant light. A more exquisite piece of descriptive writing there cannot be, than that in which the whole progress of the procession is depicted. The vast number of public bodies, functionaries, and great personages, with the costumes they wore, their devices, and the liveries of their suits, down even to the most minute details of the ornaments—all sparkling with jewels; as also the various triumphal arches, with their inscriptions, statues, pictures, schirzi d'aqua and wine-fountains: the festooning of the façades of the palaces, churches, and houses, all along the line of the procession: the raptures of all, the prolonged and reiterated outbursts of applause mounting up to the cloudless firmament, and the soft strains of music, are all so painted to the life, that to read the page of poor Giovan Giaccomo de Pennis, makes the whole almost as familiar to the imagination, as if one had seen it. It would be hardly possible for the fancy of a poet to add a single circumstance to heighten the impression left on the mind by the review of this pageant, as to the inexhaustible wealth, the Raphael-like grace, dignity, and brilliancy, characterising the personages of every order who figure in it: the solid, all-pervading instinct of security both felt and ex-

palagi, chiese e altri edificj," &c.—*Vid. Roscoe, ubi supr. Append.* no. ccxi.

pressed by all ranks: or as to the daily expanding prosperity and felicity of the Roman people and the people of the States. All this is brought out in soft but glowing radiance, by this singularly resplendent and classical manifestation of a nation's joy. It is not a piece to be translated. Without attempting to bring out the details, as they may be viewed in de Pennis, we only catch here and there, a few of the more salient features that seem to claim our notice, from their striking connection with our subject.

The first to emerge from the triumphal arch at the head of the great street, leading from the Cortile of St. Peter's to Saint Angelo and the Pons Ælius, are two hundred men at arms of the Orsini, their lances glittering in the morning sun, their banderoles flaunting softly on the clear tranquil atmosphere — their laced jackets, worn hussar-like, on the shoulder, and their under dress being slashed in white and rose colour flames, the device of the Orsini. At a short interval came, superbly mounted, one hundred Signors and Counts of various places,— some being of the noble houses of the Orsini and Colonna, others of the Savelli, others of the Conti— all their equerries, as well as themselves, were arrayed in brocades and velvets of the finest texture, embroidered, and covered with lace, according to the device of each. Of brocade and velvet also, massive with gold and silver, were the housings of their steeds. "Lifting up my eyes,"—poor de Pennis, as he tells us, was on foot—"methought I saw," he says, "among the first, that famous Signor

Giovan Jordano, with—riding on each side of him, that honoured pair, *viz.*, Signor Fabricio Columna, and Signor Julio Ursino. These were followed two and two, by Signor Franciotto, el Conte Pitigliano, and Signor Prospero de Cavi: Signor Camillo and Signor Mario: Signor Octavio and Signor Amico, of the noble familia Ursina: Signor Alessandro de Palestrina and Signor Fabricio Columna: Signor Jo. Bapt. de Stabia, and S. Stephano di Volmontone." After these a band in the Papal livery, with all sorts of instruments of music. Their devices and ornaments, as described by de Pennis, were curious as they were brilliant. Next came squadrons of Greeks in their native costume, but of the Papal colours—then the valets of the Cardinals in rich liveries. Close after these there rode a goodly company of Florentines, wealthy merchants, as might be seen in the sumptuous apparel they had on, cloth and velvets of the finest material, and mostly of a roseate or crimson dye. Several of them are distinguished by name from the crowd, by their poor but gifted fellow-citizen, de Pennis. The costumes of their equerries were as brilliant as their own. The next band was headed by two Maestri di Casa of the Papal household, and consisted of the shield-bearers, Scutiferi—in rose-coloured sajoni of velvet and crimson cloth. They were in all about 260. Then came, led by a groom with a rose-coloured wand, a white palfrey, carrying the crimson covered steps for mounting on horse-back—then a squadron of

Cursori, in rose-coloured regimentals, on noble horses, carrying a banner with the Pope's device thereon; then, on foot, thirteen stalwart youths, called Conestavoli delli Romani, or regionary leaders, each carrying the banner of his region; then, two other mounted Cursori, carrying the bandiera of the Roman University, painted with flaming cherubim. The next great personage who came along was the illustrious Signor Giovangiorgio della nobil familia Cesarea, Confaloniere of the Roman people, with a great banner in his hand of rose-coloured silk, spangled and embroidered with the finest gold, with the glittering S. P. Q. R., the monogram of the senate and the people. There now came in view a martial company, all dressed in silk, white as the driven snow, and at their head the stately knight, John Blancfeldt, of the March of Brandenburgh. He represented the Teutonic Order of our Lady, and bore their famous standard of white taffeta, with a black cross. The next were the knights of St. John, now called of Rhodes, with the noble cavalier, Misser Julio, of the famous house of Medici, riding in the van, with a grand rose-coloured banner, having a white cross in the middle. These were followed by the banner of Holy Church. On its ample folds of roseate silk, shone and sparkled the keys of St. Peter. It was carried by the Capitaneo, Signor Frachaseo, with his staffieri in brocade and gold around him. The banner of the Duke of Ferrara, as Confaloniere of the Church, followed, the

noble youth who upheld it, being escorted by a gallant company of horsemen in rich attire. They were closely followed by more than two hundred barons, counts, and cavaliers, who had come to Rome,—some with the Duke of Ferrara, some with the Duke of Urbino, and the rest with the Signor of Camerino—the great feudatories of St. Peter. Amongst them, de Pennis notices Signor Carlo Baglionè, by name. They were followed by nine led horses and three mules, all twelve of milk-white colour, in gorgeous caparisons, and moving under a load of massive vases and other ornaments, in silver and gold and precious stones,—the grooms being in sumptuous liveries, and each with the accustomed rose-coloured wand in his hand. Close upon these were the masters of the stalls, with fifty of their men in rose-colour on foot. Next came four Roman youths, scudieri di honore, bearing ornaments as they rode along—next 112 cubicularii, servants of the palace, in the same livery, with collars worked in lace; next four of the same costume, two bearing episcopal mitres, sparkling with gems and pearls, and two with tiaras, heavy with the jewels that adorned them. After these rode a squadron of corsieri, the brocade trappings of their horses heavy with gold. They carried lances, and wore helmets and plumes, that did the eyes good to gaze at." Here de Pennis, as if dazzled, bewildered, and in despair of registering the stream of brilliant and ever-varying triumph that sweeps along, takes refuge in the lines of the Montuano Poeta,

his name for Virgil—*Non mihi si linguæ centum, sint oraque centum, &c.*

Having thus drawn breath, he begins a new leaf with a long catalogue of the Florentines he recognizes by name, as they ride along joyously in the pageant, displaying in their own persons, in the appointments of their horses, and the liveries of their throng of attendants and followers, the princely fortunes for which these merchants and bankers had long since become renowned. He then enumerates the ambassadors—oratori—first those of the Marcha Anconitana, of the Patrimonio, of the Ducato Spoletano, of Romandiola, of Bologna; then those of Florence, Venice, of his Catholic Majesty of Spain, of the most Christian King of France, of the most serene Emperor, and of the illustrious Senator of Rome. These were followed by a company of mourners, as was indicated in the liveries of black velvet with rose-coloured facings. This was Francesco Maria, duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., for whom he was still in mourning. The illustrious Alfonzo da Este, who had that day been invested with the ducal mantle by Pope Leo, had the honour to act as his equerry,—first mounting, and riding for a few paces, the snow-white palfrey of the Pontiff, before he assisted his Holiness to the saddle. But in the line of the pageant, the company of Custodi and Ostiarii of the Roman Church came after the Duke of Urbino, next came the Apostolic subdeacons, one of whom upheld on the pommel of

his saddle, the great processional cross, in honour of the holy eucharist, borne in a golden tabernacle, with a most sumptuous baldacchino, the palfrey, white as snow, being surrounded by five-and-twenty attendants with beautiful wax torches in their hands, and followed by the Right Reverend, the Sacristan, with his staff of authority. Various guilds and companies, as of the consistorial advocates, of the naval prefects, followed, while the choir of the Papal chapel came along, chanting hymns and canticles to the Emanuel, the Immortal King of Ages. The clerics of the Apostolic camera, the advocates of consistory, and the Maestro di Sacro Palazzo, came as a vanguard to the bishops and archbishops, two hundred and fifty in number, their stout horses completely covered, all but the eyes, in housings—*di guarnello biancho.* They wore richly embroidered copes, and mitres of fine linen. Then came the cardinals according to their order, the deacons in dalmatics, the presbyters in chasubles, the bishops in copes, their mitres—white, like those of the other prelates — were of Damascus silk, and the trapping of their horses which reached to the ground were of white taffeta—*di taffeto biancho.*

The illustrious Alfonzo d'Este, duke of Ferrara, having performed his function as above described, now rode in the first rank of this company with Sigismond, Cardinal-archbishop of Mantua, on his right, and, on his left hand, the archbishop of Siena, Cardinal Alfonzo. The suit of the duke made a

brilliant figure even in that cortege where all was splendour. Then appeared the most reverend master of the ceremonies, the bishop of Pesaro, in front of the Cardinal Farnese and the Cardinal of Arragon, —on whom the Svizzeri in their quaint and gorgeous costume, with great rosettes in their shoes, and formidable halberts or two-handed swords, seemed to attend as a guard of honour. But they only indicated who was coming next, for beyond the throng of equerries in the Papal livery, and of the Capi di Rioni and Conservatori of the Campidaglio in the laticlave of the ancient Romans, the lofty baldacchino upborne above the tiara-crowned head of the tenth Leo, and carried in turn by the officers of the Regions and of the Capitol, was to be seen advancing in majestic state. As he passed with a serene and joyous aspect, the multitude bent their knee to receive his benediction; and in the plaudits and salvos that hailed the successor of the Apostle in his triumph, the voices of all, young and old of every sex, from infants in the arms of their mothers, to men venerable with age, were joined in peal after peal, which de Pennis says, appeared to be reverberated from the serene and azure vault of heaven. Then follows the description of the progress—the Hebrews, as of old waiting on a platform before the Castel Sant' Angelo, to present tribute and a copy of the Law—the various arches erected, it would seem, under the joint auspices of Michael Angelo and Raphael d'Urbino, so grand, so graceful, and so elaborate

do they look, in the description of them by de Pennis. The streets are long vistas of palaces—their façades adorned with banners, with brillant productions of the Oriental loom, and with pictures in texture of Arras, of which the few time-wasted relics that survive inspire one with admiration to behold —the whole pageant moving along, as graceful, as exquisitely grouped and coloured, as if it was not the actual march of a cavalcade but the ideal triumph of the sovereign Pontiff, such as the Prince of Painters might be supposed to represent it on the breathing canvass. At the tail of the cavalcade rides the Clerk of the Camera, who, ever and anon, scatters coins and medals new from the Papal mint, and the rearguard of four hundred "Balestrieri a Cavallo."*

Great beyond all calculation was the detriment to the rising city, inflicted by the profligate and

* "Poor de Pennis, though arrived from Florence in what he terms *calamitosa povertà*, seems to be as cheerful and sunny-minded as he is highly-gifted. Buoyed up with the hope—not ill-founded—of speedily bettering his ruined fortunes, under the new sun that has risen on the world of arts and letters, he jibes amusingly at his own poverty, as contrasted with the mirage of elegance, riches, and splendour he has been viewing. After the rearguard passes, De Pennis says of his noble self:—"Et immediate di poi questi tutti di nuovi panni e drappi, passò la mia MAGNIFICAGINE, cóme la mula del Zacharia, cioè con li mia fornimenti vechi con livrea di calze una rotta, et l'altra straciata, senzastaffieri, perche ero a pie."—*Vid. Roscoe, ubi supr. Appendix No. LXX.*

rapacious hordes, that followed the banners of Frundsberg and de Bourbon, to sack and desecrate the capital of the Popes. Minute and graphic pictures of the scenes of havoc, enormity, of long protracted licence and pillage unrestrained, have been handed down to us, by those who beheld what they describe. We are not sorry that space allows us, merely to glance at the horror and pass on. "Restrained by no leader," says Ranke, "the bloodthirsty soldiery, hardened by long privations and rendered savage by their trade, burst over the devoted city. Never fell richer booty into more violent hands, never was plunder more continuous or destructive." In the halls still glowing from the pencil of Raphael and his scholars,—Julio Romano and the rest—their camp fires were lighted and their victuals cooked, by the German lanzknechts, whose fierce hurrah had so often answered to the boast of their furious leader Frundsberg: "When once I make my way to Rome, I will hang the Pope!"* "They had imbibed, in the first fervour of the Reformation," says Gibbon, "the spirit as well as the principles of Luther. It was their favourite amusement to insult, or destroy the consecrated objects of Catholic superstition; they indulged without pity or remorse, a devout hatred against the clergy of every denomination and degree—their frantic zeal might aspire to subvert the throne of Anti-

* *Vid.* Ranke's Popes, v. 1. p. 81.

christ, to purify with blood and fire, the abominations of the spiritual Babylon."*

It was along that part of the Janiculum between St. Peter's and the Porta San Pancrazio, the assault —by escalade—took place. At two hours before sunset, on the 6th of May, 1527, just as the works were carried, the leader of the storming hosts, the traitor Bourbon, was shot,—that most singular genius, of his own, or of perhaps any other age, Benvenuto Cellini, avers by a bullet from his own rifle, just as the Constable had his foot upon the parapet.

"I," says Benvenuto, "happened to be intimately acquainted with Alexander the son of Piero del Bene; who, at the time that the Colonnas came to Rome, had requested me to take care of his house: upon this more important occasion, he begged I would raise a company of fifty men to guard the same house, and undertake to be their commander, as I had been at the time of the Colonnas. I accordingly drew together fifty stout young men, and we took up our quarters in his house, where we were well paid and kindly treated. The armies of the Duke of Bourbon having already appeared before the walls of Rome, Alexander del Bene, requested I would go with him to repel the enemy; I accordingly complied, and taking one of the stoutest youths with us, we were afterwards joined by a young gentleman of the name of Cecchino della Casa. We came up to the walls at the Campo

* Hist. of the Decl. and Fall, &c. ch. xxxi. p. 139. Lond. 1825.

Santo, and there descried that great army, which was exerting its utmost force to storm the town. Many young men were slain without the walls, where they fought with the utmost fury, though it was a very thick mist. I turned about to Alexander, and spoke to him thus:—'Let us return home with the utmost speed, since it is impossible for us here to make any stand: behold, the enemy scales the walls, and our countrymen fly before them, overpowered by numbers.' Alexander, frightened out of his senses, answered with some emotion, that, 'He wished we had not ventured so far;' and so saying, he turned about in the greatest trepidation, in order to depart. I thereupon reproved him in these terms: 'Since you have brought me hither, I am determined to perform some manly action.' Having taken aim with my piece, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I fixed my eye on a person who seemed to be lifted up by the rest: but the misty weather prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alexander and Cecchino, I bade them fire off their pieces, and shewed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I softly approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon: he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage, whom I saw raised by the rest. Upon

quitting our post, we passed through the Campo Santo, and entered by the quarter of St. Peter; from thence we came behind the church of St. Angelo, and reached the gate of the Castle, with the greatest difficulty imaginable; for Signor Rienzi da Ceri, and Signor Horatio Baglione, wounded or killed every one that deserted the ramparts. When we were got to the gate above mentioned, part of the enemy had already entered Rome, and we had them at our heels. The governor of the castle having thought proper to draw up the portcullis, there was just room enough made for us four to enter. No sooner was I got in, than the captain, Pallone de' Medici, pressed me into the service, because I belonged to the Pope's household; and forced me to leave Alexander, very much against my will. At this very juncture, Pope Clement had entered the castle of St. Angelo, by the long gallery from St. Peter's, for he did not choose to quit the Vatican sooner, never once dreaming that the enemy would storm the city. As soon as I found myself within the castle walls, I went up to some pieces of artillery, which a bombardier named Giuliano the Florentine, had under his direction. This Giuliano, standing upon one of the battlements, saw his house pillaged, and his wife and children cruelly used; fearing to shoot any of his friends, he did not venture to fire the guns, but throwing the match upon the ground, made a piteous lamentation, tearing his hair, and expressing the most poignant and affecting sorrow.

His example was followed by other bombardiers, which vexed me to such a degree, that I took one of the matches, and getting some of the people to me who had not the same passions to disturb them, I directed the artillery and falcons, where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy. If I had not taken this step, the party which entered Rome that morning, would have proceeded directly to the Castle, and it would have been a very easy matter for them to have stormed it, as they received no obstruction from the artillery."

We regret that space does not permit of the insertion of other still more marvellous feats performed by Benvenuto, more especially that wonderful shot by which, having aimed a cannon at the sword, stuck crosswise in his sash by a Spanish Don who was superintending the approaches, he so hit the cymetar, as to make it cut the unfortunate Don that owned it, in twain. And had we room for that not less veracious than unexampled dispensation he had from Pope Clement VII., we should have felt tempted to express our wonder at the oversight of King Henry VIII., in not availing himself of Benvenuto's influence; for, certainly, what was refused his Majesty of England, France, and Ireland, was but a trifle compared with what Benvenuto had granted him by the Pope, without having to ask it twice!

The population of the new city at the time the scourge fell thus heavily, but not without grievous

provocation, may be estimated from the fact, that thirty thousand of them were capable of bearing arms.

The Romans had learned the "uses of adversity;" a reformation of the hearts of men, corrupted by the infamous literature that had inundated the Italians after the age of Dante, and during the licentiousness and disorders of the 14th, and first half of the 15th century: a reformation of men's thoughts, infatuated as they had been by another form of the Capitoline mania, — an almost idolatrous passion for every thing that belonged to the Pagan epoch—had been effected by the new generation of saints that sprung up, during the great crisis of the Lutheran revolt, and the operations of the Council of Trent. The Romans over whom Sixtus V. swayed the sceptre were a generation very different from those who enjoyed themselves during the Augustan age of Leo, and who were so scourged under Clement VII., the second of the Medici Popes. Sixtus built and adorned the new city in a totally different spirit. His aim was, that Rome should be but one vast trophy, typifying, and, in every part, symbolical of the triumph of Christ, of his Apostles and martyrs, over the superstition, the power and the grandeur, of Pagan Rome.

"He would not suffer," says Ranke, "even those ancient statues with which the Roman citizens had enriched the Capitol to retain their places. He

threatened to destroy the Capitol itself if they were not removed. These were a Jupiter Tonans between Apollo and Minerva. The two first named were in fact removed, and the Minerva was permitted to remain, only because Sixtus had contrived to invest her with the character of Rome, [and Rome Christianized,] by taking the spear of the goddess from her hand, and replacing it with a gigantic cross.

"The columns of Trajan and of Antonine he restored in the same spirit, removing the urn which was believed to contain the ashes of the Emperor from the former, which he dedicated to St. Paul. The column of Antonine was in like manner assigned to St. Peter.

"He had set his heart on erecting the obelisk before the church of St. Peter, principally because 'he desired to see the monuments of unbelief subjected to the cross on the very spot where the Christians had formerly suffered the bitter death of crucifixion.' This was a magnificent design, but was also one of exceeding difficulty; to lift this monument from its base near the sacristy of the old church of St. Peter, lower it to a horizontal position, remove it to the place assigned, and fix it on a new basis.

"The work was undertaken with a consciousness in those concerned that their enterprise was one which would be famed throughout all ages. The men employed, nine hundred in number, *began by hearing mass, confessing, and receiving the sacrament.* They then entered the enclosure set apart for their

labours, the master placing himself on a raised platform. The obelisk was defended by straw mats, and a casing of planks firmly secured by strong iron bands. The monstrous machine which was to upheave it with thick ropes, received motion from thirty-five windlasses, each worked by two horses and ten men. When all was ready, the signal was given by sound of trumpet. The first turn proved the efficacy of the means employed. The obelisk was lifted from the base on which it had rested during fifteen hundred years. At the twelfth turn it had risen two palms and three quarters, where it was held fast. The architect saw the ponderous mass (weighing, with its defences, more than a million Roman pounds) in his power."

"This much was achieved on the 30th April, 1586, at the twentieth hour (about three in the afternoon). A salute was fired from the Castle St. Angelo. All the bells of the city pealed forth, and the workmen carried their master round the inclosure in triumph, uttering joyous and reiterated acclamations. Seven days were suffered to elapse when the obelisk was lowered to the desired level with similar skill. It was then conveyed on rollers to its new destination; but it was not till the hot months had passed that they ventured to attempt the re-erection. The day chosen by Sixtus for this undertaking was the 10th September, the eve of the festival of the Elevation of the Cross, to which the obelisk was to be dedicated. The workmen again

commenced their labours by commending themselves to God, all falling on their knees as they entered the enclosure. Fontana had profited by the description given in Ammianus Marcellinus of the last raising of an obelisk for making his arrangements, and was besides, provided with a force of a hundred and forty horses. It was considered peculiarly fortunate that the sky chanced to be clouded that day: all succeeded perfectly. The obelisk was moved by three great efforts, and an hour before sunset it was seen to sink upon its pedestal, formed by the backs of four bronze lions that seem to support it. The exulting cries of the people filled the air, and the satisfaction of the Pontiff was complete." The story of the Genoese sailor, who cried out to wet the ropes, that, by their shrinking, the lift of a few inches required might be gained, is true.

"Sixtus notes in his diary that he has achieved the most difficult task conceivable by the mind of man. He struck medals in commemoration of this event, received poems of congratulation in every language, and sent official announcements of his success to foreign powers.

"The inscription he affixed has a strange effect, he boasts of having wrested the monument from the emperors Augustus and Tiberius, to consecrate it to the Holy Cross: and a cross was erected on the obelisk, inclosing within it a piece of the supposed true cross. This proceeding is an eloquent expression of his whole mode of thought. The very

monuments of Paganism were to be made ministers to the glory of the Cross."*

What trophy more sublime can be conceived? The wizard stone of Egyptian kings and hierarchs, —carried away as a spoil by the Roman Cæsars, and erected by the greatest monster of them all, on the very spot where he had martyred the disciples of the Crucified in such numbers, that Tacitus says they formed "a vast multitude," is disinterred after a long lapse of ages, lifted, placed erect on a majestic pedestal, in the centre of that great scene of martyrdom, by the Vicar of the Crucified. Under the shadow of the mount, where the Prince of the Apostles suffered the death of a slave, and in front of his temple, the grandest the world ever beheld, that obelisk is now a pedestal to the cross of Jesus, the "meek and humble of heart." Sublime also is the inscription that first meets the pilgrim's eye, in advancing towards that trophy, on his way to the Limina Apostolorum. It is, if we remember rightly, in these words—simple, but worthy even of the place and of the theme: ECCE. SIGNUM. CRUCIS. FUGITE. PARTES. ADVERSÆ. VICIT. LEO. DE TRIBU. JUDA.

As in every thing else he put his hand to, Sixtus threw into his building enterprises all the force and magnanimity that marked his character. Many thousand hands were kept constantly employed,

* Vid. Ranke, v. 1. p. 365.

nor did any difficulty deter him from his purpose. The Cupola of St. Peter's was still to be commenced, and even Michael Angelo required ten years for its completion. There was no amount of treasure that the Pope was not ready to supply, but he insisted on the work being urged forward with greater dispatch. Six hundred men were set to work in companies, so as, night or day, to have no interruption of the building. In twenty-two months the whole was finished, the leaden covering to the roof, alone excepted.

But in erecting basilicas and monuments to the glory of Christ and of his sainted followers, this magnanimous Pontiff like his predecessors of the Carlovingian epoch, such as Hadrian I. and Leo III., did not forget the terrestrial comfort and well being of his people. The restoration of the aqueducts is one of his loftiest titles to fame, as a temporal ruler.

"And here it was," says the writer already quoted, "that Sixtus V. achieved a well-merited glory. He has distinguished himself from all other Pontiffs,(!) and rivalled the ancient Cæsars, by supplying the city with pure streams of water, brought into it by means of colossal aqueducts. This he did as he tells us himself, that these hills, adorned in early Christian times, with basilicas renowned for the salubrity of their air, the pleasantness of

their situation, and the beauty of their prospects, might again be inhabited by man. Therefore," he adds, "we have suffered ourselves to be alarmed by no difficulty, and deterred by no cost." He did in fact, declare to the architects from the first commencement, that he desired to produce a work, whose magnificence might compete with the glories of imperial Rome. He brought the Aqua Martia, from the Agro Colonna, a distance of two-and-twenty miles, to Rome; and this in defiance to all obstacles, carrying it partly under ground and partly on lofty arches." The title of "Acqua Felice," which is still given to the cool and health-bearing tide that is poured into the city by this aqueduct, keeps alive and fresh the memory of the Pontiff's name. The chief fountain that received its waters is adorned by a colossal alto relievo, in which Moses is represented in the act that caused the fountain, which rescued the children of Israel, to spring forth from the rock in the desert. Tasso has celebrated this achievement of Sixtus in an ode *All' Acqua Felice di Roma;* it was a theme not even unworthy of Torquato's muse. The poet describes the stream, after long and gloomy pilgrimage from the distant and sequestered fountain, as bursting forth, exulting and joyous, to look on a Rome as magnificent as that of Augustus.

"Not only the immediate neighbourhood," we again quote from Ranke, "but the whole city, drew at once great advantage from that aqueduct.

Twenty-seven fountains were supplied by the Acqua Felice, which gives 20,537 cubic metres of water every twenty-four hours.

"From this time building on the hills was resumed with great activity, which Sixtus further stimulated by the grant of special privileges. He levelled the ground about the Trinità di Monti, and laid the foundation of the steps descending to the Piazza di Spagna which offer the most direct line of communication between the heights and the lower city. Along the summit he laid out the Via Felice, and the Borgo Felice, opening streets that even to our day continue to be the great thoroughfares from all directions to Santa Maria Maggiore. It was his purpose to connect all the other basilicas by spacious avenues with this Church. The poets boast that Rome had nearly doubled her extent, and was again resuming her old abodes."

A romance composed by the notorious Gregorio Leti, under the title of the Life of Sixtus Quintus, has in a great measure supplanted, by a fabulous one, the true historical idea of this Pontiff's reign and character. Both were wonderful enough, without calling in a prurient fancy to add to them such a garish colouring as entirely sacrifices truth and justice to that sort of effect, which it was not unnatural should have been the main object of one like Leti, who, from having ruined his fortune, his faith, and his reputation, by treading in the footsteps of

the prodigal, had now—writing at Geneva—to eke out a subsistence, by catering for the "light readers" of his day. Indeed, Gregorio himself had the grace to avow, in answer to the inquiries of the Dauphine of France, that he had kept in view the object just alluded to—that of amusing and surprising his readers, rather than of writing a true historical narrative—in the composition of his Sixtus the Fifth.

As in the case of Gregory VII., his friendships go far to place the character of this great and good Pope, in its genuine light. One beloved by San Carlo Borromeo, by St. Philip Neri, and selected as his confessor by such a Pontiff as St. Pius V., could not possibly be the personage who figures in Leti's very libellous, though, perhaps, very amusing romance. His labours in the pulpit for which he was renowned, had greatly aided that general and radical reform by which the whole aspect of the moral world in Italy, and indeed through all the countries of the South, became completely metamorphosed, during the second half of the sixteenth century. Though it is in his usual invidious manner, still this repristination of the Catholic countries is so fully recognized by Ranke, that the chapter in which he treats of it is one of the least objectionable portions of his work. It was Sixtus who founded the Confraternity of the Holy Sacrament, while still only a simple friar: at the same time he founded a house of refuge for virtuous young females, which proved a great blessing to a class of persons deserv-

ing of sympathy, in proportion to the honour in which their virtues are held in the sight of heaven, and the perils they are exposed to in an insidiously wicked and hard-hearted world.

His reign is signalised by wonders other than those of the great material works above referred to. That grand and salutary operation by which the Church had become renewed within herself, like that disciple of St. Paul, who was admonished to stir up the grace he had received when ordained and anointed for the office of the apostleship, may be said to have been completely achieved during the Pontificate of Sixtus. The false position in which a great part of Christendom was involved by the headlong, and consequently blind, passions of Luther, consisted not in calling out for reformation, nor yet in protesting against abuses: both the one and the other had been the watchwords of the most fervent and devoted, from the times of St. Gregory VII., of St. Peter Damian, of St. Bernard, and so onwards, until the voice at length made itself effective, through the Council of Trent. The whole mischief and mistake were in the act of revolt. That aimed at the destruction and overthrow of the kingdom of which the successors of Peter were the viceroys, not at its reform. What happened the other day in Paris,—when a mighty nation found itself suddenly placed in a false position, without in the least intending or wishing it, but on the contrary amazed and terrified—not without reason—at finding

itself FREE, its own sovereign master—is in a certain sense the exact parallel of what happened in the age of Luther. A movement that could not have been too speedily, too thoroughly, or too universally carried out, he ruined, by turning it from the path of reform down the precipice of revolution. But that reformation which this fatal mistake had rendered impossible for those who were drawn after it, had been urged on with a vigour, a universality, and a success, which, as has been above remarked, even Ranke has found himself constrained to praise and admire. Deriving its first impulse from what have been termed "spiritual exercises," from their effecting for the soul what is sought to be effected for an army by "exercise," in the military sense of the word,—that is, from their evoking its powers and so inuring them to discipline as to make them available for the great warfare that constitutes the only true destiny of the Christian: promoted by the revival of Ecclesiastical or Christian, as contrasted with Pagan, learning and study, this reformation of the "Kingdom," within itself, was carried out as to legislative enactments, by the powers constituted for that purpose in the said kingdom by its divine Founder.

This was the proper function of the representatives of the Church assembled in General Council, and in communion and concert with the visible head of the Church, that is with the earthly sovereign of the "Kingdom," which, from the fact that it is on earth, and, in ten thousand ways, involved with the earth must, as its Divine Founder himself forewarned

us, stand in need of reform in many respects, but never as to its faith. At Trent, the task of legislation being accomplished, the economy of administration, of organizing and carrying out the enactments, was taken up with great vigour and effect by successive Pontiffs—by Paul IV., Marcellus II., Pius V., Gregory XIII., and by none more wisely or efficaciously than by Sixtus V.

The *Creed* of the Church can never be reformed. With regard to that, the function and charge assigned to the representatives and head of the kingdom, is to preserve the "Deposit of the Faith" as she has "received it from faithful witnesses," (of whom St. John closes the series), to defend it when attacked, if necessary by *anathema;* to guard and reassure the faithful against being deceived or misled, by defining and proclaiming, with the voice of authority, such doctrines or principles as it is sought to pervert. Thus the Council of Nicea defined and promulgated anew, and inserted in the Creed, the express profession of faith in that doctrine of our Lord's divinity which had ever been the corner-stone of the Church, and the only anchor of her hope. It was in this sense the *definitions* of doctrine were decreed by the Council at Trent, in this sense the said definitions, so far as was necessary, were promulgated in that succinct popular formula called the Creed of Pius IV. It was in this sense also, and in none other, the same enactments of the Ecumenical Church-Parliament of Trent were embodied for the use of pastors in what is called the Catechism

of the Council of Trent. It was published by Pius V. And this was the reform as to the Creed, or as to what the Church believes and teaches. The Prayers of the Church, as embodied in the Breviary and in the Liturgy, were also brought under revision. This great and salutary reform also was the work of Pius V. It chiefly consisted in bringing back the Breviary and the Liturgy to the ancient standard, from which divergencies inevitably arose during the long epoch when there was no way of multiplying copies of books but by transcribing them in handwriting. This ordeal to which even the Bible was exposed, had not unnaturally entailed such a necessity as may be compared to that of correcting for the press.

The reform of Church music was the next. The Pagan taste of the 14th and 15th centuries had so inoculated this heavenly art with the virus of profanity, that Pope Marcellus had a mind to banish the *canto figurato*, totally and for ever, from the precincts of the house of God. To avert this judgment, Luigi Palestrina, who belonged to the Papal choir, petitioned that he might be allowed to try whether the evil, on all hands admitted, was really incapable of being reformed. Supported by the sainted Cardinal Borromeo and others of a like mind, Palestrina was allowed to make the experiment. The result is known to everybody. The experiment, renowned as the Mass of Pope Marcellus, was a triumph. Palestrina, in a solitary

dwelling on the Cœlian Mount, approached his glorious enterprise with a soul chastened and purified and exalted to harmony with his angelic theme, by the influence and the grace of the Christian sacraments and by prayer. He saved the heavenly art from being ignominiously, but justly, driven forth from the sanctuary, which, Pagan-hearted libertines, had caused her to profane; for himself, he won (not to speak of his crown above) the title of the "Prince of Music," and a fame that must endure as long as the correct appreciation of the art, of which he was one of the greatest masters, and decidedly the greatest benefactor, that ever lived. For what but the most shameful fate could have awaited music had that anathema not been stayed?

Even Time stood deplorably in need of reform. And as it is with the new promulgation of the Creed, the corrected edition of the Breviary and the Liturgy, so is it with the new and corrected edition of Time —it bears the *imprimatur* of the Pontiffs—is sealed with the fisherman's ring. It was the immediate predecessor of Sixtus V., Pope Gregory XIII., who reformed the Calendar. From the time of King Numa it was the custom in Rome to call—*calare*—the people to the Capitol, to announce the precise time of new moon to enable them to keep time; and hence the first day of the moon came to be called the kalends of the month, that is, the *calling* or proclamation of the moon. But another Roman worthy, who had oftener than any other mounted the same

Capitol in triumph, found Numa's Calendar in such confusion that like a clock that is wrong, it only served to lead people astray. The astronomer, Sosigenes, employed by Julius Cæsar, constructed the New Calendar, that of the Julian æra, on a slight mistake. He made the year *eleven minutes longer than it really is.* Sosigenes laid it down as the corner-stone of his system that the year consisted of 365 days, 6 hours; whereas the sun, as we say, runs its course in eleven minutes less; that is, the year is only 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes long. This mistake of eleven minutes, *per annum*, amounted to a day in 164 years, and as from A.D. 325, the year of the Council Nicea when the 21st of March was named as the Vernal Equinox, the eleven minutes-a-year mistake of the Julian Calendar had gone on, it happened in A.D. 1582, that the sun had come up to the goal of the equinox exactly ten days before the Calendar of Julius Cæsar said anything about it; and when the Julian Calendar told the world the sun had just completed his yearly round, the sun or time, which waits not, had already advanced ten days beyond the equinox on a new career. Cardinal Serleto, Clavius, a Jesuit, and Luigi Lilio corrected all this. Under the auspices of Gregory XIII., they devised the Calendar which all civilized nations have long since adopted.

When, to these reforms, we add the Congregation of Rites (established by Sixtus to watch over the integrity of the rites and ceremonies of the Church whether as regards the Missal, the Pontifical, or the

Ritual), the revision of the Martyrology by Baronius, the reform of education both in the diocesan seminaries and universities,—the outline though very far from complete, is still sufficient to indicate that the city, with the history of which we are engaged, was at this time the actuating centre of a vast system of intellectual and moral reform, as well as the scene of stupendous architectural works, and the greatest school of the arts. Baronius, urged on and sustained in his herculean labours by St. Philip Neri, was at this juncture engaged in a work deserving to rank beside St. Peter's and the aqueducts—the Ecclesiastical Annals. The Bollandists were in the field at the same time. *Pari passu* with these went on the Collections of the Councils, and of the Fathers of the Church. At the same time Bellarmine and Suares were illustrating theology on a scale of grandeur in keeping with this epoch, in which every thing connected with the Church seemed to be indued with an unprecedented power and majesty. This character is stamped on the works illustrating her annals and the acts of her saints, and on her apostolic missions, not less than on the dome of St. Peter's.

The study of languages, for which Rome, as the resort of all nations, has ever had the greatest advantages, was attended to as a matter, not so much of choice as of imperious necessity. It was indispensable for carrying out the great commission to "preach the Gospel to all nations." At the same time that Sixtus was urging forward, night and day,

the erection of the dome of St. Peter's, such enterprises as that of the obelisk, of the aqueducts, of the Vatican Library of the *Belvedere;* to say nothing of the government and thorough reform of the States and the government of the Church, he established a printing establishment with type and compositors for all written languages. He brought the same princely spirit to this as to all his other undertakings. He drew around him those best skilled in printing from all parts of Europe, and spared no outlay of treasure that could make it perfect. The first book printed in Arabic came from this press of Pope Sixtus V. One of his chief motives for founding it was to secure correct editions of the inspired writings; amongst the first books that issued from it was the text of the Septuagint, collated with the famous Alexandrine MS. Extraordinary care was also taken with a new edition of the Vulgate collated with the originals and with the texts in the Fathers. Singular to relate, this Pontiff—engaged in enterprises so great and so numerous—found time to revise, and with his own hand to correct the sheets of this edition. Thus while the new city of the Pontiffs was not inferior to the Rome of the Emperors in the majesty of its aspect, it was immeasurably above it, in the beneficent and imperishable character of the trophies that proclaimed its conquests.

The social aspect of Rome during this epoch is described by two German writers who view it from opposite points, the one in 1566, the other in 1674.

"Often have I heard," says the first writer, "and read accounts of the state of things at Rome, too shocking to be repeated. I had come to the conclusion in my own mind, that from that city, the virtues of piety, religion, honour, and decency, had been exiled, and that in its thoroughfares, its palaces and high places, the vices opposed to these paraded themselves without shame and with a high head. Often did I long and pray for an opportunity to visit the scene of these renowned enormities, and, with my own eyes, to test whether they were true or false. My prayer was heard, and now I am forced to cry out from the heart of Rome,—'how utterly unlike the representation is the reality; how vile, how outrageously false, are the calumnies of which this city has been made the victim!' What I state, illustrious prince, is the result of my own experience; and, certes, were I not sensible how averse you are to any but moderated expression, that saying of the prophet Isaiah I should feel provoked to apply to the authors of the above-mentioned reports: 'In a lie we have placed onr hope, and it has protected us.' But so manifest is this to all who are on the spot, that even were men to dissemble it, the dead walls, I may say, the crossways, the palaces and temples of this august city would proclaim it.

"Since the first day of my arrival, I protest it is not without mingled wonder and admiration I have noted the bearing and conduct of this people, de-

voted as they are to exercises of religion and piety. Nor is it here an affair of the sex alone; this spirit of devotion embraces all. During the entire Lent just closed, nothing could surpass the strict observance of the fast, the assiduity in attending church, the appearance of recollection with which they assisted at Divine worship, the fervour with which they approached the altar. The priests dispensing the sacrament of penance were surrounded by multitudes pressing forward, in all contrition, to confess their sins. But it was above all in the week called "Holy,"—because it represents anew the tragedy of the Redeemer's sufferings,—that their zeal seemed to redouble in penitential practices, and the works of mercy and Christian piety. No, I must not attempt to describe what during that week I have witnessed; words would fail me to describe it. Holy vigils, protracted assiduity in prayer and meditations on the Passion of the Man of Sorrows; austerities inflicted on themselves, by lying on the hard ground (as He did in the Gethsemane), by more rigorous fasting (as he practised in the desert), and even by the discipline of the scourge, inflicted on their own shoulders for those delinquencies (which had inflicted on Him who 'knew no sin,' but 'was made sin for us,' such cruel stripes); these were for the whole city the occupations of those days, great and blessed. Yes, the great city of Rome, during that entire week, was estranged from every other pursuit, was absorbed only in the contemplation of Jesus Christ

immolating himself on the cross as priest and victim; and when I witnessed this spectacle so wonderful to behold, and recollected the slanders by which I had been so long misled, I am free to confess, it was more than I could do to repress my feelings of unbounded indignation at such injustice."

He then describes the scene in the great piazza of St. Peter's, thronged with "pilgrims and strangers from every region of the Christian world," when the Pontiff gave his benediction on Holy Thursday. In the evening the lance, devoutly believed to be that with which the Roman centurion pierced the sacred heart of Jesus on the cross, and the napkin with which St. Veronica, one of the "daughters of Jerusalem" who bewailed him as he fell and was swooning under the cross on Golgotha's acclivity, sterged the big drops of gory anguish from his countenance, were exposed to view.

"At the sight of these memorials of the Saviour's love for our sinful race, (displayed in so many and such bitter sufferings for their sake,) the sobs that broke forth from the multitude in St. Peter's," he says, "the cries of contrition and of compassion, the agonies and affections of devout and repentant hearts, that broke forth in audible lamentations and prayers to Christ, were what it would be vain for me to attempt to picture."*

"A man must have been ill-treated by nature,"

* Apud Bzovium. in Cont. Ann. Baron. ad an. 1566, p. 34 et 263.

exclaims Spon, who visited Rome in 1674, "who does not find his full contentment in one or other of the branches to be studied here." He mentions all these branches: the libraries, where the rarest works were laid open to the student; the concerts in the palaces, the choirs of the churches, where the finest voices were daily to be heard; the many collections of ancient and modern sculpture and painting; the numberless stately buildings of every age; villas, wholly covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, of which he alone had copied upwards of a thousand, not previously copied; the presence of so many strangers of all lands and tongues; the beauties of nature to be enjoyed in gardens worthy to make part of Paradise; "and for him who delights in the practice of piety," he adds, "there is a treasure of churches, relics, and processions provided, that shall occupy him his whole life long."*

But great as were the works achieved by Sixtus V. to imagine that the age of architectural miracles expired with his five years' reign would be an egregious error. His almost immediate successor, Clement VIII., one of the greatest and most venerable in the long series of the Pontiffs, did not lag behind in the path in which Sixtus had made such strides. Some of the most beautiful chapels and

* Vid. Ranke, ubi supr.

monuments in the Lateran, and in St. Peter's, and that immense wing of the Vatican Palace in which are the great halls of audience: the Papal apartments and the quarters of the palatine court; the halls of the Swiss guard, and the offices of the Secretary of State,—remain to testify to what is here set down. Still grander was the scale on which Paul V., the Borghese Pope, carried out the adornment of the city.

"In all directions," says his contemporary biography, "the Pope has levelled hills, has opened extensive prospects where before were sharp corners and crooked paths; laid out large squares, and rendered them still more stately by the erection of new buildings. The water that he has brought to the city is not the mere play of a pipe; it comes rushing forth in a stream. The splendour of his palaces is rivalled by the variety of the gardens he has laid out. The interior of his private chapels glitter all over with gold and silver; they are not so much adorned with precious stones as filled with them. The public chapels rise—each like a basilica—every basilica is like a temple: the temples are like mountains of marble."

Of so many great works of Paul V., one only can we find room to allude to—the Aqua Paulina—so called in honour of the Pontiff who conducted this noble stream on an aqueduct, five-and-thirty miles in length, and constructed the fountain which Ranke thus describes:

"The Aqua Paulina bursts forth, on the ridge of

the Janiculum, in four powerful streams, which work the machinery of the mills and factories on the declivities. Few fail to visit these heights of ancient renown, the site of Porsenna's attack, but now presenting vineyards, fruit gardens, and ruins only. From this point the whole city lies open to the gaze, with the country even to the distant hills, which evening wraps in a wondrously-tinted vapour, as in a transparent veil. The solitude is agreeably enlivened by the music of the rushing waters. The multitude of its fountains, and the profusion of their waters, is one of the many things by which Rome is distinguished from all other cities: the Aqua Paulina contributes most richly to this charm."

This allusion to the views from the Janiculum, and the charm diffused around by the soothing and noble symphony of those ever-falling waters, brings vividly to memory a scene, one of the most sublime and touching in the pages of human history,—which, even in the most hasty sketch of the city's annals, it would be unpardonable to pass by unnoticed. We allude to the last days of the Homer of the Crusades—the immortal Torquato Tasso. Within hearing of these murmuring cascades, and within view of a prospect the most worthy of any other on earth to entertain an imagination such as his, he at length found refuge from base and almost incredible persecution in the tranquil cloisters of Sant' Onofrio, and in its gardens and little vineyards

extending along the acclivity of that famous hill. There, the poet of the *Gran Sepolchro* used to sit gazing on the Seven Hills, the Tiber, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, and the Campagna, spreading away to Soracte, to the Mons Latiaris, and the Sabine mountains, and regaling his now secure and tranquil spirit beneath the shade of the umbrageous tree so renowned to the present day, and so reverenced, as "Tasso's oak." It is also in that sequestered holy spot, the little chapel of Sant Onofrio,—a meet resting-place for him who sung so well the glories of the Redeemer's sepulchre,—the bones of Tasso sleep. The slab that marks his grave is not many inches square; it is large enough, and no more, for this inscription:—

D. O. M.
TORQUATI. TASSI.
OSSA. HIC. JACENT.
HOC. NE. NESCIUS. ESSET. HOSPES.
FRATRES. HUJUS. CONVENTÛS.
PASUERUNT.
Obiit, ANNO MDXCV.
Ora pro eo.

This, and Virgil's tomb (sequestered, unostentatious, as it also is, and placed in the vestibule of that land of mysteries his genius has made its own), we have ever regarded as first among the few appropriate monuments the living have ever assigned to departed greatness. For the dead, like Torquato and Virgilius, it is a crime to write a florid epitaph; it is to libel their fame, which finds a befitting elegy

only in their own verses. What stolid mass of formal stones, no matter by whose chisel sculptured, could ever tell upon the imagination and the heart like scenery so softly tinted with the remembrances of their presence, their high gifts, their sorrows, and such simple memorials as modestly record a date, a name,—leaving the imagery of their greatness —the true genius of the place—to reveal itself to the pilgrim amidst the solitude?

Like Dante, the great epic poet of Christian Italy is bound up with the achievements of the Papacy, through a bond no less imperishable than the sustained sublimity and poetic fire, that must ever rank the Jerusalem Delivered amongst the noblest creations of the human mind. The subject, the machinery, the language, the diction of his poem were prepared beforehand by the Papacy, for Dante. To Tasso, it not only supplied the glorious theme—the Crusades—it also threw in the brand that wrapt his imagination, theretofore smouldering and lost in gloom, in a flame of inspiration the most brilliant and enduring. It is on all hands admitted, that it is to the enthusiasm lighted up in that grand arming of the Catholic powers of the South, which was crowned by the victory of Lepanto, we are to ascribe the inspiration that produced the Jerusalem Delivered. "The tidings of this great victory," says Mariotti, "spread the most sanguine hopes throughout Christendom. Pope Pius V., who had been the first promoter of that great enterprize, set no

limits to his daring projects. The Cross was once more to be preached all over Europe. THEN DID TASSO SING THE CRUSADE—THEN DID HE RAISE THE WAR-CRY OF CLERMONT, 'IT IS THE WILL OF GOD.'"

The Christian nations were never involved in peril more imminent and terrific than this, from which they were rescued by that victory. To the eternal infamy of the recreant heir of St. Louis, the royal libertine, Francis I., was on the side of the Crescent against the Cross. Luther, demented by his frenzy against the Papacy, cried aloud to throw wide the gates of Christendom to the Turk. That dwindled, but still fearless and gallant band, the rear-guard of the Crusades—the Knights of St. John, had stood at Acre, at Rhodes, like a wall of brass against the raging myriads of the infidel; but they had been overpowered. Heroic Venice, too, had been driven in; and, arrogant and vaunting as the Philistine of old, when he hurled curses of defiance against the "hosts of the living God,"—on came the invincible armies of the Sultan, by sea and land, to strike down the symbol of the Christian's hope, and to plant on its ruins the symbol of the profligate impostor, called the Prophet. Consternation had gone before their march; the cry of terror and wailing arose through all the nations of the South. But the voice of a Pontiff, worthy to succeed to Hildebrand and to him who gave the war-cry of Clermont, was heard summoning the brave to

arms in defence of their menaced altars, of all that is to men, and of the virtues most sacred in the esteem of Christianity. Great were the efforts he had recourse to, by his letters, his exhortations, his legates; but Pius V. succeeded.

An army on the verge of battle, when about to smite His enemies, in the name of the God of Armies, is, of merely human sights, the most awful and impressive. The sea, once covered with the fleets of Mark Antony and Octavius, was now glittering under the beams of a bright September morning, A.D. 1571, as the Turks came proudly on before the breeze, in three hundred ships of war, swarming with Moslems long inured to the ferocious orgies of invasion, their passions and their fanaticism already revelling in the anticipated horrors—massacre without mercy to sex or age, violations, desecration of shrines and tombs of martyrs and apostles, and the trampling, as upon mire, whatever was by the Christians most held in reverence.

To leeward, and ranged in battle-line athwart their course, there was another fleet, far inferior in the number of the galleys and of their weight,—being only two hundred and nine to the three hundred sail of the Turks; but they were manned by heroes who had prepared like Christians for every extremity, and who *believed* with enthusiasm in the cause which they now stood ready to defend. The Christian centre was commanded by the High Admiral, Don John of Austria; the right

wing, consisting of the Pope's galleys and the Genoese, was led by Andrea Doria and Marc' Antonio Colonna; the left wing by the Venetian Admiral, Barbarigo; the Marquis of Santa-Cruz commanded the reserve. Three days before the battle had been devoted by the Christians to humiliation,—in fasting, in confession of their sins, and in receiving the blessed eucharist. The priests —mostly Jesuits and friars of the two mendicant orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis—went along the ranks, speaking burning words of hope and courage to the men, as the ships bore down to meet the enemy. Pius V. had ordered that at the signal blast of the trumpets for joining battle, all the Christians were, with a loud voice, to invoke the blessed Trinity, and to salute the Virgin with the battle-cry: "Help of Christians, pray for us!—*Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis.*"——

Never was triumph more decisive, more beneficent, or imperishable in its effects,—never was victory more glorious and free from every stain, than that which crowned the arms of the Christians at Lepanto. When the tidings of that day were spread through the terror-stricken and almost despairing nations, the transition was sudden and unbounded. The soul of Torquato caught the flame; to appreciate the effects it produced on his imagination, the Jerusalem Delivered must be read. It was very singular: all the time the Pagan mania was at its height, there was nothing the effeminate, unbelieving literati and imitators of Italy so ardently longed for

as an epic poem. "The Divine Comedy," says Mariotti, "was for them only an allegorical or metaphysical, the 'Furioso' only a chivalro-romantic, but a truly Epic Poem was still the object of every one's wishes, the goal to which more than one of Torquato's predecessors had aspired. The 'Amadigi' of Bernardo, his father, was formerly dictated in accordance with the rules of classicism, and it was only by the advice of his friends, that its author was prevailed upon to remodel it after the manner of Ariosto. The 'Avorchide' of Alamanni was also a servile imitation of the Iliad. But a still greater expectation was raised by the 'Italia Liberata,' a poem in blank verse by Trissino, on the wars of Belisarius and Narses, which was still more faithfully copied from the models of antiquity, but proved still a greater failure,"—[as, heaven knows, it well deserved to be for striving to blazon such a lie!] "In the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' at last Italy had its Epic poem." Thus is another item added to the catalogue of obligations which the Italians have contracted to the Papacy. There, lay the *only* theme for the great Epic for which they yearned: what more familiar than the Crusades? Yet, as if enchanted, they could not touch it. They careered away through the teeming wilderness of imagination beside itself, as in the poem of Ariosto; or, in their base empty idolatry of the dead and buried Pagan epoch, nothing would do but to sing, as their Liberators, two of the most cruel and desolating invaders

even Italy ever saw. They wanted faith. But even Tasso, though not wanting in that heaven-descended virtue, the "root and principle" of every other gift, that purifies, braces, and exalts the soul, —had toiled in vain. For him, also, the theme of the Crusades lay there enchanted, until, at the voice of Pius V., calling the crusaders once more to arms and to victory, as at the wave of some potent wand, the spell that bound his genius was dissolved. And here again, as in the case of Dante, Tasso is great because his poem is built, not on a fiction, but on faith. The soul of Christian Italy, for the second time, found a voice in sonorous and immortal numbers. Hence, as has been well observed of him, "his verses sound like the hymns of a prophet." And as the poem came from the soul of the people, they claimed and used it as their own. The finest passages from the Iliad of the Crusades might be heard chanted in the good old times—however it is now—by the gondoliers, to the accompaniment of their oars, in the canals of Venice, and by the lazzaroni, while mending their nets along the sunny shores of Naples.

Cruel beyond example, were the wrongs and privations under which the Iliad of the Crusades was written. The "Jerusalem Delivered" was in great part composed in a mad-house! Tasso was often deprived of writing materials by his savage-hearted tormentors; sometimes they deprived him even of the cheerful light of day! A sonnet of his has come down to us, in which he supplicates a cat to lend

him the glare of its eyes to supply the light which his gaolers had the cruelty to refuse him. All these wrongs he suffered at the hands of the Duke of Ferrara, Alfonzo D'Este; who, like a tyrant as he was, the more bitterly to wound and crush this noble and gifted victim of a mysterious hatred, caused him to be confined and treated as a maniac, from the year 1579 to the year 1586. Nor did he then relax his hold of the sufferer, until the voice of execration throughout all Italy, enforced by the energetic representations of the various Courts and of the Roman Pontiff, arose to that pitch that he could slight it no longer. Tasso then came to Rome on the invitation of Cardinal Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII. This Pontiff, highly praised even by Ranke, for his virtues and noble qualities, cheered his broken heart with words of encouragement, and received Torquato with the affection of a father. "Come," he said, "and receive the laureate crown. On all who have heretofore received it, that crown has conferred honour; but the honour will be conferred on the crown, when it is placed on the brow of Tasso." Rome of the Pontiffs prepared a triumph for the Homer of the Crusades. The Roman people, the nobles, the clergy of all orders, prelates and cardinals, with Cardinal Aldobrandini at their head, went out to meet him, and as he was borne to the Vatican, where Clement VIII. was impatient to welcome him, the echoes of the Tiber and the Seven Hills were awakened by the acclamations and plaudits

rent the air. The cloister and garden of St. Onofrio, with an instinct worthy of his fancy, the poet selected as his retreat. There, he was visited and consoled by such spirits as San Philippo Neri (who annually led the youth of Rome, to a festa on the hill-side, near Tasso's oak), by Cæsar Baronius, St. Felix de Cantalice, by Bellarmine, by Luigi Palestrina, who had been master of the Papal choir since 1591. They were preparing for his coronation on the Capitol, when, on the 25th of April, A.D. 1595, (the year of St. Philip Neri's death), he was summoned to his crown in Paradise. Rome was plunged in sorrow, the most profound and universal, for her loss. The people ran in crowds to the Janiculum. The chaplet that was to have been bestowed, amidst festive acclamations on the Capitol, was now reverently placed, amidst the deep murmur of the people's woe, and not unbedewed with the tears of men not unworthy to mourn over Torquato's bier, upon that lofty throne of genius, his marble forehead,—as he lay serene and motionless under the mystic spell of death.*

* The pen of the Italian annalist glides softly over Tasso's wrongs: they lay at the door of the D'Este. Had Rome and not Ferrara been the scene, Muratori would have bethought him of other reflections than the following, on the Poet's sufferings: "Merita ancora d'essere accennata la morte di Torquato Tasso, accaduta—in Roma, mentre, si preparava la solenne di lui coronazione in Campidaglio. Insigne Poeta, e Principe de' Poeti Epici Italiani, e filosofo di alto sapere, come costà non men dai suoi versi, che dalle sue prose, *ma che per l'insulte dalla sover-*

In the same year, and but a few months later,* the Papal city became the scene of another event hardly less memorable: we allude to the grand public ceremony of reconciling the renowned Henry IV. of France, to the Roman Church. "The Pontiff's throne," says Ranke, "was erected before the Church of St. Peter, the cardinals and curia reverently surrounding their sovereign. The petition of Henry, with the conditions to which he had assented, were read aloud. The representative of the most Christian king thereupon threw himself at the feet of the Pope, who touching him lightly with a wand thus signified the absolution. The Papal See once more appeared on this occasion in all the splendour of its ancient authority."†

chia sua melinconia, fu gran tempo, per non dir sempre, zimbella della mala fortuna."—Muratori Annali d'Italia. an. 1595. *See also Vita di Torquato Tasso, da Pirnatonio Serassi. Roma,* 1785.

* December 17, 1595.

† History of the Popes, Vol. 2. p. 59. Bohn's Ed.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

In resuming the history of the States, that whimsical theory of Ranke's to which we alluded in the opening pages of this work, not unnaturally attracts our notice. The gifted and erudite Prussian insists that Julius II. "must be regarded as the founder of the Papal States!"* We shall not weary the reader with any retrospect, but simply ask, what were the achievements by which Julius II. won that dominion, which, up to the time of Ranke's very startling discovery, it had been usual to attribute to the See of St. Peter, for some six or seven centuries before the Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere was elected Pope?†

Here is the catalogue.—The cities and the strong places of Romagna held by Cæsar Borgia, were recovered, not conquered or acquired, by Pope Julius, in the first year of his reign. If the infamous tyrant Borgia was in possession of them, he was so, unfortunately, with the fullest sanction and autho-

* Ubi supra, Vol. 1. p. 40.

† November 1. A.D. 1503.

rity from Alexander VI., that calamity of the Apostolic See. Every one of these garrisons, *viz.* the castles, cities, and strong places, of Cesena, Forlì, Bertinoro, Imola, and Forlimpopoli, were all given up to the Sovereign Pontiff's officers without a blow struck, but simply on an order signed by the Duke, who had held them for the Pope. The same is to be said of the Adriatic cities, Ravenna, Faenza, Rimini, and some minor places which had been occupied by the Venetians during the commotions, originating in Cæsar Borgia's ambitious schemes, and in the cupidity of the Venetians themselves. Over and over, the Senate by its ambassadors implored to be received as feudatories of the Holy See, and to pay a larger tribute than had ever been paid in former ages. But Julius would listen to no such compromise. By his legates in Venice, and to the ambassadors of the Senate, his *ultimatum* was, that the forces of the Republic should quit the boundaries of St. Peter. He organized the League of Cambray; he raised a formidable army, but without his having to strike a blow with the secular sword, the Venetians were obliged not only to let go their grasp of what they sought to rob from the States of the Church, but they were brought so low that, had not Julius extended over their Republic the ægis of the Papacy, between Maximilian and Louis XII., its glories must have set to rise no more.

It was not alone his responsibility as administrator and trustee of the patrimony of the Apostle

that left no alternative to Julius; he could not be deaf to the cries of his subjects—the people of the cities and provinces usurped by the Venetians—who called aloud, and implored, to be released from their tyranny.* All this was effected without the shedding a drop of blood, and without the Pontiff's ever stirring from Rome. If in the fourth year of his Pontificate, he departed from this rule, he did so at the entreaty of the citizens of Perugia and Bologna, who had repeatedly brought to the foot of his throne their complaints,—the Perugini against Gian Paolo Baglione, and the Bolognese against the Bentivogli. Remonstrance and menace having proved of no avail, Pope Julius proclaimed his determination to purge the States of St. Peter from tyrants—*dopo aver più volte detto in Concistoro di voler nettare la Chiesa dai Tiranni.*"† In Perugia and Bologna he was hailed as a deliverer. In neither instance was there anything beyond the display of armed power; not a sword was drawn in either instance, not an arquebuse discharged. And although, when the rights of sovereignty were to be vindicated in the case of another refractory vassal—the Duke of Ferrara, the Pope was present when the breach in the walls of Mirandola was opened, there was still nothing beyond the sound and display of hostilities. There was no storming whatever of the place, as is

* Vid. Muratori, Annali, &c. an. 1505. p. 37.

† Ib. an. 1506.

so constantly stated: it was surrendered and immediately restored to Gian-Francesco Pico, who had been unjustly ousted from the possession, as feudatory of the Holy See.

Even when waged in defence of right and justice, as it invariably was during this Pontiff's reign, there is still something so horrible in war, that no right-minded man can ever regard it but in the light of a great though necessary evil; and its features assume a more forbidding air, the nearer they are brought in contrast with those, who are invested with the Divine commission to proclaim the great "Truce of God" embodied in the Gospel. Still it is demanded by historic truth to say, that Ranke is guilty of injustice when he attributes to Julius II., "an innate love of war." At a glance, any one can discover that Muratori writes with a decided bias against this Pope; yet, a judgment, if grounded solely on the *facts* as they are stated even by Muratori, will be the reverse of dishonourable to the memory of Julius. As to Ranke's strange assertion that he was the founder of the Papal dominion, while we are compelled by an overwhelming mass of evidence to regard it as a paradox, we are far from dissembling the justice of the remarks with which the same writer concludes his notice of this Pontificate. "From Placentia to Terracina the whole fair region admitted his authority. He had ever sought to present himself in the character of a liberator; governing his new (!) subjects with a

wise benignity, HE SECURED THEIR ATTACHMENT AND EVEN DEVOTION. The temporal princes were not without alarm at sight of so many war-like populations in allegiance to the Pope. "Time was," says Machiavel, "when no baron was so insignificant but that he might venture to brave the Papal power; now, it is regarded with respect, even by a King of France."*

The resumption of the great fiefs of Ferrara and Urbino was the next stage in that progressive development of the State, to which the reader's attention was directed, when we treated of Nicholas V. Excepting the annual tribute which they paid to the Camera, and some such acts of feudal homage and service as we saw rendered by the young Duke of Ferrara to Leo X., a sovereign power, so far as their own boundaries extended, was wielded by the great feudatories of the Papal States. Thus, of the last Duke of Ferrara, in whom the line became extinct, and who persecuted Torquato Tasso, Ranke says, "Alfonso II. enforced the claims of his exchequer with extreme severity. On the conclusion of every contract, were it only for a loan, one-tenth of the amount fell to the Duke, and he levied a tenth on every article that entered the city. He had the monopoly of salt, and burthened the trade in oil with a new tax. By the advice of Cristofero da Fiume, his Commissioner of Customs, he finally

* Ranke, ubi supr. vol. 1, p. 2

took the trade of flour and bread into his own hands. None might venture to procure these first necessaries of life except from the ducal officers, nor did any man dare even to lend a bowl of flour to his neighbour. The nobles themselves were not permitted to hunt for more than a few days, and then were never allowed to use more than three dogs. *One day six men were seen hanging in the market-place: dead pheasants were tied to their feet, and this is said to be in token of their having been shot while poaching on the ducal preserves.*"*

Twenty-seven thousand men were enrolled in the militia of the Duchy; and, next to Padua, Ferrara was reputed the strongest fortress in Italy. On the 27th of October, A.D. 1597, by the death of Alfonso II., who was unblessed by issue from either of his marriages, the Duchy lapsed; and, according to feudal law, remained at the disposal of the Suzerain,—that is, of Clement VIII., the then reigning Pontiff. Some show of resistance to the course of law and right took place on the part of Don Cesare d'Este, nephew of Alfonso, but of spurious origin. Being better advised, however, he withdrew,—receiving most favourable conditions from the Pope whom he went to meet at Rimini, when Clement was on his way to visit Ferrara, which he entered, April the 12th, 1598, to the great joy of the Ferrarese. They found a great comfort under the new regime, com-

* History of the Popes, vol. 2. p. 60-61.

pared with the monopolizing cruel tyranny that had passed away.*

"He began," says Ranke, "with clemency and acts of grace.—The power of the dukes had been founded on their possession of municipal privileges; *the Pope now resolved to restore to the citizens their ancient rights.* He formed a Council (conseglio) from the three classes, giving twenty-seven seats in it to the greater nobles, fifty-five to the inferior nobility and principal citizens, and eighteen to the guilds of the trades. To this 'Conseglio' Clement now entrusted the duty of providing for the due supply of the means of life to the city, the regulation of the rivers, the appointment of judges and podestas, and even the nomination to chairs in the university. *All these were rights that the duke had jealously reserved to himself, and these changes were the commencement, as will be obvious, of a new order of things.* Attention was also given to the welfare of the lower classes. The severity of the fiscal arrangements was materially modified and relaxed."† Strange to say, even Muratori would lead his readers to suppose the reverse of what is here stated by a keen foe of the Papacy, constrained thereto by the irresistible evidence of facts.‡ "It

* The reader who is curious to look into the details of the resumption of this fief, has only to refer to the Appendix, No. II. to this volume.

† Hist. of the Popes, vol. ii. p. 76.

‡ Vid. Frizzi, Memorie per la Storia di Ferrara. T. 4. p. 364 p; and more particularly, Manolesso Relazione di Ferrara, &c. ap. Ranke, ubi supr.

has been frequently assumed," adds the same writer, "that Ferrara was in a peculiarly prosperous condition under the last prince of the family of Este. This is nevertheless merely an illusion, and has originated, like so many others, from antipathy to the secular dominion of Rome."*

About thirty years later, during the reign of Urban VIII., the ducal family of Urbino became extinct. We leave it to Ranke to tell the story. It will be in the reader's memory, how Francesco Maria della Rovere, nephew of Julius II., had, with the approval of the Sacred College, been invested with this fief, in A.D. 1504. Francesco Maria II. della Rovere, who had no issue by his marriage with Lucrezia d'Este, of Ferrara, after the death of that princess in 1598, having entered into second nuptials, was blessed with a son and heir, who was brought up with the greatest solicitude, as the last hope of his house. "The old duke," says Ranke, "had the happiness of seeing him married to a princess of Tuscany; he then withdrew to the retirement of Casteldurante (now called Urbania) and resigned the government to his son. But scarcely was the prince his own master, and master of the country, when he was seized with the intoxication of power. The taste for theatrical amusements was just then becoming prevalent in Italy, and the

* Ib p. 60.

young prince was all the more violently affected by it, from the circumstance of his having conceived a passion for an actress. During the day, he amused himself after the manner of Nero, in driving chariots; in the evening he appeared himself on the stage. These excesses were followed by many others: the respectable citizens looked sorrowfully at each other, and scarcely knew whether to lament or rejoice, when one morning, in the year 1623, the prince, after a night of frenzied excess, was found dead in his bed."

The government was once more resumed by the aged Francesco Maria, but only to resign it soon after to his Suzerain, the then reigning Pope. The fief was still richer, and as a territory far more beautiful and diversified, than Ferrara. It included seven cities, and nearly three hundred *castelle*, or fortified towns and villages; it possessed a productive line of sea coast, well situated for trade, with a cheerful and salubrious mountain district rising into the Appenines. The miniature republic of San Marino —a mountain town and district, numbering some 30,000 inhabitants—had been under the protectorate of the Dukes of Urbino. "On passing over to the States of the Church," says Ranke, "it acquired an extension of its privileges."* Thus, in every instance, the freedom and welfare of the provinces were advanced by the transition from the

* Ubi supra, vol. ii. p. 295, note.

feudal state to that of more immediate subjection to the supreme authority.

Up to the reign of Sixtus V., the social aspect of the Papal States was such, both in town and country, that it is only in considering the pictures of feudal manners, as they are found in Mazzoni's Promessi Sposi, that any life-like idea can be formed of it at the present day. In the cities the evil spirit of the mediæval factions had not yet been laid at rest: in the castles that bristled on the craggy summits, on the lonely plains, in the gorges of the Apennines, of the Cimino and Lepini mountains, and on all commanding points near fords and bridges,—the number of the feudal barons within the borders of the States who might have sat for the portrait of "Don Roderigo" or the "Innominato," what tongue can tell?—Each castle had its garrison of bravi. These chosen ruffians, however, only formed the staff and body-guard of the baron; in case of emergency, the least of these toparchs could rally a formidable band of fierce and lawless vassals, in awe of no authority but that of the petty autocrat to which, from their cradle, they had been taught to look up with mingled feelings of devotedness and terror.

The nobles, leaders of the factions in the towns, and the rural barons, were reciprocally united by alliances, by a tangled web of common interests and common risks. A constant, and oftentimes mysterious, interchange of messages passed between them, through the most trusty of the bravi, in affairs of

weight, or of such as demanded despatch or secrecy. This organized conspiracy of the feudal nobility against all that is the object of righteous and enlightened government to protect and vindicate, had long extended its net-work over the length and breadth of the land,—involving all orders in its meshes, filling the squares of the cities, the streets of the remotest hamlets, and every highway from Romagna to the Maremma, with scenes of discord, rapacity and bloodshed. For order or progress there was no ray of hope, so long as such a system was permitted to endure.

In the cities the *dramatis personæ* are still the same, low down in the 16th, that they were in the 14th century, and deeper still into the mediæval epoch—in short as far back as the 11th. The original causes that brought the parties into being, and for which they were arrayed against each other have vanished long ago; but the factions are still afoot, nor do they ever find it difficult to discover excuses for keeping up the feud—each generation in its own day—or for passing it on from sire to son. "The Patricians or town nobles," says Ranke, quoting from official reports, still existing in the Palatial archives of Rome, "were in perpetual commotion and tumult: they practised no arts, they paid little attention to agriculture, had no disposition to intellectual improvement, and did not greatly care even for skill in arms: they were wholly devoted to the pursuit of their particular feuds and enmities."

Bologna, Rimini, and various other places were all for the Guelphs: Faenza, Folì, and Ravenna, were equally tenacious of the Ghibelline glories and reverses of the past. In other cities, as in Cesena and Imola, the balance of power was exact. From these two great tap-roots of mediæval faction, a variety of offshoots had arisen. Towards the close of the 16th century, they are not Guelphs and Ghibellines, who are at daggers drawn in Ravenna, but the Rasponi and Leonardi. In Rimini the feud is carried on by the Ricciardelli and the Tignoli, in Cesena by the Venturelli and Bottini, in Forlì by the Numai and Sirugli, in Imola by the Vicini and Sassatelli. It was in these intestine wars, as we so often saw it in Rome. The belligerents had their separate quarters fortified; they had their war towers, and turned the churches and other strong buildings to a like purpose. Thus the ring wall of one and the same city often had two, three, or more towns,—all at deadly war with each other, within itself. Besides their secret signs and passwords, by which the partisans were enabled to recognize each other, the various factions were to be distinguished by the fashion of their costume, the mode of wearing the belt or sash, the feather, tassel or flower, with which the hat or the hair was set off. These miseries were not confined to the cities; they had spread to the subordinate towns, and even to the smallest villages. And that nothing might be wanting to complete the picture, instead

of the Free Companies of the 14th century, the brigand chiefs, with their formidable bands, now enter on the scene.

They appear not as a few straggling companies of outlaws and fugitives—lurking like wild beasts in the forest—caverns, and trackless solitudes of the mountains or the marshes—on the look out for an opportunity to take the wayfarer by surprise. They review their forces: they assume dominion over provinces: they not only levy contributions on the highways and in the towns,—they have established a "reign of terror," which enables them to make all things, sacred and profane, the sport of their sanguinary and brutal passions.

To crown the mischief, each feudal castle has become a fortress, and a place of asylum for the brigands. The barons are their chiefs and patrons: the same was the case with the heads of factions in the towns. "Numbers of the barons," says a contemporary record, "either overwhelmed by debts, or prompted by ambition and love of pleasure to exceed their means, or led on to deeds of cruelty and violence by quarrels and revenge, afforded their patronage to the brigands, and even entered into treaties with them, hiring their services to do murder in return for immunity and shelter. Whereupon, whoever had suffered at the hands of the bandits resorted to the baron who was given out to be their patron. Then he, pretending to mediate between the plaintiff and the robbers, became the plunderer of

both, extorting a part of the spoil from the brigands, and taking reward for his pains from those who sought his help, though making a show of refusing it—the most cruel and iniquitous of all modes of plunder. Nor were there wanting some amongst them who, after contriving attacks on merchants and rich persons, on their sons, their estates, or other possessions, then sold their services to the aggrieved for the redemption or ransom of that which had been taken,—pretending to so much compassion for that disaster, that they might have been believed to pity those sufferers from their hearts. In other cases, law-suits were instituted at the instance of the brigands, some witnesses being compelled to swear by fear, while others, by fear, were prevented from appearing to prove the truth. It was at that time a common thing for a man to obtain any woman to wife whose beauty or riches had pleased him, by the mediation of some noble —*procerûm aliquo interprete*—even though her kindred were unwilling; nor did it rarely happen that high-born and very rich men were compelled to give their daughters in marriage with large dowries to most abject outlaws, and men living by rapine, or to join themselves in marriage with the penniless daughters of these banditti. They lent out their services for money, slaughtering the enemies of those who hired them, and committing other iniquities from which the soul recoils, being ever ready to perpetrate villanies for those who

needed and would pay for desperate hands.* And things had proceeded so far that he whom these outlaws agreed to protect from the consequences of crime believed himself able to commit evil with impunity, so that reckless and savage men of this sort began to be thought needful, not by the wicked only who required their help, but even by those who were not depraved, but who considered them useful as protectors from danger. More than once in plundering churches, the most august and holy eucharist, they also carried away to their dens in the forests, there to desecrate it for the most execrable uses of wicked magic. Yet amongst these atrocious criminals there were some of the chiefs who called themselves signors and kings of such provinces as they chose, not even dispensing with the solemnities of inauguration. They constituted tribunals, announced their courts, arrogated judicial power, had the accused cited before them, it being their great principle of law in all cases to acquit the guilty, and inflict on the innocent the most direful vengeance. If the accused were present, swift execution followed the sentence; if the decree were against the absent, the only delay was that required for despatching the ministers of crime with orders written and formally sealed, who inflicted

* "Denique operam ad cœdem inimicorum, stupra virginum, et alia a quibus mens refugit," &c.—*From a MS. Sixtus V. Pont. Max. in the Altieri Library, copied by Ranke.*

with grievous reality what had been determined in mockery of law."*

One effect of this state of things was to cause the virtuous, who loved peace and had an interest in its pursuits, to band themselves together in the cities and in the rural cantons also, for mutual defence and protection. Those of the towns became celebrated under the name of *Pacifici*, because they took for their motto, the 7th beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Kneeling before the altar, they bound themselves by oath as brethren for life and death, to maintain peace in their town, and to exterminate those who sought to disturb it. The Pacifici of Fano, who were associated under the name of the "Holy Union," in stating their motives for thus combining, say they do so,—"because all the town is become full of robbers and assassins, so that hourly risk is the lot, not alone of those who take part in the feuds, but also of those who would fain earn their bread in the sweat of their brow." The rural associations consisted mostly of native clans, such as the Cerroni, the Cavina, the Scardocci, the Manbelli, the Serra and the Solaroli. These, from deep in the mediæval times, had stoutly maintained their independence against the feudal tyrants, and were lords in their own villages. The republic of San Marino is the last existing relic of those free

* "Qui per veram vim agerent, quod legum ludibrio agebatur."—*Ib.*

communities of peasants. In the Pacifici, and in the clans, especially in that of the Manbelli, the government of the Pontiffs found zealous supporters, and in their turn became objects of its special care.

But far other means than these were needed to cope with such a combination as we have seen described above. The brigand system had spread itself over the whole extent of the realm; it was openly upheld by a class of potentates,—each one of whom was entitled, by feudal law and custom, to despotic sway within his own domain, and whose subjection to his suzerain was treated, less as anything real, than as a fiction. "At the head of these bands," says Ranke, "were Alfonso Piccolomini, Roberto Malatesta, and other young men of the most illustrious families. Piccolomini seized the town-house of Monte-Abboddo, had all his enemies hunted out, and put them to death before the eyes of their mothers and wives; nine of the name of Gabuzio were thus destroyed, Piccolomini's followers dancing in the market-place while the execution was proceeding. He marched through the country as lord of the land. He sent a message to the inhabitants of Corneto, advising them to make good speed with their harvest, because he meant himself to come and burn the crops of his enemy, Latino Orsini. From all sides, messengers were sent to Rome by the different cities entreating protection." By Gregory XIII. no efforts had been spared to rid the States of this pest, but the glory of having

completely succeeded in this most sacred but arduous enterprise was reserved for his successor, Pope Sixtus V.

The means taken for this end our space does not permit us to detail. Suffice it to say, he disbanded the greater part of the troops hitherto employed against the banditti: the sbirri he reduced by one half; and yet, so effectually did he free the country from this horrid scourge, that it everywhere was blessed with peace and perfect security, before he had closed the first year of his reign. It filled the heart of the Pontiff with exultation when ambassadors now arriving at his court, assured him that in every part of his States through which their road had led, they had travelled through a land blessed with peace and security. Of Rome, a contemporary writer says, "such is the peace and tranquillity in this great city, in this assemblage of nations, this vast concourse of strangers and travellers, among all these wealthy and magnificent nobles, there is no one who needs endure injury or offence, however feeble his condition, however abject his state."* Thus did he merit that glorious title of "Restorer of the public peace;"† and that peace was one of the most protracted and happy to be met with in the annals of mankind. It lasted for two hundred and ten years. Indeed, with the exception of the Caraffa war, in which was fought the battle of Palliano, between

* Vita Sixt. V. ap. Ranke, v. 1. p. 343.

† De Tournon. Etudes Statistiques, &c. l. 1. c. 10. p. 238.

the Swiss, under Giulio Orsini, and the German lanzknechts of Caspar von Feltz and Hans Walther, under Marc Antonio Colonna,- the peace may be set down at two hundred and seventy years.

The taxes were generally so light, that what was said by a secretary of one of the Pontiffs is applicable, with little or no reserve, to the entire epoch. "From Terracina to Placentia," he says, "the Church is in possession of a broad and fair portion of Italy; her dominion extends far and wide, yet all those flourishing lands and rich cities, which under any other sovereign would be burthened for the support of large armies, pay no more to the Popes than just so much as will meet the expense of their own administration."* During part of the 17th century, the taxes were much heavier, owing in a great measure to the strenuous efforts of the Pontiffs to assist the Poles, Hungarians, Austrians, Venetians, and Knights of Malta, in repelling the aggressions of the Turk. "In the Dataria the Pope had, as it were, a vein of gold," writes one of the Venetian ambassadors of this period; "but that money could by no means be kept in Rome; in small portions it came in, but was poured out in a full stream." Innocent XI.—as one instance—had certainly despatched 2,000,000 scudi to Hungary, in aid of the Turkish war. It is calculated that not less than 15,000,000 scudi

* Vianesius Albergatius, ap. Ranke, v. 1. p. 310.

of debt had been contracted by the Papal government for the benefit of Christendom in general.*

As for the administration of the laws, a remark of Ranke on that head is of equally extended application. "At this period," he says, speaking of the States in the 16th century, "the towns would seem to have had no liking for secular governors; they preferred and requested to be ruled by prelates." Even of the legislation of Sixtus V., notwithstanding all that has been said of his harshness, the same writer assures us, that "the character of his regulations was mild, conciliatory, almost indulgent. Under Gregory (his immediate predecessor), the obedient were not rewarded, nor were the refractory punished. Under Sixtus, the insubordinate had everything to fear, but whoever sought to gain his approbation (by virtuous and praiseworthy actions) might safely depend on receiving proofs of his favour."† In another place he says, "The unpopular measures by which his predecessor had sought to enrich the treasury (by the resumption of lapsed fiefs, or crown-lands), were wholly abandoned by Sixtus. He did not fail to punish the rebellious feudatories, but as earnestly set himself to conciliate and attach the great body of the nobles. Pope Gregory had deprived the Colonna family of

* Vid. Relatione di Roma di Gio. Lando K^r^. inviato strodinario per la Ser^ma^. Rep^ca^. di Venetia ad Innocentio XI., ed ambas. strord^rio^. ad Alessandro VIII. &c. ap. Ranke, Appendix no. 151.

† Ubi supr. v. 1. p. 343.

its fortresses: Sixtus, on the contrary, made them advances of money, and assisted them to regulate the expenditure of their households. Those ancient enemies, the Colonna and the Orsini, he united by marriages between their respective houses, and with his own. He gave one of his grand-nieces to the Constable Marc Antonio Colonna, and another to the Duke Virginio Orsini. This Pope derived extreme gratification from the power he possessed of conferring benefits and privileges.

"He proved himself more particularly a good and open-handed fellow-countryman to the people of the March. He restored many of their ancient immunities to the inhabitants of Ancona. In Macerata he instituted a supreme court of justice for the whole province. The College of Advocates in that district he distinguished by the grant of new privileges. Fermo he erected into an archbishopric, and Tolentino into a bishopric. The little village of Montalto, where his ancestors had first taken up their abode, he raised by a special bull to the rank of an episcopal city; 'for here,' said he, 'did our race take its fortunate origin.' During his cardinalate, he had established a school of science there, and he now founded a 'college of Montalto' in the University of Bologna, for fifty students from the March, Montalto holding presentations for eight, and even the little Grotto-a-Mare receiving the right to send two. Loretto, also, he resolved to

elevate into a city. Fontana pointed out to him the difficulties that opposed this plan: 'Give yourself no uneasiness about it, Fontana,' said the Pope, 'the execution of this project will not cost me so much as the resolving on it has done.' Portions of land were bought from the people of Ricana, valleys were filled up, hills levelled, and lines of streets marked out. The communes of the March were encouraged to build houses. Cardinal Gallo appointed new civic authorities for the holy chapel; by all which, the patriotism of Sixtus and his devotion to the blessed Virgin were equally satisfied. His solicitude was extended in different degrees to the several cities of all the provinces; he made arrangements for preventing the increase of their debts, and for the control and limitation of their mortgages and alienations; he caused a strict inquiry to be made into the management of their finances, and made regulations of various character, but all conducing to restore the lost importance and well-being of the Communes."

This has been at all times a favourite and a beneficent policy with the Popes. It has secured to the towns and cities of their States a much larger share in the blessings to be naturally looked for from self-government under such circumstances, than is allowed to municipal bodies in these islands—far-famed though they be for the enjoyment of every constitutional blessing. On some occasions Ranke seems inclined to place Pope Julius II. in the list of

usurpers; yet hear what he says of his mode of dealing with the municipalities. "When he drove Baglione (on account of his tyranny) from Perugia, he did not refuse to recall the exiles, or to reinstate the peaceful magistrates, 'the Priori;' he conferred increased emoluments on the professors of the university, and invaded no one of the ancient immunities of the city. Even under Clement VII. I find a calculation of how many troops Perugia could bring into the field, precisely as though it had been a completely free municipality. Nor was Bologna more closely restricted. Together with the forms of municipal independence, it retained many of the essential attributes: the administration of the town revenues was entirely in its own hands, it maintained troops of its own, and the Papal legate received a salary (as governor) from the city." Again, when the towns of Romagna were recovered from the Venetians by Julius II.,—"he did not annex a single one to the Pontificate without first consenting to restrictive conditions, or conferring new and fixed rights: *these stipulations were always referred to in later times.*"

And what is here stated of the greater cities is equally true of those of the second and third class, and indeed of places of only a few thousand souls. Tivoli, for instance, almost at the gates of Rome, and numbering hardly 10,000 inhabitants, has always had its ancient franchises as much respected, as those of Ravenna, Ancona, or Viterbo. This

gives a correct idea of the relation between the population generally and the central government: throughout the States, with but few and those but trivial exceptions, the people being gathered in towns. Hence they may be said to enjoy the advantages of self-government to a very great extent.

CHAPTER II.

Of the general aspect of the country, we are constrained to rest satisfied with what has been said in the introductory part of this history. All we can find room for at present, is a word as to the contrast, between the smiling, plenteous, and lively air of the Romagna, the Marches, and the Umbrian districts, compared with the Patrimonio, properly so called, or the vast tract of country stretching from the Fiora and the Paglia, on the Tuscan frontier, to the Pontine Marches and Terracina. Of the former regions of the States, the fertility, the beauty, the high cultivation, the riches and prosperity, have been the theme of praise for those who have traversed them, at various periods from the opening of the 16th century down to the present day. But with regard to the tract along the opposite coast, and in the centre of which Rome itself is seated, the reverse has happened; it is usually appealed to, even by those who ought to have known better, as point-blank evidence of incapacity on the part of the Pontiffs as temporal sovereigns. To dispose of this argument, it had been enough to say that the Popes have not been less the sovereigns of the nine-tenths of the States that are charming to look upon, the theme of admiration for travellers, than they are of this desolate and seemingly mismanaged region; or we might have referred

those who insist on this point, to what has been set forth in the opening chapters on testimony above all exception. But as it is our object, not so much to refute a prejudice as to place the cause of the contrast above alluded to in its true historical light, our remarks are intended to shew, from the records of the past, from whence it is, the solitude and desolate appearance of the Campagna and the border districts have actually arisen.

It is a point established beyond doubt, that, at the period Rome was founded, the region included within the Roman Province, or that of which we are now treating, was studded with no less than one hundred and fifty cities or fortified places. It is scarcely less certain that the inhabitants of these cities and towns amounted to one million of people. The consequence must have been—there is a good deal of evidence, that in fact it was so—that the entire of that vast tract, now, for the greater part, entirely dispeopled, was cultivated like a garden. It was all divided into small town farms, and carried to the highest pitch of productiveness, by the ever solicitous and devoted industry of the owners—the lords of those little estates. This was the condition of the Campagna, when the plough was guided by the same hands that wielded the baton of command, or held the sceptre of the petty state.* Such parts as were mephitic or unwholesome, were cultivated on

* Ipsorum tunc manibus imperatorum colebantur agri, gaudente terrâ vomere laureato et triumphale aratro.—*Pliny. Hist. Nat.*

the same principle as the indigo and sugar plantations are cultivated in modern times, that is, by the labour of those for whose lives or health the owner cared, neither more nor less, than for the healthy condition of an ox or a horse. This was the condition of the estate, some *fifteen centuries before it came under the management of the Popes.*

But what was its state when *they* came into possession? It was a desert. A variety of causes had been at work, during the previous one thousand five hundred years, to "clear" it of a people, once prosperous and happy, as they were brave and independent. The people of Romulus were from the first the destroyers of cities. Proofs in abundance of this have been given in the introductory chapters. None but the free were thought worthy to be offered in hecatombs to the god of war: hence the free cultivators were rapidly replaced as wars were multiplied, by captives who were dragged after the car of conquest. If spared from death by the lictor or on the arena, these were doomed to toil in fetters, on the lands that of old were tilled by the stout yeomanry of the Volsci and Etruscans. We find that, in the year U.C. 529, the slave population in Italy had risen from one in twenty-five to one in ten; and, in the year of the City, 620, it was feared, according to Plutarch, that the free population was bidding fair to disappear altogether. Caius Gracchus found the most beauiful and fertile parts of Etruria reduced to

solitude, or abandoned to the care of a few slaves. Titus Livius, in speaking of the lands of the Volscians, exactly those regions of the Campagna that have brought most blame on the Papal Government, tells us, that a sickly colony of old soldiers and some slave gangs, were the only dwellers in a region that once swarmed with an "innumerable people"—*innumerabilem multitudinem liberorum capitum in eis fuisse locis quæ nunc, vix seminario exiguo militum relicto, &c.* Still the slave marts were so glutted from the supply poured into them from a thousand fields of Roman victory, that the price of a bondman had so fallen from the ancient standard price, of about 55*l.* of our money, that the value of a war captive from the banks of the Thames, the Rhine, or the Euphrates, and of a bushel of wheat was the same. Notwithstanding the vast possessions of the Romans, the proprietors in Cicero's time amounted only to 2000. The aphorism of Pliny the elder is familiar, but it is not enough thought of, that "large farms were the ruin of Italy"—*latifundia perdidere Italiam.*

The pride and luxury of the Romans proved fatal to the few inhabited places on the Campagna, which their conquests had not destroyed. The territories of ancient cities were too limited for the parks and pleasure grounds of the freed-men of the Cæsars. Goth, Vandal, Herulian, Greek, and Lombard, made a *tabula rasa* of the pleasure grounds and villas. The Popes came in upon the ruins. To compare

small things with great, the estate of the Patrimonio when it was *forced* by the occupiers on the Popes, was in a condition not unlike that to which, without any intervention of Goths or Vandals, it has been contrived to reduce some of the finest estates in Ireland, at the present day.

We saw what a happy change was effected in the well-being of the country during the Carlovingian æra: how that felicity was overthrown, we also saw; and that, in the feudal system that grew out of the chaos of the tenth century, the obstacles to agricultural improvement were such, that no power on earth could have overcome them. How could a country circumstanced as was the Agro Romano, while the mania of the Capitol and such scenes as Petrarch describes, continued, be other than a desolate waste? But with the return of the Popes from Avignon, agricultural improvement begins to return. It is encouraged by a *motu proprio* of Gregory XII., 15th Nov. 1407; also by an edict of Sixtus IV., A.D. 1460. Julius II. made great exertions to encourage it. The law of Clement VII., authorising the exportation of corn whenever the market price did not exceed a certain limit, shews that already much more was grown in the States, than sufficed for their own consumption. We have the testimony of the Venetian ambassadors to this effect, in A.D. 1522. "We travelled," they say, "from Macerata to Tolentino, through a district of surpassing loveliness. Hills and valleys were clothed with grain through

an extent of thirty miles. Nothing less rich might be seen. Uncultivated land we could not find the breadth of a foot. We thought it impossible to gather so vast a quantity of corn. How then shall it be consumed ?" This is fully two hundred years before improved tillage begins in Scotland. Pius V., by a constitution, 11th October, 1566, "renews the law of Clement, *prohibits the barons from forcing their vassals to sell their corn to them at their own price;* grants safe conduct and liberty to all cultivators of the soil, during seed-time and harvest; and, to those who carry corn to the markets, protection against arrest, either for debt or on any other pretence." This remarkable law lets in a flood of light on the "relations between landlord and tenant," before Pius V. repealed the Baronial "Corn Law." Such was the development of agriculture ten years later, under Paul IV., that Rome itself, which in the time of the Cæsars, depended on Egypt and Algeria for its daily bread, was able, from its own territory, to export 200,000 hectolitres of wheat. We leave Ranke to tell what was done to encourage agriculture by Sixtus V.

"Agriculture was equally indebted to the cares of Sixtus V.: he undertook to drain the Chiana (swamp or pool) of Orvieto, and the Pontine Marshes, which last he visited in person. The river Sixtus (Fiume Sisto), which, until the time of Pius VI., was the best attempt made for draining the Pontine Marshes, was cut across them by his command.

"Neither was he negligent with regard to manufactures; a certain Peter of Valencia, a Roman citizen, had offered his services for the establishment of a silk manufacture. The thorough-going measures by which Sixtus attempted to forward his plans, are extremely characteristic of that Pontiff. He commanded that mulberry-trees should be planted throughout the States of the Church, in all gardens and vineyards, in every field and wood, over all hills, and in every valley,—wherever no corn was growing, these trees were to find place; for it was fixed that five of them should be planted on every rubbio of land, and the communes were threatened with heavy fines in case of neglect." The woollen manufactures, also, he sought earnestly to promote, "in order," as he says, "that the poor may have some means of earning their bread." To the first person who undertook this business, he advanced funds from the treasury, accepting a certain number of pieces of cloth in return.

"But we must not attribute dispositions of this kind to Sixtus alone; this would be unjust to his predecessors. Agriculture and manufactures were favoured by Pius V. and Gregory XIII. also. It was not so much by the adoption of new paths that Sixtus distinguished himself from earlier Pontiffs, as by the energy and decision with which he pursued those on which they had already entered. Therefore it is that his actions have remained fixed in the memory of mankind."

But while the Popes were trying every means to improve and extend the cultivation of the country, the barons, it would appear, were trying all they could to prevent this. We have a constitution of Paul V. under date of October 15, 1611, in which the barons are menaced with the confiscation of their fiefs, and even with the heaviest censures of the Church, unless they desist from hindering their vassals to cultivate their lands.*

In a manuscript life of Urban VIII. in eight vols. still preserved in the Barberini library at Rome, the writer, Andrea Nicoletti, says: "There was the utmost plenty of all things in Rome during this pontificate, and the Pope, Urban VIII. was accustomed to say that he had derived his birth from Florence, but had received all his greatness from Rome. He desired that every one should enjoy the prosperity of his pontificate. He wished that the artisans should make large profits at their trades, but lawfully, and without fraud; to merchants of all sorts he was equally favourable,—whence it followed that money circulated so freely during his pontificate, as to make all persons, of whatever profession, content and satisfied. He gave especial orders for the supply of corn, and endured the expense willingly, in consideration of the abundance maintained. His greatest enjoyment was to know that the husbandman was not deprived of those

* Vid. De Tournon, ubi supra, l. 2. c. 2. p. 305—307.

gains, which he considered the risk of life and means incurred by those who toiled on the vast extent of the Campagna, and were exposed to its insalubrious air, to merit. Then, when it appeared to him that the sea coast—the maremma—was peculiarly adapted for agriculture, he turned his thoughts in that direction, and frequently talked of draining the Pontine Marshes, to recover those immense districts now under water, and that entirely for the public benefit: but other cares would not permit him to enjoy the completion of so glorious a design. Neither would he permit that the price of grain or other food should be fixed; but to maintain the abundance aforesaid, he would have all free, thus preventing monopoly. Hence, the merchants, filling their granaries, vied with each other in selling cheaply, and the city of Rome became rich. That literature should flourish during his pontificate cannot be matter of surprise, since he had no more agreeable recreation than the society of the learned, whom he always received with kindness and treated liberally." This was the state of affairs towards the middle of the 17th century: Pope Urban died A.D. 1644, and Innocent X. (Pamphili) was elected in September of the same year.

After stating that hardly any mention of Spain is to be found in the annals of the Roman empire for nearly four hundred years, it is observed by Gibbon,

that peace and prosperity must have been the lot of that province during this long protracted period. This reflection is obviously judicious; for history is in a great measure only an immense chapter of accidents. In one hurricane or earthquake, there is more history than in a century of halcyon calm and security. Hence, as the two hundred years from Sixtus V. to Pius VI. are, for the States of St. Peter, a time of profound and unruffled tranquillity, we feel the less scruple in abandoning ourselves to the law of necessity, which leaves us no alternative but to deal with it as the annalist of the Roman empire dealt with Spain, during those four hundred happy years. To three events only we turn a passing glance, in hastening onward to the times of Pius VI.—the lapse of the duchy of Castro, the attempt of Louis XIV. to dragoon the Popes in their own capital, and the war of Velletri, as it is called.

The duchy of Castro and Roncilione—embracing a rich tract of country between the Tuscan frontier, Viterbo and the sea—was a fief of the Holy See, conferred by Paul III. on the Farnese. They loaded it with such an enormous amount of debt, that it did not suffice to pay the interest. Things came to such a pass, in the long run, that the Pope could not pass through the streets of Rome but he was instantly called after to make the duke of Parma pay what was due from him. This, Pope Innocent X. himself told to the writer, who relates it. The Pope added: "The duke has not paid [the fundholders]

for seven years; yet on this income depends the living of many widows, orphans, and pious institutions."* The closing years of Urban the VIII.'s reign had been much disturbed, and the State involved in great expense, on account of this same affair of Castro. "As there was, moreover, cause to believe," says Ranke—indeed there was not a shadow of doubt about it—"that the bishop of Castro had been murdered at the instigation of the duke's government, it was at length resolved to take decisive steps in his affair also. The domains of the Farnese were once more exposed to sale: solicitors and civil officers proceeded to Castro and took possession of the town in the name of the creditors. The duke again opposed resistance, and made a second attempt to penetrate with an army into the States of the Church." But he could not succeed. The duchy was confiscated to pay the creditors: Castro itself was reduced to a heap of ruins, on which was reared a solitary column, with this inscription:—"Here stood Castro"—QUI FU CASTRO. This was done to mark with eternal execration the foul murder done on the bishop of the place."†

It would take up too much space to set forth the

* Diario Deone, 16 Giugno, 1649.

† The Annali of Muratori supply a much more detailed account of this transaction than is to be found in Ranke: the same remark applies to the disturbances caused in Rome by Louis XIV.

motives by which Louis XIV. was instigated to make war on Innocent XI., in his own capital. To harass the Pope, and bend him to the king's wishes, the ambassador had orders to thwart and set at defiance the Papal authorities, and in every way to encourage the refractory, even to the defending of outlaws and assassins against the pursuit of justice.

"In the year 1687," says Ranke, "the French Ambassador entered Rome with so imposing a retinue, certain squadrons of cavalry forming part of it, that the right of asylum which the Ambassadors claimed at that time, not only for their palace, but also for the adjacent streets, could by no means have been easily disputed with him, although the Popes had solemnly abolished the usage. With an armed force the Ambassador braved the Pontiff in his own capital." "They come with horses and chariots," said Innocent, "but we will walk in the name of the Lord." He pronounced the censures of the Church on the Ambassador; and the Church of St. Louis, in which the latter had attended a solemn high mass, was laid under interdict. Louis XIV. seized the Nuncio at Paris, and threw him into prison, he also seized Avignon. This was all to wring concessions in ecclesiastical affairs from the Pope. "It was in fact," says the same writer, "the actual breaking out of schism; yet did Pope Innocent refuse to yield a single step." All this time the Pontiff was straining every nerve, (even involving his States in heavy debt) to fight the battle of Christendom and of civilization,

against the Turks in Hungary and before Vienna, while Louis XIV. was all as anxious that the banner of the Sultan, and not that of John Sobieski, should be crowned with victory. In these hopes, which leave an indelible blot on the great monarch's name, he was signally defeated.* The hosts of the Moslem were scattered: Avignon was restored; and the Ambassador who came after the excommunicated one, 10th August, A.D. 1689, made a formal renunciation of the right of asylum,—without the shadow of concession on the side of the Apostolic See.

The War of Velletri, we are obliged altogether to set aside. If possible, the sketch prepared from the original Commentaries of Castruccio Buonamici, and from Botta's brilliant version, shall be given in an Appendix. Pope Benedict XIV. the most peace-loving of mortals, had nothing under heaven to say to this war, except to deplore it. It was an episode in the great Iliad of the eighteenth century—the horrible European war, in which the Austrian Empire that had fairly devolved upon Maria Teresa, in virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction, was contended for by all the nations within the whole perifery of Christendom—Russia excepted—as tigers and lions contend for a bleeding quarry. From this dreadful conflict, which entailed an inconceivable amount of misery, the Pontiff had resolutely but meekly held aloof. Nevertheless, to use a phrase of Frederic of Prussia, who was the first to set the mischief a going,

* See M. Salvandy's admirable History of John Sobieski, &c.

they came to "lay the table cloth" in the States of St. Peter. Four nations met on the Panaro, at an obscure place called "Campo Santo,"—Austrians, Piedmontese, Spaniards, Irish—to make a horrible butchery of each other to no purpose, except to fatten a soil already fertile enough, with the corses of 6,000 slain. A little later, the Austrians under Lobkowitz and Count Brown, on one side, and the Spaniards and Neapolitans, on the other, under Don Carlos, first Bourbon King of Naples, and Count Gage, appear within view of Rome—as if to perform on a grand scale before the Christian Romans, that game which used to delight the Pagan Romans, when played for their solace and amusement by gladiators on the blood soaked arena. Lobkowitz lay at Monte Rotondo, near Nomentum: Anagni and Val Montoni, were head-quarters for the Allies. It was as good as a review for the Romans, to see the skirmishes of their cavalry along the Anio, and all over the Campagna, where both parties made themselves at home at the Pope's expense. From Monte Rotondo the Austrian general came to the Vatican, to pay his homage, and no doubt to apologise for the trespass and the devastations. Half the city poured out to Monte Rotondo, to see the wonders of the camp. When Lobkowitz advanced to Marino, Don Carlos crossed the hills, with precipitation, from the Val di Sacco to Velletri: there, to bar the passage along the Via Appia to the Regno. The King was thinking to send a force to occupy Frescati, "when

suddenly," says Castruccio, "the Austrian army appeared on the ridge of a hill that overlooked Velletri and the Neapolitan camp. The sight was indeed very terrible; they being in battle array, and their arms glittering in the reflected rays of the sun."*

The scenes of which Velletri, and all those enchanting borders from Aricia along the woody slopes and rich valleys of the Monte Artemisio, became the theatre, may be viewed in the pictured pages of Castruccio and Botta. The latter surpasses himself, and rivals Titus Livius and Tacitus, in his battle of Velletri, and the horrors of wholesale pestilence and partial famine raging in both armies; while, at head-quarters,—both in Aricia and the ill-fated Velletri, the rank and fashion of Rome were often regaled with splendid banquets, and entertained with festive revelry. And that nothing might be wanting to crown the performance, the Romans were treated to the spectacle of a military retreat, on a grand scale. Camp followers, baggage, and artillery, with 30,000 troops in firm array, displayed themselves marching, composedly, across the Campagna, and close under the age-tinted walls of the city of the Prince of Peace, that, whilome, was the camp of the Demon-god of war, to recross the Tiber by a temporary

* Castruccio Buonamici Commentarii de Bello Italico.—*Lug. Batav.* 1750, 2 vols. 8vo, p. 15. The Commentaries begin with the transactions of Velletri, A.D. 1744, and end with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, A.D. 1748.

bridge: while other 30,000 marched after them, at a convenient interval, with as much display of discipline and a somewhat prouder bearing. They had some reason to hold a high head, for though they did not pursue a beaten foe, they had saved a rich and noble kingdom for their leader.

The next morning, his majesty Don Carlos entered Rome on horseback, to pay his respects to Benedict XIV., who was so overjoyed at seeing this great prince, the son, too, of a mighty monarch, prostrate before him, that he quite forgot his illness. After this his majesty visited the most remarkable places of the city, attended by vast crowds of all ranks of people, who being now freed from their apprehensions on account of the neighbouring war, strove who should be most zealous in expressing their joy. When his majesty had satisfied his curiosity in this respect, he was entertained at a very splendid feast in the Vatican—and so the curtain falls.

Of the condition of the States and of the City, particularly of the latter, during the 17th and 18th centuries, much that we had hoped to insert must be omitted. Mabillon visited Rome, its ruins, its archives, its libraries, and explored its environs as far as Subiaco and Farfa, in 1685 and 1686. Coming soon after, Montfaucon devoted two entire years to the investigation of the antiquities, much aided

therein by certain manuscript notes of the famous archæologist, Flaminius Vacca. It was Cardinal Schelestrate who conducted the learned Benedictines through the Vatican library, of which his eminence at that time had the care.* Another great scholar, the ill-fated Gibbon, visited Rome in 1765. What a treat to have accompanied such men through such a scene! As for the author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, he evidently caught the Capitoline fever the very first night he entered the city. "After a sleepless night," he says, "I trod with lofty steps the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and *several days of intoxication* were lost or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation." Elsewhere he

* Mabillon's opinion of Rome: "Ejus magnitudinem et præstantiam tum ex ruinis ipsis, tum ex novis ædificiis, majorem esse quam fama vel auctorum scripta ferebant, intelleximus. Urbem dividebant veteres in sex partes, *i.e.* templa, domos, vicos, insulas, plateas, et angiportus. Insulæ, qui inter vicos sunt horti, domus, publica ædificia, nempe theatra, amphitheatra, circi, balneæ seu thermæ, atq. Nympheæ, quo nomine formas et aquæductus intelligebant. Et in his omnibus quot et quanta olim admiranda Roma? quot et quanta etiam nunc supersunt post tot clades et ruinas? ut eam Muretus, post Athenæum, hodie quoque *Orbis epitomen* dici posse haud immerito consuerit. Hæc veluti communis omnium mortalium parens, *in quâ unica totius mundi civitate,* ut Sidonii Galli verbis utar, *soli barbari et* SERVI *peregrinantur.*"

tells us, that it was when the vesper song came on his ear,—from the neighbouring cloister church of Ara Cœli, as he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, that the thought,—the impious inspiration, first started to his mind, of avenging the cause of vanquished Paganism, by an assault the most elaborate and malevolent on triumphant Christianity. Of the temporal government of the Popes he says: "If we calmly weigh the merits and defects of the ecclesiastical government, it may be praised in its present state, as a mild, decent, and tranquil system, exempt from the dangers of a minority, the sallies of youth, the expenses of luxury, and the calamities of war."* Even Mariotti is constrained to allow, that under this "pastoral government" the people were prosperous and happy. It is true, he contends, they had been all the better for a hurricane or an earthquake: that is, a proper stunning revolution, with a "reign of terror" to purify the atmosphere after such a long continuance of halcyon calm.†

Botta, though a "liberal" of the first water, has never been forgiven by the Italians of that ilk, be-

* Ch. 70. p. 408.

† Italy Past, &c. v. 1. p. 456: "Hence patriotism prevailed over love of liberty," &c. That expression draws the distinction which exists between the Pagan and the Christian idea of liberty. Patriotism in Mariotti's, that is, in the Pagan, sense, is the essence of tyranny. "The State" absorbs all: yet that is the aim of the Mazzini school of "liberals;" it is now established in Switzerland, thanks to our peace-loving Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

cause he awarded the just meed of admiration and praise to Pius VI., who left nothing undone to develope the resources of the States. Under his memorable pontificate—the longest in the annals of the Papacy, next to that of St. Peter—Rome and the States attained the highest pitch of prosperity. The renown of having succeeded in a work in which the greatest of the Roman emperors had failed,—the draining the Pontine Marshes, has caused the other great things effected by this Pope for the improvement of the States, to be but little thought of, or forgotten. But, as De Tournon well observes, nothing was there in the way of amelioration that he did not try. In treating of the various kinds of stock, he says: "Les merinos provienent d'une importation que Pie VI., PRINCE HABILE ET QUI A TENTÉ TOUS LES GENRES D'AMELIORATION." The same writer says in another place, that "under Pius VI. agriculture attained its culminating point."* We have before us the materials for a long chapter on this subject; a few words, however, on the Marshes is all we can possibly find room for.

For the topographical description of the Marshes, we refer to the introductory chapters of the first volume. Cethegus is the first we read of, who drained the Pontine: Forum Appii, Tres Pontium, Tres Tabernæ, and Ad Medias, succeeding to Volscian cities long previously overthrown, date from that time. Julius Cæsar meditated improvements; Mark

* Sous Pie VI., la culture à son apogée, &c.

Antony was for applying the Agrarian law to the Marshes; Augustus had the canal opened on which Horace sailed with his fellow-travellers. With all this, the Pontine atmosphere, in Martial's time, was no better than it is now,—it was "pestiferous,"—*Et quos pestiferâ Pontini uligine campi, &c.* Yet many patrician villas are known to have stood on the acclivities at the mountain foot, where the air is now quite pestilential. Nerva and Trajan raised the causeway of the *Via Appia.* In the reign of Theodoric the Goth, Cecilius Decius, a Roman patrician, did something at the draining. The Popes whom we read of as taking up the enterprise, are Boniface VIII., Martin V., Calixtus III., Leo X. It was Leo's engineer, Giovan Scotti, that opened the Portatore di Badino,—the great canal of emission. Sixtus V. made the *Fiume Sisto:* another great step. The projects of Clement XIII. miscarried, through the ignorant obstinacy of the feudal proprietors, who farmed out the weirs and fisheries. The glory belongs to Pius VI. of having not only completely drained the Pontine, but of having been the first to suggest the plan which Gaetano Rapini of Bologna, his favourite engineer, carried into execution. Rapini's is a model estimate. At the outset the expense, he said, would be about 20,000*l.*; not long after, he mended his hand, and said 100,000*l.* The total expenditure amounted to 347,104*l.* That is,—the drainage works cost 229,400*l.*: the new causeway road 23,540*l.*: stores, granaries, barns,

hostelries, post-houses, &c. 77,040*l.*: a Capuchin convent and church, 17,120*l.*

It should have been remarked, that the first step of the Pontiff was to purchase all claims over the Pontine region; so that the entire of the drained lands became the domain of the Camera. They were of immense extent and extreme fertility. Of the entire,—nearly one-fifth—3414 hectares, or 1895 rubbi, produce the finest wheat, year after year, without rest or renewal; about one-sixth of the whole produces Indian corn, in the same way; the rest is prairie land of the most luxuriant character, over which innumerable herds of cattle and troops of horses roam as free and wild, as if they were beyond the Rocky Mountains, or on the Pampas, instead of being within forty miles of Rome. The yearly income to the Papal treasury from the Pontine farms,—at an extremely low rent,—ought to be 6,260*l.* per annum.*

* M. le Comte de Tournon's reflection on this achievement, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of inserting here: "En considérant sous tous ses rapports cette belle enterprise, on est frappé de respect et pénétré de reconnaissance pour le souverain qui eut la pensée d'une si grand projet et la constance de l'exécuter; et ce travail suffirait à immortaliser Piè VI., alors même que sa constance héroïque dans ses malheurs n'aurait pas mis sa memoir à l'abri de l'oubli."—*Ubi supr.* l. 5. ch. 9. p. 232.

CHAPTER III.

THE usurpation of the Papal States, and the destruction of the Papacy itself, had been long resolved on by the factions that ruled at Paris, under the name of the French Republic. So long back as 1792, Pius VI. had been burned in effigy in that city: the Pontifical arms torn down at Marseilles: Avignon and the whole Comtat Venaissin,—a state acquired by purchase at its full value, had been seized, and, by a vote of the Convention, made the property of the Republic. One named de Flotte, a low agent of the French Consul at Naples, came to Rome in 1793, and presenting himself before Cardinal Zelada, the then Secretary of State, announced, that, if all the insolent and impious demands of the Atheists at Paris were not forthwith acceded to, prompt measures should be taken, that of Rome, not one stone should be left on another—*il ne resterait pas dans Rome, pierre sur pierre.* A letter was written by the same Consul to the Cardinal Secretary, threatening to unite all the French residents in Rome, to the end that no sacerdotal hand should dare to postpone, by opposition, the installation of the Republican emblems on the Capitol. Such orgies as accompanied the creation of the Goddess of Liberty at Paris were got up in the academy of

the French artists in the heart of the Papal city. A statue of Brutus was inaugurated with truculent solemnities. After such preparatory measures the agents of the Directory, de Basville and Flotte, persuaded themselves that to overturn for ever the throne of the Pontiffs, they had only to shew themselves to the Roman people, in all the glare of republican gala, —with banners waving and bedizened with cockades and sashes. The result proved how little they understood the Romans of that day,—religiously and ardently attached as they were to the mild and beneficent sway under which they and their forefathers had passed so many generations in happiness, honour, and tranquil prosperity.

On a Sunday evening, 13th of January, 1798, at the hour when the Corso is most crowded, and when the Roman population is all abroad, carriages filled with persons dressed out with tricolor badges, scarfs, and cockades, issued both from the gates of the French Academy,—the whole cavalcade proceeding with great bravery and display towards the Piazza Colonna, which was even more than usually crowded with groups of all classes; for Flotte and de Basville had given it out long before, that the 13th of January should witness the inauguration of republican liberty in the very centre of Rome. Instead, however, of being hailed as deliverers, their appearance was the signal for the long pent up storm of indignation to burst with fury. Amidst the uproar and the rush of the multitude upon

these firebrands, who had thus come, on the peaceful Sabbath, to insult the majesty of the Sovereign Pontiff in the heart of his own capital, a shot was fired among the people from one of the carriages—and then it was, that, with the suddenness of lightning, the southern nature exploded in all its uncontrolable violence. Flying for his life, from the rage of the people he had come so magnanimously to deliver from a grinding oppression, of which—strange phenomenon—the oppressed seemed to be utterly unconscious, one of the leaders, Hugh de Basville, was overtaken by the pursuers. Dagger in hand he defended himself bravely, but before the Papal guard that had hastened to the scene of the riot, could rescue him, the unfortunate man received a wound, of which, after sincerely repenting and complying with his religious duties, he expired the next evening.

This of itself, had any pretext been wanting to cover the rapacious designs of the plundering Atheistical Directory, was more than enough. Long before the invasiou of the States, in 1796, their partition had been formally arranged by the diplomatic agents of the Parisian authorities. The Adriatic provinces, together with Umbria, and some slices of the Patrimonio—as the lion's share—were to fall to the Directory: the King of Spain was to have the city of Rome, and the leavings of the Patrimony after the Directory should have satisfied itself, as an appanage for his son-in-law, the Duke of Parma: the

king of Naples was to have the principalities of Benevento and Ponte Corvo, with some scraps of the border regions, and along the coast. This was the posture of affairs, when, in the summer of 1796, without any declaration of war or other formality, the legations were entered and occupied by General Bonaparte, at the head of the Republican forces. If Pius VI. was spared for a little longer, it was only that the resources of the States of the Church and their capital might be more conveniently pillaged, under the insulting pretexts of the armistice of the 23rd of June, 1796, and of the so-called treaty of Tolentino,—where Bonaparte was induced to stay his Romeward march, 19th of February, 1797. In his letter to the Directory, the General sets down the allodial property of Mesola and Comacchio at five millions of francs, and says that, deprived of the Bologna and Ferrara legations and of Romagna, Rome, after paying the contribution of THIRTY MILLIONS, which he imposes on it (besides the plunder of the museums and libraries) can no longer exist—*ne peut plus exister.**

Nevertheless, the impatience of the Directory to hurl from his throne "the last of the Popes," and

* This letter is dated—"Quartier-général de Tolentino, le 1er Ventosé an. V.—Mon opinion est que Rome une fois privée de Bologna, Ferrare, la Romagne, et de trente millions que nous lui ôtons, ne peut plus ixister: cette vielle machine se détraquera toute seule." *Hist. du Pie VII. par M. Le Chev. Artaud.* t. 1. p. 41.

to seize the rich spoil of the patrimony guaranteed to St. Peter by the faith of Christendom, through such a protracted and eventful succession of ages, could no longer brook delay, nor wait for the "wreck to go to pieces of itself." In the palace of Joseph Bonaparte, ambassador from the Directory to the Court of Rome, a new plot, like that of de Basville and de Flotte, is accordingly set on foot; and, like the former one, it ends in a manner but too tragical for the agent who put himself most forward in it. The following is taken from the official report made to the Papal government relative to this event:—

"A meeting of the most turbulent spirits—nearly all French--having been held in the palace of the ambassador: the destruction of the Papacy, and a *return to the republic of the Scipios and the Gracchi* having been loudly demanded in the name of the Roman people, by this handful of disturbers, on the evening of the 28th of December, 1797, an armed party, headed by a French general named Duphot, —at that time affianced to one of the younger sisters of the ambassador, attacked a patrol of six soldiers when making their rounds, near the barrack of Ponte Sisto. By command of the sergeant, Macciola, the patrol fell back before the rioters, and, stationed behind the palisades of their regular post, abstained from returning the fire of the assailants, until the people who were looking on loudly threatened to break in and seize their arms, in order to repel the rebels, should they any longer hesitate

to sally forth and use them for that purpose—*si vous ne sortiez pas pour nous défendre, nous forcerons les palissades, et nous nous défendrons avec vos armes.*"*

"At this juncture," continues the report, "a patrol of four dragoons came up, and loudly called on their companions in arms behind the palisades, to come forth and prevent their being overpowered by numbers. Not till then did the soldiers force the palisades, and, forming with the dragoons, advance towards the church of Santa Dorotea. They then fired a volley down the Lungara, where the armed party had renewed the attack, and made good their post under the Porta Settimiana.† While there the revolutionists again came on, with tricolor cockades and flags. Two French officers with drawn swords marched in front. One of these, brandishing his weapon, cried out to the soldiers who remained steady at their post, "*Vive la liberté! Courage, je suis votre général.*" Marinelli, the corporal in charge of this post, repeatedly called on the advancing party to desist. They heeded him not, and one of those who fell under the fire of the guard was Duphot, the general who had offered himself as a commander to the Papal soldiers for the overthrow

* The report was originally made in French, as it was to be instantly sent to the French ambassador.

† This gate spans the Lungara in Trastevere, far within the mediæval and modern ring-wall of the Leonine city.

of the sovereign they had sworn to defend.* The ambassador of the Directory struck his colours that same evening, and withdrew from Rome with a menace which was afterwards carried into execution by Berthier, at the head of the so-called "ARMÉE VENGERESSE!"——

It was nightfall when this "army of revenge" arrived and pitched its tents on Monte Mario, the General giving orders to each soldier to light two fires—thus to impress the Romans with an exaggerated idea of his forces. In his first dispatch to Bonaparte, he says that the march of the "liberating army" had filled the whole country with most profound consternation. Not a gleam of liberalism was anywhere to be discerned. By one solitary patriot only had he been visited; but he offered to set at liberty 2,000 culprits, condemned for their crimes to the galleys—an offer which, Berthier remarked, he had thought it right to decline.† It was not enough for these champions of liberty to dethrone the venerable

* The historian of Ancona, in recording this event, says: "In Roma viene uccisso il Francese Duphot, nel punto che tenta matter in rivoluzione questa città."—*Ancona Illustrata*, in 4to. p. 367.

† "L'ARMÉE N'A TROUVÉ, DANS CE PAYS, QUE LA PLUS PROFONDE CONSTERNATION, ET PAS UNE LUEUR D'ESPRIT D'INDÉPENDANCE; QU'UN SEUL PATRIOTE EST VENU SE PRESENTER A LUI, ET LUI A OFFERT DE METTRE EN LIBERTÉ 2000 GALÉRIENS." *Vid. Artaud.* v. 1. p. 7. This speaks volumes for the good government of the Popes, and the happiness enjoyed by their subjects. Misrule and discontent invariably go hand in hand.

Pius VI. and ferociously drag him from his palace; they acted towards him in a manner of which the commonest brigands would have been ashamed, plundering his person even to the fisher's ring. They loaded with derisive insults this Pontiff, venerable for fourscore years, adorned by shining virtues and great deeds. In the darkest hour of his misfortunes, with unruffled calmness and dignity, he asked to be allowed to die in the City of the Apostles. "Vous mourrez partout," was the reply of the Calvinist Haller, — well selected by the Directory to bring down the grey hairs of the "last of the Popes" with acrimonious and ignoble insult to the grave.

Dragged in the eighty-first year of his age, by military tyranny from the midst of his sorrowing people and from the chair of St. Peter, after being hurried from Rome to Grenoble, and from thence to Valence on the Rhone, this venerable confessor of the faith, Pius VI., resigned his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, on the 29th day of August, A.D. 1799. Some hours before his death (which those who were witnesses of it have described as that of an heroic Christian), he whom the infidel world regarded as the last of the Pontiffs, drew from his finger the precious ring presented to him by the sainted Queen Clotilda of Sardinia, sister of Louis XVI., and confiding it to the prelates who assisted round his dying bed, commanded that it should be given into the hands of his successor, on his election by the Sacred College.

At that moment, defeat and indiscriminate slaughter were pursuing the armies of the Atheistic Directory, in their ignominious flight from Italy. Scherer, Macdonald, Moreau—their best generals, Bonaparte being in Egypt—were attempting, one after the other, to rally the dispersed and disheartened legions, only the more inevitably to secure their almost total destruction. The shattered remnants of so many armies, deemed invincible, were fleeing in dismay through all the steep passes of the Alps, while the Cardinals were entering the conclave at Venice,* in which Pius VII. was unanimously elected Pope.

It was at that juncture proposed by Austria that the Apostolic See should for the future be established at Vienna.† But this mesh also was broken. The French, with Bonaparte at their head, were now destined to do good service to the Papacy, in winning the memorable and decisive battle of Marengo. On the 16th of June, A.D. 1800, the same victory which secured the empire for Bonaparte opened the way to the throne of the Sovereign Pontiffs for Pius VII. On the 21st of June, A.D. 1800, the successor of the "last of the Pontiffs" entered Ancona without a single soldier, yet the thunder of

* December 1st, 1799.

† "On parloit de retenir le Pape a Venise, même de l'engager à fixer son séjour à Vienne. M. de Thugut etablissoit là un *précédent d'ingérence*—Après deux mois de retard l'Autriche ne put et ne voulut pas s'opposer au départ du Pontife."—*Artaud.* t. 1. p. 110.

artillery was heard from all the forts; even the Russian vessels in the harbour fired an imperial salute; for the Czar, Paul I., had issued an order that his forces, by land and sea, should pay the same honours to the Pope as to himself.* Six hundred young men of the city, in gala dress, unharnessing the horses, attached long ropes adorned with flowers to the carriage, and thus drew the successor of the exile of Valence to the palace of Cardinal Ranuzzi, who had never stirred from his post during the time of the usurpation. On the 3rd of July, the Sovereign Pontiff made his triumphal entry through the Porto del Popolo into Rome. One of the many legacies and souvenirs of a similar kind, left to the Pope by the republican regenerators, consisted of a coinage which went by the name of *moneta erosa.* It was of the most base description. Nevertheless, at a sacrifice to the Camera of 1,500,000 sc., or nearly £400,000. this base money was withdrawn; for the hardship of it leant most heavily on those least able to bear it—the poor. Thus it was the successors of Peter inaugurated a new cycle in their temporal reign. From the height of prosperity the French had reduced the States to beggary.

The ratification of the Concordat between Pius VII. and Napoleon, as First Consul, took place at Paris, *le* 26 *Messedor, l'an IX.*—that is, on the

* "Les vaisseaux Russes qui stationnoient dans le port, ordonnèrent le *salut impérial,* parce'que Paul 1er. avait expressément recommandé que l'on rendît au Pape les honneurs dus à sa personne imperiale."—*Ib.*

15th of July, 1801. This treaty, reinstating Christianity in France, was signed as follows:—H. Card. Consalvi: J. Bonaparte: I. Archevêque de Corinthe: frère Charles Caselli: Cretet: Bernier.* On the 2nd of December, A.D. 1804, Pius VII. crowned with the tiara, and attended by his cardinals and the prelates of his court, ascended a throne prepared for him in the church of Notre Dame at Paris. That portion of the divine office which is chanted while the Pontiff is preparing to celebrate the divine mysteries, had been concluded, when the portals of the cathedral were thrown open to receive the great conqueror Napoleon, and Josephine, his wedded spouse. They were to be crowned as emperor and empress that day. The ceremony at once commenced—the Pope officiating according to the ancient ritual. When the Pontiff said, addressing himself to Napoleon, "Do you promise to maintain the peace of the Church of God?"—*Profiteris-ne*, &c.; Napoleon answered in a clear and firm voice, "Profiteor"—"I do promise." Then both Napoleon and Josephine knelt to receive the sacred unction from the Pontiff's hands. After this rite, Napoleon rose up, and from not having the same spirit as Charlemagne, was guilty of a great mistake. Instead of receiving the crown from the same authority that had placed it on the brow of Charlemagne, and had crowned and sanctioned so many dynasties, he took it from the altar, which he had

* Artaud. ubi supr. t. 1. p. 154.

no right at all even to ascend, and placing it on his own head, with his own hands, thus isolated his throne, and cut himself off irretrievably by his own act, from all those memories and sanctions with which it was the darling, as it would have been the wisest, project of his ambition, to connect his dynasty.*

What has been remarked of the character of Napoleon by Artaud is fully justified, by what passed on this occasion between the Emperor and Pius VII. This writer, who, as a member of the diplomatic corps, had the best opportunities of forming a correct opinion, observes that, judging from his policy regarding the Church, it would seem as if Napoleon had lost his identity at this period, and had ceased to be the same, who, on the field of Marengo, proclaimed his resolve to respect the rights of the sovereign Pontiffs, and to build up the ruined altars of France.† When, as First Consul, he was sending his ambassador to Rome, he said: "Comport yourself towards the Pope as if he had an army at his back of two hundred thousand men."‡ In a word, during this stage of his career, he had it formally announced that "he wished the respect which

* In that memorable letter which he wrote to Pius VII. after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon uses these words: "Je me suis considéré, ainsi que MES PRÉDÉCESSEURS DE LA DEUXIÈME ET DE LA TROISIÈME RACE," &c. It was only through the act of the Pontiff, which he rejected, that he could have them for *predecessors*.

† Vid. Artaud. ubi supr. t. 1. p. 115. ‡ Ib. p. 118.

he had ever manifested towards the Roman Church, and his successful efforts to reconcile it to the heart and the faith of the first nation of the universe, to be ranked in the first class of those actions which reflected glory on his life."* In the same State paper, dictated by Napoleon himself, he declares his conviction that the well-being of religion requires not only that the Pope should be respected as head of the Church, but also as an independent sovereign: "non seulement comme chef de l'eglise Catholique, mais encore comme souverain indépendant." But from this epoch his dispositions seem to be reversed. The effort and the anxiety to possess himself of the States of St. Peter, as if his vast empire were nothing without that Naboth's vineyard, is commenced on the morrow of his coronation:—when signing his abdication he had not, at least by any formal act, relinquished it. We now return to Pope Pius VII.

The object for which he had been invited to Paris being now accomplished, he was eager to return to Rome. Days and weeks had, nevertheless, worn away, and despite of his anxiety and his efforts to leave it, he still found himself in Paris. Pius VII. began to perceive that he had ceased to be at liberty.

* "Il veut qu'on place au premier rang des actions qui ont jeté de l'éclat sur sa vie, le respect qu'il a toujours montré pour l'eglise de Rome, et le succès des efforts qu'il a faits pour lui réconcilier la cœur et la foi de la première nation de l'univers."—*Vid. Artaud, ubi supr*, t. 2. p. 31—35.

At length a proposal was made to his Holiness, by a personage high in office, and in the confidence of the imperial court. It was, that the Popes should once more take up their abode at Avignon, that, in a quarter of Paris to be privileged and regarded as apart altogether from the rest of the capital, like the patriarchal *quartier* at Constantinople, they should have a palace: in a word, that their position as sovereign Pontiffs at Rome should be relinquished for the honour of becoming an appendage of the new empire, and a tool in the hands of its master. On the instant this proposal was rejected: and, when the emperor's power to enforce it was hinted at, the Pontiff spoke as follows: "They have answered, you say, that they are able to detain us in France: be it so! They can deprive us of our liberty; but they cannot take us by surprise. We foresaw this step: we have provided against it. Before bidding adieu to Rome, we ratified our conditional abdication, with all the requisite formalities. The moment we are thrown into prison, that act of abdication becomes of force, and it is deposited where the power of France cannot reach it. It is held by Cardinal Pignatelli, who is now at Palermo (under the protection of the invincible fleets of England); and, the moment their meditated project is avowed, you shall have in your hands, not Pope Pius VII., but the poor, humble monk, named Bernabò Chiaramonti!"

It may well be doubted if admiration did not

predominate over disappointment in the mind of Napoleon, when this answer, which his genius could so well appreciate, was reported to him by his agent. A glance convinced him that it was a "battle lost." From that hour, the road to Rome was open, and everything made ready to expedite the return of Barnabò Chiaramonti, the humble monk.

But the project to usurp the patrimony of St. Peter, and to reduce the Papacy to a position in which he could wield its influence as he pleased, continued to be urged forward with all that force of will which was a predominant feature of Napoleon's character. His first intimation of this resolve was conveyed in a letter to Pius VII., dictated while the feelings arising from the day of Austerlitz—the most rapid and brilliant of his victories, the battle of the emperors—were at the flood within his bosom. It is a letter replete with wrathful menace; but it was mild in comparison with another written six weeks later from Paris, 13th of February, 1806. In this, the Emperor announces that "ALL Italy must submit to his law—*toute l'Italie sera soumise sous ma loi.*" To Pius VII. he says: "Your Holiness is Sovereign of Rome, but I am its Emperor—*Votre Sainteté est Souveraine de Rome, mais j'en suis l'Empereur.*" These manifestos did not go unanswered. In the most able and elaborate reply

to this one, the Pontiff says: "Your Majesty lays it down as a principle, that you are Emperor of Rome. With apostolic frankness, we say, that, from an antiquity to which no prince now reigning can show claim, the sovereign Pontiffs have never acknowledged within their States any power superior to their own, and that no Emperor has any right whatever over Rome. You are immensely great; but you have been elected, consecrated, crowned, acknowledged, as Emperor of the French, not as Emperor of Rome. No such Emperor can exist, unless the sovereign Pontiff be stripped of the absolute dominion, and of the empire which he exercises over Rome."

Besides the affair of the temporal sovereignty, there were demands of a spiritual nature, regarding marriages. On this point, when urged to the last extremity by the imperial ambassador, the Pope replied: "We have done everything to maintain concord and a good understanding: it is our wish to continue to do so still, provided regard be had to principles: On these we shall be found inflexible. Where conscience is involved, nothing shall they wring from us, were they to flay us alive."—AN CORCHE CI SCORTICASSERO.

The emperor wrote *to* the Pope no more, but he wrote *at* him, in a letter to his step-son, Eugene Beauharnois, commanding the viceroy to forward a copy of it, through the imperial ambassador, to Pius VII. In this letter his ire is expressed in

terms more violent than he had yet allowed himself to use. Amongst other things of a similar kind, he says: "They say I am to be denounced to Christendom: nothing but ignorance the most profound of the age in which we live could have suggested such a notion; the date involves an error of a thousand years. The Pope who should dare to attempt this, would cease to be Pope in my eyes; I would regard him as the Antichrist. What does Pius VII. expect from denouncing me to Christendom? To put my throne under interdict, to excommunicate me? *Does he then imagine that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?** The present Pope took the trouble to come to my coronation at Paris—a step which I recognised as becoming in a holy prelate; but he wishes me to cede to him the legations (the Adriatic provinces of the States, which he had already usurped). Neither can I, nor will I, do it. The present Pope is too powerful; priests are not made to govern. Why does not the Pope give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, or is he on earth greater than Jesus Christ? Perhaps the time is not far off, when, if they do not desist from troubling my States, (how like the fable!) I will recognise nothing in the Pope but the Bishop of Rome, just on a par, and of the same rank, with the other bishops of my dominions. I will not be afraid to assemble the Gallican, Italian, and Polish

* "Pense-t-il alors que *les armes tomberont des mains de mes soldats!*"—*Ap. Artaud, ubi supra*, t. 2. p. 166.

Churches in a Council, which will know how to do my business without a Pope."*

To this letter, which ends with fierce menace and invective, the order to General Miollis to invade and take possession of Rome was a postscript that took no one by surprise. On the 2nd of February, A.D. 1808, a division of the French army entered the gates, which they found open. The governor of Sant' Angelo had orders from his Holiness to make no resistance, but, in surrendering the place, to make a formal protest against the unjustifiable aggression. When the city was thus occupied, it was sought to reopen the negociations on the various points on which Napoleon was so anxious to bend the Pontiff to his will; but when Miollis and the ambassador, M. Alquier, presented themselves on the morrow of the occupation, Pius VII. calmly told them, that "so long as the French troops should remain in Rome, he should consider himself a prisoner, and that all further negociation was impossible."

The sequel is familiar to our readers. It is one of the grandest and most pregnant chapters in the history of mankind, and M. Artaud has gone a great way to do it justice, in his history of Pius VII. One very characteristic incident is all our limits permit us to insert. During his Spanish campaign the Emperor wrote the following note: "Benevente, 1er Janvier, 1809. Monsieur le Champagny,

* "Pour *faire mes affaires sans Pape.*"—*Ib.*

—The Pope has a custom of giving candles to different powers: you will write to my agent at Rome that I wish for none. *Neither does the King of Spain wish for any.* Write to Naples (to King Joachim Murat), and to Holland (to King Louis), that they refuse them. The candles must not be received, because they had the insolence not to give any last year—*parce qu'on a eu l'insolence de n'en pas donner l'année dernière.* Behold how I intend that this affair shall be conducted. My chargé-d'affaires shall give notice on Candlemas Day that I receive blest candles from my curé; that it is neither the purple nor power that imparts value in these matters. It may be that there are in hell Popes as well as curés; thus the candle blessed by my curé may be as holy as if blessed by the Pope. I do not wish to receive those which the Pope gives, and all the princes of my family are to act in like manner.—NAPOLEON." When the notice, as here commanded, was given, "Cardinal Pacca, the Secretary of State, quietly observed, that it was not possible the Emperor could have been occupied about such things, at the moment he was making war in Spain."*

The greatest victories of Napoleon were generally the forerunners of fresh trials for Pius VII. The first denunciation issued after the victory of Austerlitz; after the occupation of Vienna, Napoleon decreed that *the Papal States were reunited to the French Empire. The city of Rome was declared to*

* Vid. Artaud, ubi supr. t. 2. p. 201, 202.

be an imperial and free city. This act of tyrannical and sacrilegious usurpation, which bears date the 17th of May, 1809, found a suitable climax in the outrage of which Pius VII., the most meek and venerable of men, was made the victim on the night of July the 5th and 6th, in this same year 1809. We give the description of this memorable scene from an eye-witness, who enjoyed the enviable lot of being associated with Pius VII., in the outrages of which the venerable Pontiff was made the victim.

After a circumstantial and deeply interesting detail of the precision, order, and completeness, with which the Pontiff had made his preparations to meet the storm, which, though foreseen, he knew would burst suddenly, Cardinal Pacca, who was at that juncture Pro-secretary of State, and who wrote the Act of Excommunication, proceeds to say:—"After a day full of anguish and of incessant toil, finding that all was buried in silence in the city and round the Quirinal, I retired from the antechamber, where I had been watching, until the first rays of morning began to dawn. But scarcely had I thrown myself on my couch, when my valet-de-chambre announced to me that the French were in the palace. I instantly rose, and approaching the window, descried a crowd of armed men with flaming torches in their hands, running across the palace-gardens, and searching for some door or window, by which to make their way into the apartments. The court-yard of the *Panatterie* was already occupied by an

armed party, and another band with scaling ladders, were mounting to enter by the windows, that long range of apartments as you go towards the Porta Pia. Some were breaking in the windows with hatchets, others who had forced their way were rushing to unbar the great gate that opens on the Piazza of the Quirinal, where a strong body of troops were waiting ready to enter and occupy the great court of the palace. On hastening to the chamber of the Holy Father, I found he had risen. With great serenity of mind, and in his usual costume, he proceeded to the hall where he was wont to give audience. All of us who were still left, assembled there, the Cardinal Desping, myself, some prelates attached to the household, some of the under secretaries, and some of the employés of the Secretary of States' Office.

"Meanwhile, the assailants were battering in the palace doors, and opening their passage through the suites of apartments by strokes of the axe. When they had thus broken their way into the antechamber, in order to avoid still greater disorders and accidents of an untoward nature, we caused the portals of the audience hall to be opened."

It was at this moment the Holy Father ordered them to bring him the ring which Pius VI. had received from the venerable servant of God, Queen Clotilda, and which in dying, he had commanded, as we have seen, to be given to his successor, Pius VII. With a cheerful air he placed it on his finger, and appeared to contemplate it, so placed, with pleasure.

"In the centre of the hall was a table (and on it stood a crucifix), opposite to this the Pope stood (facing the portals), we two, cardinals, stood one on each side of his Holiness, and the prelates and the other attendants ranged themselves on either side, in a line with us. The first to enter was General Radet, the director and executor of the operation. He was followed by some officers of the gendarmerie, and by two or three Roman traitors, who had served as guides to the soldiers in the escalade of the palace. Radet stood opposite the Pontiff, and the others placed themselves in line, on his right and left. For some minutes there reigned a profound silence. No one spoke, no one stirred.*

"At length, all pale, trembling, and struggling to find words, General Radet said to the Pope, that he had a disagreeable and painful commission; but, that having taken an oath of fidelity and obedience to the Emperor, he could not dispense himself from executing his order; that in consequence, IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME, HE HAD TO INTIMATE TO HIM TO RENOUNCE THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF ROME AND

* After 1814, General Radet was asked how it happened that after rushing, hatchet in hand, through the door, he had stood like one confounded, on finding himself in the Pope's presence. "Il s'est donc passé quelque chose de sumaturel? 'Que voulez-vous,' reprit le general, 'dans la rue, sur les toits, à travers les escaliers, avec les Suisses, cela alloit bien; mais quand j'ai vu le Pape, dans ce moment-là, ma première communion m'a apparu." —*Vid. Artaud, ubi supr. t.* 2. p. 383.

OF THE STATES; and that should his Holiness refuse, he had orders to conduct him to General Miollis, who would indicate to him the place of his destination.

Without being in the slightest degree moved, the Pope replied nearly in these terms: "IF YOU HAVE THOUGHT IT YOUR DUTY TO EXECUTE FOR THE EMPEROR SUCH ORDERS, BECAUSE YOU HAVE SWORN ALLEGIANCE AND OBEDIENCE TO HIM; IN WHAT MANNER, THINK YOU, OUGHT WE TO SUSTAIN THE RIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEE TO WHICH WE ARE BOUND BY SO MANY OATHS! WE CANNOT, WE OUGHT NOT, WE WILL NOT RELINQUISH THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF ROME OR OF THE STATES—NEC POSSUMUS, NEC VOLUMUS, NEC DEBEMUS. The temporal dominion is not ours, that we can abandon it: it belongs to the Church, and we are only its administrator. The Emperor can cut us to pieces: but that he shall never obtain from us. After all we have done for him, this is not the requital we had a right to expect."*

"Holy Father," said General Radet, "I know the Emperor is under many obligations to you."

"Under more than you are aware of!" replied the Pope, with much animation in his manner.

He then continued: "And are we to depart alone?"

"Your Holiness may take with you, your minister, Cardinal Pacca."

I said on the instant, "What orders does the

*. Vid. Artaud, ubi supr. t. 2. p. 220.

Holy Father give me? Am I to have the honour of going with him?" The Pope said, "Yes."

Alluding to the ornaments and precious objects of art, &c., that lay around, Radet observed to the Pope, when he was preparing to leave, "Your Holiness need not fear! nothing shall be meddled with."

"He who sets no value on his own life," replied Pius VII., "attaches still less to the things of this world." On returning from his chamber, whither he had gone for two or three minutes, and accompanied by two police officers, to put on his robes, Cardinal Pacca found that they had already forced the Pontiff away, not even allowing the camerieri to put a change of linen in a velisè for the journey—which, be it remembered, was during the torrid heats of summer.

The piazza of the Quirinal was full of troops, just arrived from Naples, drawn up in order of battle: they knelt for the Papal blessing. The Pontiff then turned and gave his blessing to the city, still buried in profound repose, and unconscious of the scene of military tyranny and sacrilege, then and there enacted; for all had been conducted with the greatest secrecy and silence. The carriage window was nailed up at the side where the Pope sat, and both doors were locked. Radet and another sat on the box, and with a triumphant air as if proud of his great victory, issued orders to the troops of cavalry as they were stationed, with drawn swords along

to the Porta Pia, and so round close under the walls, outside, until they came to the Porto del Popolo, which, like all the other gates, was kept closed and strongly guarded.

"A thought which I felt was injurious to Pius VII.," says Cardinal Pacca, "began to torment me as we were turning our backs to Rome. The alarm came over my mind, that the Pope, penetrated with horror at the act of execrable sacrilege of which he was now the victim, and foreseeing all its disastrous consequences to religion—might, perhaps, repent of the strong measures, and in his secret mind accuse me as one of those who had encouraged him to adopt them. But I was speedily relieved of my anxiety, for the Pope with a smile on his lips, and an air of heartfelt satisfaction, said to me, "Cardinal, we did well to publish the bull of excommunication the 10th of June, otherwise how could we have done it to-day?"

This memorable document, despite of all the threats of instant death, and all the other precautions taken by the agents of the imperial usurper, was published by being affixed at the usual places in Rome, and amongst the rest on the portals of St. Peter's and St. Mary Major's, and of the Lateran, on the night from the 10th to the 11th of June, A. D. 1809, the Papal colours having been torn down from Sant' Angelo, and the decree of usurpation having been published on the 9th. The vigilance of the French on this occasion was equally unsuccessful. The

touching address to his people having been prepared beforehand, and in which the venerable successor of St. Peter proclaims his happiness at being assimilated to the Prince of the Apostles in suffering bonds and prisons, calling on the Catholics of the whole world to be guided by the example of the first Christians when St. Peter was held in chains by Herod, was posted on the portals of the basilicas, and in other public places. Nay, more, the famous lines of Dante, relative to a similar outrage, seemed to be multiplied on the walls of the great thoroughfares, by invisible hands. At every turn the eye was met by these words placarded or chalked on the walls:

"VEGGIO . . . . . .
E NEL VICARIO CHRISTO ESSER CATTO,
VEGGIOLO, UN' ALTRA VOLTA, ESSER DERISO,
VEGGIO RINOVELLAR L' ACETO E'L FIELE."

*Purgatorio, Canto XX.**

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* Vid. Artaud, ubi supr. t. 2. p. 196—224. At the end of the same vol. will be found a French translation of the Bull of Excommunication, entitled, *Quum memorandâ.* Napoleon is not mentioned *by name.* Knowing that it was Cardinal Pacca who drew it up, he held him a close prisoner for three years in Finistrella, a fortress of the Alps. That this was the motive, the Cardinal had from Napoleon's own lips.—After the retreat of Moscow he was set at liberty, and having gone by desire of his Holiness, then a prisoner at Fontainebleau, to pay his respects at the Tuilleries, the Emperor no sooner made his entré in the salon, crowded with kings, marshals, ambassadors, and grandees of all ranks, than his eye rested on the Cardinal. He advanced to him, and,

For the detailed and authentic account of the cruel wrongs inflicted on the captive successor of the Apostle, and of the heroism and meekness with which he bore his sufferings, we refer to the Chevalier Artaud's History, and close this part of our hasty notice with a passage, in which Sir Humphrey Davy describes an interview he once had with the venerable captive.

Like Pius VI., his worthy successor in persecution, as well as in the pontificate, had been brought, first to Florence,—after being dangerously attacked with illness at Radicofani, from the cruel haste with which he was hurried along by his captors. From Florence, they brought him to Alexandria; from Alexandria across the Alps to Grenoble. In consequence of a great display of enthusiasm for the captive, especially on the part of the brave defenders of Saragossa, who were there as prisoners of war, he was hurried off to Avignon. Avignon was found not to suit, and he was brought to Nice. At Nice, offers were made from an English ship of war to rescue him, if he would consent. He refused. From Nice he was carried to Savona. There he was at the point of death. From Savona he

after the first greeting, said, "His Eminence was for awhile in prison?" "Three years, Sire," replied the Cardinal with emphasis—"Tre anni, e piu." Then darting one of his eagle glances, the Emperor put the index finger of his right, on the palm of his left, hand, as if writing, and said, "Mà, ha scritta qualche cosa;—True! but it was you wrote the excommunication."

was dragged, in a dying state, for the third time across the Alps. During this journey, the venerable and patient sufferer received the last rites of religion. Yet they never once allowed him so much as to leave the carriage during this immense and weary journey, through Piedmont, across Mount Cenis, and across the greater part of France. It was sought to break down the constancy of the mind, through the sufferings and prostration of the body. More dead than alive, the captive was brought to Fontainebleau, on the 20th of June, A.D. 1812. Then it was Sir Humphrey Davy had the interview which he thus describes:

"Pius VII. was then in imprisonment at Fontainebleau," writes that truly good man and great philosopher, (in his Consolations of Travel, p. 161). "By a special favour, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious Pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with kindness; I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to entrust me with in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman. He expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him I was just returned from the Holy Land, and bowing with great humility, offered him my rosary from the holy sepulchre: he received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing of

course that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness, but the blessing he had bestowed upon it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me, and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. He asked me some unimportant questions respecting the state of the Christians at Jerusalem; and, on a sudden, turned the subject, much to my surprise, to the destruction of the French in Russia, and in an exceedingly low tone of voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he said, 'The *nefas* has long been triumphant over the *fas*, but I do not doubt that the balance of things is even now restoring, that God will vindicate his Church, clear his polluted altars, and establish society upon its permanent basis of justice and faith; we shall meet again; adieu!' and he gave me his paternal blessing. It was eighteen months after this interview that I went out, with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphant entry of this illustrious Father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received. It is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and rapture, sent up to heaven by every voice; and when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a universal prostration, a sobbing, and marks of emotions of joy almost like the bursting of the heart. I heard everywhere around me

cries of, 'The holy Father! the holy Father! His restoration is the work of God!'"*

When Pius VII. was returning, an extraordinary scene took place at Cesena. King Joachim Murat,

* This was on the 24th of May, A.D. 1814.

Napoleon had not relaxed his hold at the last. Though a different report was spread when Pius VII. was removed from Fontainebleau, at the moment the Allies were pouring on all sides into France, instead of being allowed to return to his capital, he was hurried away to an out of the way place, near the mouth of the Rhone. The following order of the Provisional Government found the holy Father still a prisoner at Tarascon. It bears date the 2nd of April, 1814:

"Le gouvernement provisoire, instruit avec douleur des obstacles qui ont, été mis au retour du Pape dans ses états, et déplorant cette continuation des outrages que Napoleon Buonaparte a fait subir a sa Sainteté, ordonne que tout retardement à son voyage cesse a l'instant, et qu'on lui rende dans toute la route les honneurs qui lui sont dus. Les autorités civiles et militaires sont chargées de l'execution du présent arrêté."—Vid. *Artaud, ubi supr.* t. 2. p. 371.

The Cardinal Consalvi, in his note, dated from London, 23rd June, 1814, reclaims the States of the Church, "Dans toute leur étandue;" complains of the detention of the three legations; shews the treaty of Tolentine should be regarded as a dead letter; protests against the usurpation of "Avignon, et du comtat Venaissin;" also against the detention, by the Neapolitans, of the March of Ancona; reclaims "la ville de Ponte-Corvo et son terretoire et le duché de Benévent," also Parma and Piacenza. The Pope was bound to make these reclamations, as guardian of the patrimony of St. Peter, and by solemn oaths—The States necessary to his administration of the Church.—See *Alison's Hist. of Europe*, v. 10. p. 836—840.

after the battles of Leipsic and Dresden, declared against the Emperor, and marched at the head of his forces to attack the Viceroy Beauharnois, in Upper Italy. Being at Cesena when the Pope arrived, he asked to present his homage, and was instantly admitted to an audience. After the first compliments had passed, Joachim feigned not to know the object of the Pope's journey, "Where should we be going," replied Pius VII., "but to Rome. Can you be ignorant of that?" "How? your Holiness," exclaimed Murat, "is it possible you think of going to Rome?" "Possible! Is it not quite natural?" "But, your Holiness, what if the Romans resist your return?" "We do not comprehend what you mean," was the Pope's reply. King Joachim then said, that he had been requested by the chief inhabitants of Rome to forward a memorial on their part to the Congress of Vienna, in which they prayed the Allied powers not to allow them to be governed, for the future, except by a secular prince. "Here is the memorial," said Joachim, producing a paper. "I sent a copy of it to Vienna, but the original I have kept, and I submit it to your Holiness, that you may see the signatures."* At these words the Pope took the memorial from the King's hand, and without reading it, or so much as glancing at it, threw it into a chafing

* The Congress refused to admit King Joachim: Pius VII. was represented by Cardinal Consalvi.

'dish that lay close by, where it was instantly consumed; then turning to King Joachim, with a cheerful smile, he said, "Just now, is it not so?—there is nothing to oppose our going to Rome." His habitual serenity remained unruffled by this extraordinary proceeding on the part of Murat, nor did he let fall a word of reproach, though well aware of Joachim's ambitious intrigues with regard to the States of the Church, and that he had sent his troops by forced marches to co-operate with Miollis in the outrage of 1809. King Joachim then withdrew, after the usual formalities.*

Ere long, however, he was to be led by his evil genius, to pay another visit to the aged Pontiff, who on this occasion did not wait to receive his majesty, but retired from Rome to Genoa, where he remained until this last fit of the tempest had spent itself—allowing him at length to return and pass the evening of his days in peace, surrounded by the veneration of mankind. We allude to the irruption of King Joachim and his armies over the Roman frontier,—from the Tronto to Terracina, on the news being spread that Napoleon had escaped from Elba.

By what motives he was impelled to enter on a course that terminated in hideous and utter ruin for himself, and helped mainly to ruin Napoleon, we are informed by one of his own favourite aide-de-camps, who was actively engaged in the scenes of

* Vid. Artaud, ubi supr. t. 2. p. 372.

which he has left a narrative, as virulent against the Papacy, as it is eulogistic of King Joachim.*

Maceroni says that the advice of Joachim's wisest ministers, supported by the entreaties of his queen, was strongly opposed to his design ; but that the King, despite of advice and entreaty, declared that nothing should any longer withhold or deter him from what he owned was a desperate venture.

"The restoration of the monastic, torturing, degrading dominion of the Pope (Pius VII.)," he said, "he could not tamely see. That he had wished (when he betrayed the Emperor in 1812) to see the power of Napoleon bridled not destroyed: much less his deposition, and that he was the most miserable of men, and should be so, until he had made some reparation for the injuries he had inflicted on his generous brother-in-law. That to allow all the vast improvements in civil polity and society, the fruits of thirty years war and turmoil, and of the thoughts and hopes of two centuries, to be blighted by the restoration of monkish despotism in every quarter, was a crime against society and civilization."

That these were the dispositions of King Joachim was no secret at Rome. When Pius VII. was to be torn by violence from his own palace, and dealt with in the cruel manner we have seen, the most zealous

* Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Colonel Maceroni, late aide-de-camp to Joachim Murat, King of Naples, &c. &c., vol. 2, p. 140. *et seq.*

support had been afforded by Joachim to Miollis. His troops filled the Piazza of the Quirinal on the 6th of July, 1809: under Lecchi, one of his generals, they also guarded the bridges to prevent any attempt of the Trasteverini to rescue the august victim of tyranny. A threat had been held out when the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba reached Italy, that should the Emperor be arrested in France, the Pope would be seized as a hostage:* under these circumstances, it was not surprising that Pius VII. withdrew from Rome, when apprized, on the 22nd of March, 1815, that the columns of the invading army were pouring in by the pass of Terracina.

The army of King Joachim invaded the Papal States in two divisions, amounting to not less than 50,000 men. The main body, which entered by the Tronto at Ascoli, and so moved on through the Marches and Romagna, was led by the King in person. The other division advanced by way of Orvieto and Radicofani, on Florence. While there was only question of seizing provinces which no one defended, and of taking cities and towns that did not so much as close their gates—the campaign of King Joachim was only a triumphal promenade. But how different the face of things, when the Austrians,—having called in their advanced posts and taken up their reserves along the line of the

* Madame Eliza—avoit dit à Bologne: "Bonaparte est en France: si on l'arrête, nous chercherons ici à faire arretêr le Pape comme otage."—*Artaud's Pie VII.*, vol. 2. p. 415.

Po—assumed the offensive? So suddenly did they strike, and in mood so fierce, and with movements so well concerted, that, at the first onset, the vanguard of King Joachim, above 3,000 strong, was surprized at Carpi, routed, pursued with slaughter; while, at Spilimperto, a like disaster befel a still larger force. Thus, at a blow—the first, the line of the Panaro was lost. That of the Reno, almost under the walls of Bologna, was next abandoned; and then began a retreat, which speedily becoming a rout, was fated to end in utter annihilation. The detailed account of this singular, and, in some respects, most memorable campaign, derived in great part from Maceroni's memoirs, we are obliged to set aside for the merest outline and a few dates. On the 15th of April, King Joachim began his retrograde movement from St. Peter's side of the Panaro; from that day up to the morning of the 3rd of May, he ceased not to retreat. The ancient Roman highways—the Via Æmiliana and the Via Flaminia—through their seemingly interminable length, were strewed with baggage and ill-gotten spoils cast away by fugitives. Ammunition carts and artillery broken down, overturned, or abandoned outright, amidst heaps of dying and of dead, were the ghastly proofs that told, from milestone to milestone, from town to town, that the retreat of King Joachim had become a rout. That rout is first through the teeming, the beauteous plains of Romagna. On between the corn and vine-clad hills and happy valleys of Urbino and the Marches, on one hand, and of the deep blue waters of the

Adriatic, on the other—the brave but rapacious warrior-king is doomed to flee. Never had those regions looked so lovely in the eyes of those who had come to make them their own, as now that they are obliged to abandon them—to wave to them an *addio* full of bitterness, and bodings of the darkest. The ruthless Croat, the sanguinary Slave, the swift Magyar; lance, rifle-bullet, and hail of grape-shot from the artillery, are sweeping them along like a tempest of destruction.——

The battle of Tolentino was fought, and miserably lost by King Joachim, on the 3rd of May, 1815. In the direful hour of defeat, tidings of ruin came in upon him, from many quarters, at the same time. "Two couriers arrived," says Maceroni, "one from General Montigny, commanding in Abruzzo, informing him that 12,000 of Bianchi's army had forced the strong pass of Antrodoco, captured the fortress of Aquila, deposed the magistrates, and proclaimed Ferdinand of Bourbon. He had himself been driven back to Popoli. The other letter was from General Macdonald, Minister of War at Naples, who announced the appearance of the enemy on the Liris and Garigliano: the fear of an invasion from Sicily and Genoa, and of an insurrection in Calabria. Poor Joachim became frantic."

The plot of the Carbonari for disbanding, and the defection of the generals began at the same time to be revealed, like the sudden opening of a yawning abyss beneath his feet.

"These evils," continues the same writer, "were

then aggravated by night, the weather became piercing cold, snow, mingled with a deluge of rain, swelled every brook into a roaring torrent, and rendered the roads impassable. Instead of an Italian spring, a northern winter seemed to have set in, to complete the moral discouragement which began to infect even the first corps, the cavalry, artillery, and such as had hitherto preserved their discipline." In this plight the wreck of that proud host recrossed the frontier of the Tronto, a few weeks after they had invaded the States, in all the pomp and circumstance of war—proud of their martial King, and confident in their own valour and their imposing numbers.

The cowardice of the troops has often been assigned as the cause of the defeat and total annihilation that befel this army. This assertion is most unjust, and the best apology that can be made for those who have cast so injurious an aspersion on a gallant people is, that they have done so in utter ignorance, not only of the ancient, the mediæval, and modern military history of the South of Italy (abounding with brilliant proofs that the Neapolitans are the very reverse of cowards), but also of the fatal disadvantages under which they fought, from beginning to end of this campaign. On the cruel injustice of the cause which they were called upon to champion, so far, at least, as the usurpation of the States of the Church is concerned, it would be superfluous to insist. We also leave out of view, in this discussion, the intervention of that Invisible Power who, by the

breath of His anger, has so often scattered hosts that caused the earth to tremble, and looked so innumerable and so terrible that nothing, it was thought, could withstand their might. But consider it in a merely human point of view, and what other fate could have been expected, for this mad, ill-concerted campaign of the brave but misguided Murat, but the one it met with? Napoleon condemned it as rash and fatal. This would have been a terrible blow for any army—to have it from the mouth of the greatest oracle of war, that they were irretrievably involved in a position false and desperate. Again, even according to Maceroni's account—most partial to poor Joachim—the latter was out-generaled. While flying, rather than retreating, through that immense tract of country, from the Panaro to Macerata, before the miserably inferior force of Niepperg, which Napoleon would have turned on (far, far away as it was from any aid) and crushed,—the division of General Bianchi, moving by forced marches along the other side of the Apennines, was hastening to intercept his retreat, and turn the tide of invasion in upon his own realm. And, when, on the 3rd of May, all the heights round Tolentino, and all across the plain through which lay the only road to the Neapolitan frontier, were seen glittering in the morning beams with the victorious squadrons and battalions of the Austrians, now menacing their front, their flank, their rear, with nothing open to them but the Adriatic, it was made but too plain to the most unthinking private in the retreating army

that they were surrounded, and that defeat must prove as fatal as it was certain. Then came the Job's messengers, with one story worse than another. Nor was this the most fatal blow. To his generals it was evident that Joachim's star had set for ever; their thoughts—we are told so expressly—were not how best to assail and defeat the Austrians, but how they should best propitiate the rising sun. But the cause most fatal to this army, even yet remains behind. Its ranks were filled with the Carbonari, and they were straining every nerve to induce the regiments not to fight, but to disband and leave King Joachim, whom at this time they detested, to his fate. Here are reasons in abundance to account for all that followed, without turning to the groundless and insulting charge of cowardice.

In the end, the direful fate of self-destruction was reserved for the last relics of this army. Thrown into irremediable confusion in the deep glens of the Abruzzi, by a night attack made upon them from the wooded heights of San Pietro, the cavalry galloped down the infantry, the corps that were in flight and the reinforcements that were hastening to their assistance, mutually mistook each other for enemies, amidst the darkness and the horrible disorder. The broad light of the summer morning revealed the heart-rending mistake, and shewed that King Joachim Murat had but a few maimed and despairing fugitives to prop his falling throne. On the 19th of May, he tore himself from the embraces of that fond

consort and four children who were never to see him more, and embarked at Miniscola for the South of France. On the 29th of the same month, the restoration of King Ferdinand (father of his Majesty, the present King of the Two Sicilies) took place. On a Sunday, about mid-day, the 8th of the October following, the ill-fated Murat—after many risks and adventures minutely described by Maceroni—effected a landing with a handful of men, at a remote place called Pizzo, in the gulf of St. Eufemia, and not far from the famous field of Maida. The townsfolk sallied forth and took him prisoner with his officers and all his men. By a royal commission issued at Naples, October the 9th, 1815, he was tried on the 13th, and convicted in conformity with a law enacted by himself against "pretenders"—"il a été condamné aux termes des lois qu'il a rendues lui-même contre *les prétendans*."* The catastrophe—it is, in truth, a most affecting one—his aide-de-camp, Maceroni, describes as follows.

"The priest Masdea," says Maceroni, "requested audience of King Joachim, and was received with cordiality. 'Sire,' said this good ecclesiastic, and real pastor of his flock, 'this is the second time I have had the honour of addressing you. When your Majesty came to Pizzo, five years ago, I requested your aid to complete the building of our church, which aid your Majesty did grant far beyond our expectations. That day, oh Sire! you did benignly condescend to hear my voice. Now, on

* Vid. Artaud's Pius VII. v. 2, p. 433.

this dire occasion, I feel persuaded that your Majesty will not reject my exhortations, which are directed for the repose of your immortal spirit. Allow me a few minutes conference on that momentous subject.' King Joachim calmly took the venerable pastor by the hand, and remained with him in private conversation about half an hour. Masdea terminated his priestly office by requesting Murat to sign a paper containing the following words:—'I declare that I die as a good Christian,' signed 'J. M.'"*

In half an hour after the sentence unanimously pronounced by the judges, took place the closing scene.

"Whilst poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important reminiscences," says the writer so often quoted, "Giovanni della Casa entered, and, with downcast eyes, announced that sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour. Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect calm. . . He walked erect into the room of death, in which were drawn up in double file twelve soldiers. The muskets had not yet been loaded; and upon this thrilling operation King Joachim stood, looking as though he were upon parade. The proposal made to him of being blindfolded he mildly rejected with a smile; then placing his right hand, which grasped the effigies of his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed in a calm, strong voice, 'Spare the face, aim at the heart!' Twelve muskets answered to the words."†

* Maceroni, ubi supr. p. 342. † Ib. p. 347.

CHAPTER IV.

Pius VII. when withdrawing from Rome before the invading columns of Joachim, predicted with remarkable accuracy, that "the tempest would blow over in three months." As Artaud, who was present when the Pope used the words to cheer the ambassador of Louis XVIII., observes, the calculation erred only by ten days.* How beautiful is the lesson given to the world by the Pontiff amidst the exultation that surrounded his triumphal return on the restoration of tranquillity! The nearest kindred of the mighty one who had fallen, turned to Rome, and, under the smile of its meek sovereign, there met with the most soothing and kind welcome and protection. While still on his journey returning from prison, the first time, he sent orders to Rome that a reception full of respect and kindness should be given to Madame Lætitia, the emperor's mother, who solicited a refuge there.† Lucien, who had

* "Lors de l'audience que l'embassadeur obtint du Pape, le Pontife lui dit devant nous, ces propres paroles:—'Signor ambasciatore, non dubbitate di niente: questo è un temporale che durerà tre mesi." Le pape s'est troupé de dix jours."—*Artaud's Pie VII.* v. 2. p. 416.

† "Dans son voyage, il ordonna d'accueillir avec bienveillance Madame Lætitia, qui venoit demander un asile à Rome."—*Ib.*

found an honourable home under Papal government, when every other door was closed against him, wrote from London on the 11th of April, 1814, in terms of congratulation to the Pontiff, which, while they nobly recognize the debt of gratitude he had contracted, are not wanting in fraternal sympathy towards the then fallen emperor. "Quoique persécuté injustement par l'empereur Napoleon," he says, "le coup du ciel qui vien de le frapper ne peut m'être indifférent." In concluding, he solicits for himself, his consort, and their children, the Papal benediction, and says, that he is hastening with his family to ask it prostrate at the feet of his Holiness.* In effect, M. Lucien Bonaparte took the oath of allegiance to the holy See, as its feudatory, September 2nd, 1814, and received investiture of Canino, which in favour of him and his heirs was raised to the dignity of a principality. It is in consequence of these proceedings that the present Prince of Canino holds that title.†

Of a great deal we had to say, as to how it fared with Rome and the States under the blessings of Republican and Imperial institutions, even when administered with all the tact and ability for which Frenchmen are so justly famous, one extract from

* "Je prie Votre Saintété de m'accorder, a ma femme et â nos enfens, ses bénédictions, en attendant que nous puissions les recevoir en presence, prosternés à ses pieds," &c.—*Artaud, ubi supr.* v. 2. p. 373.

† Ib. v. 2. p. 403.

Veiusseau, himself a French citizen, is all we can find room for. "The population of Rome itself," he says, "is in a great measure amalgamated with and living upon the present system; they are retainers of the Papal Court, of the ecclesiastical dignitaries, monastic communities, and of the nobility. A sudden change would therefore loosen all the links of society, and produce indescribable confusion and misery among the inferior classes. It is very doubtful whether any sort of government would suit the Romans for some generations to come,—the obstacle of localities, climate, and habits, are so numerous and so powerful against the introduction of novelty. A complete change of government would strip Rome of all its artificial splendour and remaining wealth, and be followed by the most squalid and appalling misery. This is what happened when the French took possession of the country in 1809, and reduced Rome to the rank of a provincial town. The population decreased by thousands; every year numbers of respectable families were reduced to beggary; the streets at night were haunted with unfortunate persons who had seen better days, and now were begging for bread; the number of people turned out of employment, besides those expelled from the convents, added to the melancholy condition of this unfortunate city. *Had this state of things continued much longer, Rome would have become a desert.*"*

* Vol. 2. p. 164, *written* 30 *years ago.*

In the population of Rome, which had reached the highest figure,—namely, 165,000,—under Pius VI., in A. D. 1798, there was a falling off of 42,000, at the restoration of Pius VII., in 1814. This one fact speaks volumes, as an argument in support of what the enlightened French traveller asserts, as to the certainty that Rome would soon cease to be Rome, without the Popes. A great deal more could be deduced in support of it from the tabular returns of the population of Rome at various periods. During the absence of the Popes in the 14th century, it sunk into a "miserable village." Its increase was steady and uniform, if we except the falling off occasioned by the slaughter, sack, flight, and pestilence of 1527, from which, however, it soon recovered. In the middle of the 16th century the population was 80,000; in A.D. 1600, it was 110,000; in the middle of the 17th century it was 120,000; in A. D. 1702, it was 138,568; in 1775, it was 165,047. This was the maximum. Between 1814, the year of the restoration, and 1820, it had risen 12,000,—that is, from 123,000, at which the Republic and the Empire left it, to 135,046. At the close of the late reign it had again risen to 160,000, or thereabouts. The lot of the States at large is mirrored in that of the capital. To begin with—from the year of the captivity to that of the restoration, they were scourged with locusts, and though the sum of 300,000 francs, or 24,000*l.* a-year was expended for their destruc-

tion in the Roman province alone, they totally devoured several harvests. The noble forests of the States fared no better than its fields. During the same period, they supplied the timber used in the Imperial dockyards, particularly at Genoa and Toulon. In the country round Rome, which is famous for horses not to be surpassed for war purposes;—at first, a certain number, soon after, *all the horses, no matter of what description,* were taken for the Emperor's use,—"*si vollero persino tutti i cavalli, senza eccezione alcuna.*"* The taxes in money were nearly in proportion; the conscription lists were called before they fell due,—"*si consumarono, prima eziandio, che fossero scadute, le liste della coscrizione.*" There was almost a perpetual famine. We have heard from most honourable persons, that, after waiting from sunrise till dewy eve for their dole of bread from the public stores, and having paid for it a famine price, they could not eat it, it was so bad. In those days, many threw themselves in their despair from the bridges into that river, whose waters have flowed heedlessly on through the greatest triumphs and reverses that mark the annals of our mysterious kind.

The States, which Pius VI. had left in the most flourishing condition, and almost totally free of taxation, were not only thus ruined in their resources, they were, moreover, deeply sunk in debt. The carriage in which Pius VII. entered Rome was lent, if we

* Artaud's Leo XII. v. 1. p. 80. Ital. Tr.

mistake not, by the last of the Colonna. To help the Pope out of his difficulties, the Congress of Vienna, in restoring the States, saddled them with heavy pensions to be paid annually to certain great personages. "When," says Veiusseau, "the venerable Chiaramonti returned from his captivity, he did all he could to better the condition of his impoverished subjects, and was supported in this by his able minister Consalvi. But innumerable obstacles presented themselves."

The public institutions, for which Papal Rome has ever been more renowned, if possible, than for its museums, its temples, or its antiquities, were reduced to a deplorable state. Most of them had to be restored anew. The State was not only impoverished, depopulated, and sunk in debt; it was overrun by a banditti hardly less formidable, at least in the Colonna country and in the Compagna, than those with whom Sixtus V. had to cope. They formed an army, and from the formidable strongholds of the Volscian mountains, described in our Introductory Chapters, they assumed the bearing and the tone of a recognized power. The city of Sonnino they offered to hold under the Pope, on the same terms of feudal tribute and service as had been paid by the Colonna. In fact, through the entire of the Colonna country, from Palestrina and Tusculum to the borders of the kingdom of Naples, the vassals of that ancient house, from thirty to forty thousand strong, and one of the most fierce,

sagacious, and warlike populations in the world, after having been, with infinite difficulty, only partially reclaimed during the short time they had been under the direct sway of the Pontiffs, were driven to desperation by the crushing taxes and forced levies of the French. Hence, instead of a stain, it had become a boast amongst this race of mountaineers, that the son, the husband, or the sposo, had "taken to the hills!"* The glory of reclaiming these misguided men was reserved for Leo XII., the successor of the venerable Chiaramonti, who was called to a better world, the 20th of August, A.D. 1823.

This catalogue of injuries is far from being complete. The plundering of the museums, of the churches, of the cloisters, the libraries, and even of the various archives, remain to be added to it. The

* "Sventurate donzelle dicevano con dolore, e qualche volta con orgolio; il mio promesso è alla montagna!" The same writer describes the men, as hardy, brave, strong, agile, able to read physiognomy at a glance, hard-working when unmolested, expert in the use of arms—above all of the carbine and the knife. They wear a rude sandal laced on the leg. A showy sash and vest, a jacket, worn mostly on the shoulder; a conical shaped hat, the leaf turned up at one side, with a flower, a feather, or a ribbon, in it; and, in winter, or when "on the hills," a cloak, complete the costume of the men of Segni, Sezze, Piperno, Sonnino,—in short, all through the Lepini. The females, in mien and temper, are like the wives and daughters of such men: "I loro costumi sono esemplarissimi; qualunque minima colpa verrebbe punita col più solenne disprezzo." That is, Lucretia and Virginia would be there unnoticed in the crowd.

archives of the Papal choir were on the point of being destroyed on two occasions, if we remember right,—certainly on one, when they were saved by the Maestro, Baini,—as he describes in his interesting and learned History of Music. How the archives of the Propaganda escaped is truly astonishing. They were either actually sold or on the point of being sold, on several occasions, as waste paper—*à plusieurs reprises on eût resolu de vendre au poids les documents, &c.** These acts of Vandalism were appropriately crowned by the suppression of the Propaganda itself. The reader need hardly be informed that this truly Roman institution, founded by Gregory XV., A.D. 1622, has for its object the diffusion of the Gospel in countries beyond the bounds of Christendom. Its special aim being to carry out that injunction of the Redeemer, "Go, teach all nations," the Pontiffs had attached to it a printing establishment, celebrated for the production of works in all written languages. It was furnished with type in forty different characters, destined to spread salutary knowledge throughout those regions of the earth, that "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." The same agent of the Atheistical Directory, Haller, who made that profound observation to the venerable captive, Pius VI., that "people die everywhere," destroyed this institution by a stroke of his pen. "Le citoyen Haller supprime la

* Artaud, Pie VII. vol. ii. p. 468.

Propagande, comme un etablissement fort inutile," are the exact words of the decree. The library, one of the most select and curious in the world, was then pillaged: what was the fate of the archives we have stated. The printing establishment was sequestrated; the collegiate chapel, after being gutted of its monuments, particularly of the tomb of the Cardinal de Tournon, was converted into a magazine for lumber.

These things occurred under the Republic. Under the empire, the Propaganda was partially restored—Napoleon not agreeing with "Citizen Haller," that it was "of no earthly use;" and it is due to such men as M. de Fortia, M. de Gerando, and still more to M. le Comte de Tournon, to allow that, in their several departments, their conduct was marked by a sense of their responsibility towards the civilized world, as well as towards the usurpation which they officially represented. The memory of de Tournon especially is held in honour at Rome; for as the Restoration was forgiving and generous, it was also its pride to be grateful, and even to adopt, as was done to a large extent in the famous *motu Proprio* of the 6th of July, 1816, whatever it found in the French administrative system likely to promote the well-being of the people; thereby proving—as has been justly observed with reference to the reforms recommended by the Congress of Vienna—that the government of the Pontiffs is one

that has respect for its word of honour.* Nevertheless, incredible was the amount of woe, distress, demoralization, and mischief in every shape, entailed upon Rome and the Papal States, from the so-called treaty of Tolentino and the usurpation of 1799, to the final restoration of Pius VII. in 1815; and yet, to this legacy of ruin, a codicil worse than all as yet glanced at, is still to be added. If we wish to seize the clue to the Papal States' history from the Restoration to the present day, it is in this codicil—appended by the obscure but master hand of a police agent of King Joachim—we are forced to seek it. The investigation, in a great measure new, will reveal, in its fountain head and in all its magnitude and atrocity, that system which has allowed to the government of the Pontiffs, or to their people, neither peace or respite for the last quarter of a century; which works by means the most nefarious, and which is far less to be dreaded when it shows itself in noon-day rebellion, than when—defeated as it has never failed to be in open encounter—it betakes itself to the tenebrous labyrinth of conspiracy to whet the dagger, to drug the bowl, and hatch still blacker mysteries of treason.

* "J'ajouterai," says M. Artaud, "que plus tard toutes les institutions annoncés par le *motu proprio* furent accordées, et que les légations jouirent des bienfaits de sage administration promis par *un gouvernement qui prenoit soin de sa parole.*"—*Ubi supra*, vol. ii. p. 470.

In reviewing their history for the last five-and-twenty years, we discover in the Carbonari sect the great disturbing influence, which, either in part, or totally, overturned the Papal Government on more than one occasion, and, at all times, so harassed it with conspiracies, plots, and commotions in every form, and by fomenting every species of discord, crime, and disorder, that the energies and attention which, under less distressing circumstances, might have been directed to useful reforms and the development of those resources in which the country abounds, were of necessity to a great extent absorbed in providing for self-defence. Hence, some notice of this dark and formidable confederation is not to be dispensed with. The few cursory remarks that follow are chiefly derived from official reports, as they are found in a work published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, 1821, under the title of "Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari," and from certain statements and admissions let fall by Mariotti, whose opportunities have, no doubt, afforded him a perfect insight into the recondite subject of which he treats.

It was during Murat's occupation of the Papal States, in 1815, that the dragon's teeth were first planted in their soil by one Maghella, an adventurer, who, thrown to the surface when Genoa was revolutionized by the agents of the Directory, had contrived

at length to become the Fouché of Naples; for he had ingratiated himself to such a degree with King Joachim, that on the rather sudden death of Saliceti, the Police Minister, Maghella obtained his place. The machinations of this agent of mischief were crowned with but too much success. Before the overthrow of Tolentino took place, his emissaries had already succeeded in organizing, especially in Spoleti, Foligno, the Marches and the Legations, that dire conspiracy, which, notwithstanding so many defeats, is said to be in full activity at the present hour, and not less unscrupulous than heretofore as to the means it resorts to for the attainment of its objects.

In the Memoirs of the Carbonari we are informed, that the Papal States' branch of the sect was, from its origin, of "A MORE SANGUINARY AND VINDICTIVE CHARACTER" than in any other part of Italy. It is, therefore, necessary, in order to judge of that character, to glance at the Carbonari system in the other regions of the Peninsula, particularly in the neighbouring kingdom, from which the virus for infecting the States was originally derived.

It is on all hands allowed, that the Carbonari of Naples had ceased, at the period in question, to entertain the same principles and views as when they first emerged into notice. At the time Queen Caroline was moving heaven and earth for the recovery of that noble kingdom her royal consort had lost, the Carbonari of Naples were looked upon by the court of Palermo with no unfavourable eye.

Thus Mariotti tells us, that "the ancient league of the Carbonari, whose co-operation in the reinstatement of the ancient government (of the Two Sicilies) had been requited with persecution and perjury, now [1817] rallied for the purpose of *undoing that work of restoration to which they had unwittingly been instrumental.*—[The "army of the Faith" knew well for what it fought and conquered.]—The new regenerated Sect joined in secret formidable bands:* It called the people around its standard, and unable in the midst of such arduous circumstances *to educate them*, IT OVERAWED THEM BY STRANGE RITES AND MYSTERIES—IT BOUND THEM BY VAGUE AND TREMENDOUS PLEDGES—it enlisted them into a *devoted* militia, and prepared them for a certain, though as yet vague and remote hour of action. Unfortunately, the rapid success of its *tenebrous work of affiliation*, the numbers and character of its proselytes, without inspiring the league with a full confidence of its own forces, were sufficient to urge its members to rash, premature attempts. They feared, not without reason, the results of the long continued *attacks of priestcraft* on the superstitious credulity of the populace.† They perceived among the lowest classes a rapid relapse into their *brutal habits.*" He does not mean that the people became drunkards, or thieves, or blasphemers: quite the

* From 1815 to 1820.

† Who they were that dealt in "craft," in deception, in "strange rites and mysteries" to "overawe:" in "tenebrous work,"—the short-memoried Mariotti had told us, in the preceding sentence.

reverse—the meaning is, that they were returning to the religious sentiments by which the worst propensities of sin-infected nature are corrected.

Again, in speaking of the sect at this more advanced stage, the writer of the Memoir carries us still deeper into its dark mysteries: "Several of the initiated," he tells us, "lived at home, in apparent tranquillity, on the produce of their professions; but they were not the less active in committing unheard of crimes, as their detection was more difficult. Persons have been known to sign, under their poignards, contracts for the sale of their houses and lands, the objects of the avarice of these ruffians. These contracts were executed in all the forms of law, and acknowledgments given by the owners for sums which they had never received."*

In describing that branch of the sect called the "Decisi," which may be translated the "thoroughgoing," he adds—commenting on some of their cards and notices,—"As the number of these decided ruffians was small, they easily recognized each other. We find that the Grand Master bears the No. 1; Vito de Serio, No. 2; the proprietor of the patent, Gaetano Caffieri, No. 5. He (Caffieri) figures himself among the signatures with the title of "Registrar of the Dead," which does not allude to the deceased members of the society, but to the victims they immolated, and of whom they kept a

* Page 128.

register apart, *on the margins of which were found blasphemies and infernal projects.* They had also a Director of Funeral Ceremonies, for they slaughtered with method and solemnity. As soon as the detachments employed on this service found it convenient to effect their purpose, at the signal of the first blast of the trumpet they unsheathed their poignards; they aimed them at their victim at the second blast; at the third they gradually approach their weapons to his breast, "con vero entusiasmo" —with real enthusiasm!—and plunged them into his body at the fourth signal. The four points which are observable after the signature of Pietro Gargaro, indicate his power of passing sentence of death. When the Decisi wrote to any one to extort contributions, or to command him to do anything, if they added these four points, it was known that the person addressed was condemned to death, in case of disobedience. If the points were not added, he was threatened with milder punishment, such as laying waste his fields, or burning his house."*

As for the system in itself, it is described as being a compound of hypocrisy, terrorism, and imposture. And, first, for the hypocrisy.—The card of the Carbonari apprentice—that is of the common herd of the initiated, is set off with a symbolical imagery highly fitted to arrest not only the eye, but to enlist the feelings most deeply seated in the hearts of the

* Page 132, 133.

Italian masses,—particularly of the rural districts. The picture, like so many of the famous masterpieces of the Cinque Cento epoch, represents a double scene. It has a lower and an upper region, like Raffael's greatest masterpiece. Above in the centre foreground, emblazoned in the clouds—is the cross, surrounded and supported by the allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. To the left is a ladder, with a crown of thorns: to the right a representation of the sun, looking down on a bundle of staves tied with a ribbon, somewhat in the style of the fasces, but the axe of the headsman does not appear. The emblems of the Passion, so familiar to his faith, at a glance reassured any misgivings as to the religion of the men, who canvassed the mountain peasant or the unsuspecting youth of the towns. In the lower region of the picture, a barn-like structure in a forest, called a "Vendita" in the caballa of the sect—represented the place of meeting. On the opposite side, a rude and long billet of wood, such as the charcoal burners, or industrious Carbonari of the forests, use to stir the furnace, is combined, in a trophy-like fashion, with an axe, a shovel, and a mattock. At the foot of this trophy lies a ball of thread: near it stands a basket heaped with earth; and in the centre, leaning in a meditative attitude on the stock of a forest tree, with only one verdant branch not cut away—is seen a figure of venerable aspect, a book open on his lap, and the halo of a saint around his head. This is San Teobaldo, *the*

patron saint of the Carbonari, for while plotting the overthrow of all religion, the hypocrites paraded their devotion to a patron saint. They also composed hymns to San Teobaldo, which the good Cousins, as their dupes were designated—were taught to sing. The following is a specimen of one of their hymns :—

Di unguento tal sacrandosi
Teobaldo al tempio, all'ara,
Gli astanti ritrovansi
Di soavità si cara
Cosi nostra concordia
E grata al mio Signor.

At the upper end of the Vendita, or meeting-house, just above the president's chair, hangs a picture of the patron saint, in the posture and appearance just described. Large blocks, sections of a forest tree, serve instead of desks for the president and secretary, and as a tribune for the orator. Instead of a bell, the president uses an axe to command silence, and on each side of the entrance two, called assistants, sit axe in hand, with a block before each, as if prepared to execute any order from the chair. There is a chair in the centre for the adept seeking initiation, and one for the master of ceremonies; the "good Cousins" are seated in rows, in the length of the Vendita, on each side. This picture is not on the card: but it is an exact representation of the interior of the Vendita. *Vendetta*, we opine, should be the word.

As in the ancient Pagan mysteries of Eleusis, the

symbols of the Carbonari bore a double meaning—the surface one for the tools, the hidden one for the initiated few, by whom the tools are to be managed. The first, from the recognized manuals of the sect, wears quite a harmless look. It is in some respects even edifying and pious.* Of the second—from an official paper inserted entire,—our readers will form an opinion for themselves. But, before quoting the explanation, it is right to premise that, besides the card of the adepts—that is the dupes of the "good Cousins" already described—there is another for those deeper in the mysteries, or what are known to be of a less scrupulous or religious bent. The writing in this is partly in black and partly in red letters. "The initials," says the Memoir, "and the letters printed in red, are written, in the originals, *with blood.*" In the two upper corners of the square card are two deaths heads, one marked "Woe," the other "Death;" in each of the lower corners are cross-bones, underwritten, respectively, with the words, "Terror" and "Mourning"—*Terrore, Lutto.* Between these—as it were on the reverse of a medal, inscribed to JOVE THE THUNDERER—"Giove Tuonante"—are represented forked lightnings darting from the clouds, to strike two crowns, one kingly, the other imperial, and the tiara—the tiara being in the centre of the ruin, and all three—crowns and tiara-reversed, to shew how the dignities they repre-

* See p. 27-30.

sent are overthrown and blasted. Direful as all this is, we are told by the writer of the Memoir, that it was harmless, as compared with the fruits of that off-shoot engrafted on the Papal States by Maghella; and this claim to pre-eminence, is fully sustained by the facts brought to light in the official papers already alluded to. The following is the explanation of the symbols, as taken down from the depositions of the Carbonari adepts themselves:—

"The cross should serve to crucify the tyrant who persecutes us, and troubles our sacred operations. The crown of thorns should serve to pierce his head. The thread denotes the cord to lead him to the gibbet; the ladder will aid him to mount. The leaves are nails to pierce his hands and feet. The pick-axe will penetrate his breast, and shed the impure blood that flows in his veins. The axe will separate his head from his body, as the wolf, who disturbs our pacific labours. The salt will prevent the corruption of his head, that it may last as a monument of the eternal infamy of despots. The pole will serve to put the skull of the tyrant upon. The furnace will burn his body. The shovel will scatter his ashes to the wind. The baracca will serve to prepare new tortures for the tyrant. The fountain will purify us from the vile blood we shall have shed. The linen will wipe away our stains, and render us clean and pure. The forest is the place where the Good Cousins labour to obtain so important a result. The trunk with a single branch signifies that, after the great operation, we shall become equal to the N. C."

After giving the above extract, the writer of the Memoir observes, and certainly not without reason: "One would be tempted to doubt the reality of this explanation of the symbols, if it were not given in

the minutes of legal trial."* But, revolting as are the principles set forth in the exposition of the symbols, they are only of a piece with the practical workings of the sect as it is brought out in the official report. Thus it is said: "When the new member is admitted to their society they brandish their poignards before the novice: intimating that they will be always ready in his defence, if he is faithful to the society, and that they will shed his blood if he violates his oath."† A case is cited thus: "Gia-

* Memoir, p. 33.—We are told at p. 172: "The minutes of the proceedings (at Rome) against the conspiracy of the Carbonari discovered at Macerata have been often mentioned in the preceding Memoir. They contain, in fact, a correct statement of their intentions and mode of proceeding in the Papal States. These minutes, presented by the Advocate Leggieri, recorder of the ordinary criminal court of Rome, appointed to conduct this celebrated cause, were printed by order of Government.

"The title is—*A sua Eccellenza*, &c. Then follow the copious extracts given in an appendix to the Memoir, p. 172—193. The Report is dated October 8, 1818.

† A signal instance of this vengeance occurred in the year 1834 at Rome. A tradesman residing near Sant' Andrea della Valle, who had been a Carbonaro, resolved to wash his hands out of the conspiracy. He gave no information: but he resumed the practice of his religious duties. Not long after, two of his former associates —also Carbonari—came to congratulate with him on the course he had taken. They, too, they said had followed his example, and were in the Sect no longer. Amidst mutual congratulations, the three friends walked out together—the first convert being in the middle. In passing under a dark archway, he was suddenly grasped by one, while the other plunged the fatal poignard in his heart. One of the assassins, with infinite difficulty,

como Papis deposes that he fears the vengeance of the sect, much more than the decision of justice in the present cause." Again: "all the accused, in whatever manner they have confessed, tremble lest they should fall beneath the stilettos of their colleagues, which would infallibly happen if their confessions were made public. It is on this account they entreat secresy." In a preceding section it is stated: "It is a system universally observed by the Carbonari, that every one of them should be armed with a poignard, as a hand grasping a dagger on the seals of the order denotes: *nor do they deny this.*" Elsewhere it is said: "Poison was at last called in to aid the poignard as fitter to destroy in some circumstances, by placing the assassin in less danger." In their hymns, they glory in being "Sons of Brutus."

Figli di Bruto, il brando ormai scuotete.
Poichè spunta nel ciel, di sangue tinta,
Stella, che batte il rio Tiranno, il Prete.

---

was moved to repent of his crime, and to avail himself of the aids of religion, after both had been condemned to death. The other nothing could soften. As a last expedient, however, he was brought to see his companion in guilt as he knelt before the altar of the chapel prepared to receive the blessed eucharist, in the hope that, touched by the memory of what he had been in youth himself, together with the solemnity before him, his obduracy might be overcome. Horrible to relate, he broke forth into such a storm of blasphemy, and hurled on the head of his accomplice such imprecations, reproaches, and mockery, that the latter, starting from his knees, joined in chorus with the other, and persisted to the last in spurning every approach of religion.

We again quote from the Report;—

"A secret and impenetrable correspondence was set on foot by them by means of a *dictionary* of various words, referable to others of real meaning, with the aid of numbers and fictitious names, for the safe conveyance of letters to the individuals composing the different councils. The secret societies were united together by a *programme which has fallen into the hands of Government*, and among whose articles there appears a particular engagement, to maintain an extensive and active correspondence among the sectaries, expressly for the communication of the orders of the general centre in Bologna—to augment the number of sectaries, and to obtain monthly information of their progress and respective qualities; including that of readiness or fitness to bear arms, (*attitudine all' armi,*) as may be gathered from the following articles.

Plan of Organisation, for the Union of Secret Societies and for establishing an extensive Communication, and an active and secure Correspondence.

"1. The Roman state shall be divided, for the present, into three grand divisions; these shall be divided into primary centres; and these again into secondary centres.

"2. The first division in the Legation of Bologna is a primary centre; the second division consists of the Legations of Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forlì; which last shall be a primary centre, as well as Ancona, for the three Marches of Fermo, Macerata, and Ancona, which will form the third division."

The rules, to No. 16, are given in the Report.

"Ancona, the centre of Guelphism in the Marches, and the principal seat of Carbonarism, went still farther in its zeal, by constituting within its walls the Supreme Vendita, which had been sought in vain at Bologna. Its proceedings were directed to the same object, expressed in the plan already quoted, but it rendered itself singular, by making use of secret passports, consisting of cards of spades and hearts, provided with a dry seal,

with the initial letters A. V. A. Alta Vendita di Ancona, in order that the Good Cousins might be recognized without difficulty in their travels, and might receive all those demonstrations of hospitality, which (they say) peculiarly belong to the philanthropic principles of Carbonarism.

"This Vendita allotted the distribution of these passports, in the provinces of Romagna and Lombardy, to the secretaries of Bologna, reserving to itself the dispensation of them in the Marches and the Roman state.

"It was expressed in the instructions of these passports, that their system was only known to the *First Lights* (the Grand Masters), in order that 'it might be more effectually concealed from the eye of the vigilant wolf; and the necessary signs were added, in case the departure of the Good Cousin should be *secret*, or that he should be obliged to travel under *a feigned name*.'

"In the midst of these insidious proceedings, they did not omit to impose, *by means of crime*, on the sectaries themselves, as well as on the uninitiated, called by them Pagans, to remove every possible obstacle to the free prosecution of their labours; as well as to confirm the former in the obligations they had contracted, and to convince both of the formidable power of the society. Several individuals, who were adverse to their maxims, were destined to the poignard, and were actually wounded in a sudden attack, one of them mortally. These victims were (in addition to their colleague Priola, of St. Elpidio, accused of perjury,) Feliziani, of Ascoli; the advocate Martini, judge in the tribunal at Fermo; the commissary of police, Ricci; the legal vicar of Petritoli, D. Ignazio Scarsini; Valeriani, of Montelpare; and the brigadier of Carabinieri, Pastori, who, after repeated threats of death, conveyed in public notices, although he escaped a pistol shot, was afterwards poisoned; &c. such aggressions and homicide (without reckoning that of Pastori) having been committed without any *immediate* cause, in the *night*, by persons *unknown*, and in *disguise*."*

* What is said by Mariotti regarding this sect is strongly confirmatory of the above statements. "The truculent maxims, the

Would it be possible even for the most sombre imagination to conjure up a system more odious, more formidable, more subversive of all that is cherished by the upright and the brave—no matter of what creed or party,—than a conspiracy, such as we have here depicted, from records about which there can be no shadow of doubt as to their correctness and authenticity? That multitudes had been inveigled into this system, who would have recoiled with horror from it, if fully aware of its nature, is more than probable; but as an engine of terrorism, to paralyse all enlightened efforts for reforms, and to keep both governments and populations under the spell of mysterious and agonizing apprehensions, harassed and thwarted by a sense of insecurity the most insupportable, the organization was not, on that account, a whit the less effective. It placed at the disposal of the few who held the strings, a force which it was calculated, soon after the affiliation effected by Maghella, amounted, within the peninsula, to no less than one million of men. Nor was it any amelioration of institutions that was sought. The object was not to relieve the masses from the pressure of misery or of misgovernment. The

half-appalling, half-ludicrous ceremonies of *exploded* Carbonarism were superseded by simpler forms, by the more sanguine and sweeping views of the new (Mazzini's Young Italy) association." But surely if the "ceremonies" were exploded, the hideous circumstances of Count Rossi's assassination are a proof that it was not so with the "truculent maxims."—See *Italy, Past and Present*, v. 2. p. 18.

immense majority regarded the conspiracy, not with approval, but with execration and fear. This was palpable enough to all acquainted with the real history of Italy for the last fifty years, long before it was forced, by recent events, on the convictions of those who were most unwilling to believe it. Few doubt it at present. Thus the "Times'" correspondent, writing with reference to Tuscany and the Papal States, so late as 22nd December, 1849, expresses himself as follows:—

"Had what is called the Italian movement been made for any legitimate purpose, or with the hope of correcting the vices with which the administration in every state was rank, one would grieve to find the popular feeling coerced by foreign bayonets; but when we know, by a year's experience, that the object of the leaders was to substitute republicanism for monarchical government, *and Socialism for the rights of property*, we must rejoice that such adequate means of repression have been found close at hand, and that the troops of France and Austria are welcomed by every man who has anything to lose. In the olden time, an allied army was generally a curse to the country in which it was stationed; but now the violators of every private right—the disturbers of public tranquillity, *the robber and the assassin—are those to whom arms have been given by ambitious leaders*, whilst the army everywhere offers an example of moderation and decorum. If those armies came to restore deposed monarchies, and to interfere with the right which every people have to fix their own form of government, without doing harm to the common pact which binds European society together, humble as it is, my pen would not defend them; *but when I know from full acquaintance with the wishes of the respectable part of the population, that they are welcomed by a great majority, and have become an absolute necessity in each state, I cannot refuse*

*to do full justice to the policy which has followed in the wake of public opinion, and to the men employed in that honourable service."**

Now, what is here set down as a discovery resulting from the last two years' experience, is stated by writers most familiar with the Carbonari schemes to have been the fixed policy so far back as the year 1811, or four years previous to the date we speak of. The Carbonari draw a broad distinction between patriotism and liberty. The latter they know belongs alone to Christianity, the former, in the ancient Pagan sense of the term, is the darling object of their desires. That is, they aim at making a *tabula rasa* of Italy and the Italian islands, as to existing governments and time-hallowed institutions and principles, in order, on the ruins, to erect a republic on the ancient Pagan model; that is to say, to establish, not liberty—far from it!—but *the domination of a faction having a joint stock privilege to tyrannise over the peasant as well as the prince, and not less over the mechanic than the merchant.* If there be one class not favourable to their views, more feared and detested than another by the Carbonari, it is the class composing an overwhelming majority in the Papal States—the entire rural population, almost to a man. Hence, they aim not at reform: by no amount of concession, short of the abdication of all governments between the Alps and the Faro, are the conspirators to be

* "Times," January 3, 1850.

contented. Thus—in his endeavour to apologise for the Neapolitan outbreak of 1820, when the Carbonari under Pépé made but a feeble resistance at the pass of Antrodoco—Mariotti says :—

"They were unwilling to allow the last swell of revolutionary effervescence to subside into the death-like apathy of servitude. They wished by the aid of a partial, transitional revolution, to bestow on a portion of the country, at least, the advantages of freedom of thought, of the liberty of the press, of a representative government. THEY HOPED THAT ONE OF THE ITALIAN STATES MIGHT THUS BE MADE THE FOCUS OF A GENERAL INSURRECTIONAL SYSTEM."

It was not alone in the atrocity of their principles the Carbonari of the Papal States outstripped the elder branches; they were also the most indefatigable in their zeal. Like Hercules, their labours begin from the cradle. The first in that series of attempts to overthrow the government, of which the Mazzini republic is the last *visible* link, is dated almost from the first inauguration of the lodges by Maghella. The attempted insurrection of 1817 is thus described in the official paper already quoted:—

"During the last winter and spring,"* continues the Report, "fires, which were reported to have succeeded each other rapidly, took place, accompanied with the escape of convicts and prisoners in various places, from Bologna to Spoleto, where the sectaries particularly abounded. These fires were discovered to be generally supposititious, although some were really accidental.

* 1817.

The escape of prisoners could only have been effected by co-operation from without. This, with the support of other arguments, warranted the conclusion, that all was owing to the sectaries, whose object was to unsettle the people of those provinces, TO PROMOTE BRIGANDAGE, to call the attention of the government forces against banditts, and to divert them from their stations, by which means the intended revolt would have been easily and securely effected.

"The sentiments expressed in the letter of Papis, quoted above, were echoed by the speeches of the members in language equally specific, and corresponding with the object of the revolt. Such, too, were the discourses held by the chief orators and sectaries in various meetings, both before and after the date of Papis's letter. In one of these meetings, held at Sant' Elpidio, the purple (alluding to the costume of the cardinals) was strongly inveighed against, and it was announced that the day would come when it would be changed into a mantle of blood.—*Proc. Mac.* fol. 85. In another, held subsequently in the same place, the necessity of destroying monarchy, and especially the holy authority of the Pope, was set forth; and the sectaries were exhorted to undertake any project, however difficult, for the purpose of regaining liberty.—*Proc. Mac.* fol. 828. 841. 861. In another, held at S. Ginnesio, it was recommended to the members to provide themselves with arms and ammunition to serve as occasion offered; for, they were told, liberty and independence would soon be attained.—*Proc. Mac.* fol. 1470, &c. In another, held at Macerata, in inculcating the necessity of rigid attention to secresy with respect to the operations of the society, a threat of death by the poignard was expressed against those who should attempt to violate their oath, and it was hinted that the same means would be necessary, ere the happy moment would arrive, when liberty would be regained, and the yoke of the present government thrown off.—*Proc. Mac.* fol. 218. 296. 690. 979. 1317. &c. At Loreto, on the establishment of the Guelph Council, a discussion was held on the revolution which was shortly to take place, and on the satisfactory accounts of preparations for

it, in consequence of which all the sectaries evinced a determination to follow it up.—*Proc. Mac.* 771. &c. At Monte Lupone the same subject was discussed, and the members animated each other to action, declaring themselves eager for the crisis, and exulting in the prospect of establishing an independent republic. —*Proc. Mac.* fol. 137. 201. 220. 236. 283. 467. 594. 605. 704. Again, at Montolmo, in another assembly, the members were assured that liberty and independence would be soon regained.—*Proc. Mac.* fol. 781. In another, at Monte Lupone, held on the 5th of June, one of the sectaries, grasping a dagger in his hand, caused his companions to renew their oath of secrecy, and declared that whoever betrayed it should perish by the weapon he held. After this preface he shewed the advantages that would be obtained by taking the reins of power out of the hands of the actual government, and by erecting an independent republic. Another member recommended the imitation of Brutus, by dethroning tyrants and destroying monarchy, and by erecting upon their ruins an independent republic—and concluded that in a short time the yoke of the present government would be thrown off, exhorting his associates to provide themselves for this object, even with poisoned weapons (arme anche avvelenate) and with ammunition, in order to be ready on the first opportunity.—*Proc. Mac.* fol. 100. 105. 114. 124. 138. 140. 155. 160. 180. 201. 209. 211. 222. 224. 239. 241. 284. 286. 298. 596. 607. 1559. 1562.

"The plan for the execution of the revolt was the most terrible and sanguinary. An incendiary proclamation was to have been circulated in the Marches and other provinces of the State, immediately on the breaking out of the conspiracy in Macerata, to excite the people to join it. To that place the various Vendite of the Carbonari and Councils of the Guelphs, expressly informed of the event, were to have sent, in the same night, a number of armed rebels of their order. These were to have been admitted into the city, in which part of the Sectaries were to have been ready to act. The watchword for the rebel bands in answer to the challenge, 'Chi evviva?' was to have been, 'San Teobaldo,' (whom the Carbonari consider the protector of the order). The

other secret word among the leaders was 'Vendetta al Popolo.' Having insinuated themselves by stratagem into the places where the Government troops are stationed, they would have overpowered them and deprived them of their arms, confining such as were unwilling to take a part in their operations. In the same manner, entering the public prisons, they would have confined the keepers, and released the prisoners, selecting from the latter those who are fit to bear arms.

"Afterwards dividing the number of the rebels into patroles of twelve men, some were to have attacked the public treasuries, others the habitations of rich private individuals, whose property was to have been plundered; and some, known to be hostile to the sect, were to have been seized and conducted to the deep subterraneous cells of the Monastery of Santa Chiara, which was fixed upon as a rebel station—there they were to be destroyed by fire or poison, their relations being made to believe that they were sent as hostages elsewhere. The plunder, under the faith and responsibility of the appointed heads of the patroles, was to have been deposited in the Convent 'dei Bernabiti,' where others would have registered it, to be afterwards employed in the necessary expenses. The principal civil and ecclesiastical authorities would not have been exempted from seizure and imprisonment. Four cauldrons of burning pitch, on the summit of the tower of Macerata, together with sulphur rockets let off from the square, would have announced to the other cities the completion and success of the revolution.—At sight of this, a number of fires, on appointed heights, would have communicated the result from the Marches to Bologna, in order that the dreadful enterprise and example might have been everywhere imitated.—The tolling of all the bells on the following morning would have attracted the peasants of the neighbouring country into the city. This was to give the appearance of an insurrection of the people, and to conceal the operations of the sectaries. They would then have proclaimed a free and independent government, and the Conte Cesare Gallo would have been elected Consul with pretended reluctance to assume the office. An inviolable law was to have

reduced the most necessary articles of support to a just price.—All taxes were to have been abolished. Public thanksgiving, with the performance of the Ambrosian hymn,* was to have been appointed in the Cathedral. A regiment of infantry, and a corps of cavalry were to have been organized with the tempting pay of five pauls a day to each soldier, in order to ensure the immediate consummation of the work.

"It appears, however, that some of the less violent sectaries differed as to the necessity of accompanying the revolution with these horrors."

In 1825, we find the same awful system still increasing in activity, as we collect from an official document of that date. "The artifices," it says, "by which the conspirators contrive to agitate society with never-ending alarms of impending seditions and fearful catastrophes are not to be described. How paralyzing the dread of these murderous stilettos, with which the emissaries of the sect are armed to strike those whom it dooms to death, and who fall as if by an invisible hand! The anguish, the torturing anxieties to which those are doomed who are charged with the public tranquillity, what pen can describe?"† It was at this time the desperate attempt to assassinate Cardinal Rivarola took place at Ravenna; though the three emissaries charged with this *execution* by the Carbonari did not suffer for their crime, until the 9th of May, 1828.

*. The Te Deum. The translator of the Memoirs thought it meant the Ambrosian, as distinguished from the Gregorian, chant.

† Encyclical letter of Leo XII. 13th March, 1825.

The *interregnum* was always regarded as their harvest time by the Carbonari, and as the health of Pius VIII. had been long declining, their preparations for an insurrection on an extended scale were so fully matured, that the outbreak commenced in the border principality of Modena, while that Pontiff was still living. This revolt of 1830, though formidable for a time, was completely defeated in Rome and the Cisapennine provinces, without any foreign aid whatever; and, in a great measure, by the devoted gallantry of the people. But after its suppression in the Marches and Romagna, fresh embarrassments were prepared for the government of Gregory XVI., when Louis Philippe—to propitiate and foster that spirit which was to be the destruction of his own dynasty—caused Ancona to be surprised and occupied for the all but openly-avowed object of once more revolutionizing the Papal States. We happen to have by us the Diary of a gentleman who was at Rome during the entire period of these commotions. It is with regret we find ourselves debarred from giving any more than a few extracts, here and there, from a narrative complete in itself, and from a pen incapable of knowingly writing an untruth.

"*Dec.* 11*th*, 1830.—Went to St. Peter's this morning, with the family of Major B———, to assist at the solemn office for Pius VIII.—12*th*. There have been lately several persons arrested

and sent away: they were not citizens.—Amidst these alarms the conclave assembled.—

"*Dec. 27th.*—Another day of incessant and heavy rain. Went this afternoon with Mr. P——— to see the great elevation of the Tiber. Drove towards Ponte Molle, but were stopped at about two-thirds of the road from the Porta del Popolo, the inundation covering everything to the depth of several feet. Afterwards returned through the Repetta to go to Ponte Sant' Angelo. At the quay the water was very deep, and boats were used in the operations in the street. We then passed to the Via del Arco di Parma, but were afraid to venture on, from the depth of the water towards the Irish Augustinian convent. We reached the Ponte Sant Angelo by a circuit. The view of the river from the bridge was magnificent and even awful. Its motion seemed extremely rapid, and its width and dimensions, as well as the matters that floated on the surface, added greatly to the effect. It seemed to rise along the bank nearly to the top of the *pianterreni* —first floors. At Torlonia's new theatre it reached the *primo piano*. The elevation seemed to exceed thirty feet. The finest view was that from the Ponte. The Romans were assembled in several places in crowds to view the swell of the waters, and seemed to enjoy the sight very much. Dragoons were in motion to prevent accident or disorder.—

"*Jan. 31st.* 1830.—An attempt at an insurrection was apprehended last Friday evening. All the day and night the troops and officers were under arms. Several foreigners, but not of note, were engaged in the wild scheme. Six thousand crowns divided among the Trasteverini to gain them over, they pocketed; they then laughed at those who sought to corrupt their allegiance.

"*Feb. 2nd.*—This morning Cardinal Capellari was elected Pope, and took the name of Gregory XVI., an event that diffused the most sincere and universal joy through all ranks in the city, and that must produce a like feeling in foreign countries, to which he was generally known by his late office of Prefect of the Propaganda. His constitution is good, his health robust, so that his election offers the cheering prospect of a long as well as of

a fortunate Pontificate. May such flattering anticipations be fully realized. I have known him well, I might say intimately, since I came to Rome, and always found him a kind and attached friend. He is, I believe, in his sixty-fifth year. He was elected on last Saturday, but some doubts having risen as to some of the votes, he instantly renounced. The threatened explosion on the evening before, hastened this first nomination. Between Saturday and this morning, I have not yet heard what occurred. I expect much for the College from his Holiness. He has always expressed the sincerest desires to put it on a respectable and comfortable footing.*

"*Feb. 6th.*—The Consecration and Coronation took place this morning in St. Peter's. . . . . The ceremony was not over till near two o'clock. . . . . The alms distributed yesterday at the Quirinal, to the poor, amounted, it is said, to four thousand crowns, a much larger sum than has been usually divided on such occasions. The poor are forgiven the amount of all their pledges made at the *Monte di Pietà*, between August and November. Since the death of Pius VIII. many pledges were made by persons not in need, to have the benefit of the indulgences on the new Pontificate. For this reason the former only were restored, as belonging to the really necessitous. Fifty portions of fifty crowns each are given to virtuous young females, whose parents are in reduced circumstances: five hundred through the rest of the States. Five hundred poor are to be clothed in the city:—five thousand through the State. The fines, too, incurred by the growers of tobacco, who were very numerous at the close of last year, have been all remitted. These are favours worthy of a Christian prince.—

"*Feb. 7th.*—This morning I went to pay my respects to the

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* These anticipations were more than realized by the princely munificence of Gregory XVI., in bestowing on the Irish the ancient church and college of Sant Agata dei Goti. The Church, after the expulsion of the Arian Goths, was reconsecrated by St. Gregory the Great.

Pope, and was kindly and cordially received. I went to the Vatican with Dr. Cullen and Signor Vulpecelli, the new Maestro di Casa, in one of the palace carriages. We arrived about a quarter past seven. (His Holiness had sent me word, that he would always receive me in the morning at an early hour.) The Pope had just finished mass; and having taken his coffee, was engaged saying his hours. After he had finished them, hearing that I and Dr. Cullen were waiting, he immediately sent to call us. He received us with great affection, rising from his seat, and coming across the room to meet us. He remained standing with us, having moved to the window, while we stayed. He asked very kindly for the students, particularly for a delicate American in the Propaganda. He said he would visit the Propaganda during the Carnival. He bid me, as soon as the press and hurry should be over, to bring him my community, that he might see them all. His Holiness slept this morning longer than usual, owing of course to the fatigues endured during the last days. He used to rise in the Propaganda at four o'clock. Owing to this circumstance he was not ready when we arrived, and our conversation was consequently shortened. His Holiness entered into no particulars as to his designs regarding our College, but he knows its wants, and his being more than a protector, implied everything. When Prefect of the Propaganda he was most anxious to remove them. . . . The domestics are all in the greatest joy at the elevation of their master and patron. They seem as yet scarce to know what they are doing, from the excess of their glee. The chaplain and cameriere were good creatures, and are likely to continue so.—9 o'clock, P.M.—An express arrived this evening with news of an insurrection at Modena: some add at Parma and Piacenza. Great fears entertained for the Bolognese. Modena is the centre of the high police of Italy. It was the Duke that apprised Pius VIII. of the plot meditated in Rome. He sent his son to apprise his Holiness of it. I think this is the personage whom I noticed coming out of the Quirinal palace about mid-day on a Sunday, last October, as stated in this hasty journal at the proper date.—*8th.* News arrived this morning of a revolution at Bologna, and over the Romagna. The first courier brought the news of Bologna, a second that of Forlì, a third

of Ravenna.—10*th*. The Pope's edict regarding his election and the affairs at Bologna I have just read. It is beautifully and movingly written. He will for the present *use no force*, and most feelingly conjures the rebels to return to their duty.—11*th*. Heard early to-day that Cardinal Bernetti was last night appointed Pro-Secretary of State. He is a clever man, and likely to be very serviceable in the present crisis to the Holy See. The Pope visited the Propaganda this morning to collect his papers, &c. He received the whole community with the greatest condescension and sweetness. The populace collected in the square, several pressed round him, inside his guards, and were treated with infinite affability. They declared him *un vero padre*, and cheered him most loudly on his departure. Very alarming reports in circulation, the greater part, I think, destitute of all foundation. The Pope mentioned at the Propaganda, that the insurrection had reached Ancona. The troops fought well, and kept it in check for awhile, but after entered the Citadel, leaving the town to the rebels.—12*th*. Three edicts issued to-day. The first ordering all the subjects of the Pope, residing in the city who have come to it within the last year, to present themselves at the various registrary presidencies, and explain the motives of their stay in Rome. The object of this edict is to get rid of suspicious characters. It is said there are many such in the city from Bologna, and other parts of the Pontifical States. The second calls to arms one hundred men in each of the 14 Rioni, to be chosen by the respective presidencies. The third notification is from the Governor, prohibiting the Carnival to-day, and for the remainder of the usual time, namely Monday and Tuesday. It also closes the theatres. This edict was issued in great haste, the first bell for the Carnival had already sounded before it appeared. It was (as is said) the result of some very important information received at the moment. The reported story is, that the Governor of the city received clear information that it was intended to attempt an insurrection at the moment the first signal-cannon should be fired to clear the Corso for the race. The insurgents were to enter the Corso in masks at four different points, armed with

daggers and pistols, to dispatch or disarm the sentinels, whilst others were to fire the city at different points, and in the confusion the liberation of Rome, and the establishment of a Republic was to be loudly proclaimed! What other outrages were intended, I have not yet learned. These evils were arrested by discontinuing the amusements of the Carnival. The Romans, though attached to this sport exceedingly, do not complain of the order, knowing its necessity and urgency. The Pope went this morning to St. Mary Major's and among the Montigiani. In passing through them, he was repeatedly and loudly cheered. He stopped twice for a considerable time, talked familiarly with them, received and attended to their petitions. They were overjoyed at this condescension, and declared aloud they would defend him against all his enemies. When I was going this morning to St. Peter's to visit the library with Mr. C —— and Mr. D——— of this house, I saw nine carriages at the bank of the Santo Spirito, of course to carry away money! This bespoke great alarm. This evening I heard that an order had been received from the government at the Depositaria Urbana, to hide or conceal the money there, as there was no longer time to remove it to Castel Sant' Angelo: another very marked indication of serious apprehension. The ——— are said to have removed all their money from the bank on Thursday or Wednesday: they generally have accurate information. Valentini, a banker, sent word to one of his largest customers to come and remove his money.—

"*Feb. 13th.*—I find the military preparations of yesterday were not superfluous. A collision took place last night, between seven and eight o'clock, in the Piazza Colonna. The following particulars may, I think, be relied on. An individual was going to post a letter soon after seven o'clock. There were, he says, between two and three hundred persons in the Square, probably not so many—it was easy to mistake in the dark, as the lamps did not light every part clearly. In passing quietly and unsuspiciously by one of the groups he heard a word or two, that at once awakened his attention. He joined the group, without attracting any sort of notice, and heard them encourage each other

by the most violent and seditious expressions, 'that now was the moment, that the soldiers would not fire, and that a courageous effort would suffice to disarm and overcome them.' He then equally unobserved joined another group, where he heard nearly the same things, in language of the same import. He then moved off, and entered the guard-room, where he gave his information to the officer on duty, who seemed to have no idea of an immediate attack. There were several men resting on chairs, eating, dozing, &c. The officer quietly gave all the necessary orders to his men, and sent to inform the neighbouring posts, but begged his informant, meantime, to endeavour to ascertain, if all the persons in the Square were disposed *to hostility*. He went equally unperceived among the groups, in one or two other directions, and heard everywhere the language of sedition, and the design to make an immediate attack. The officer then commanded all his men to make ready, and ordered a strong patrole to clear the Square. The patrole advanced, and was received with expressions of dissatisfaction: they then began to surround it, defying the soldiers, calling on them to join, shouting for the Bolognese and liberty. The soldiers presented their muskets, several of their companions joined them, on which the rebels not having given way, a round was fired over their heads: this did not disperse them. A second discharge was then poured among them, and they were pursued with the bayonet. Six prisoners only are said to have been taken, one of them a Roman, was caught fast on one of the bayonets. When the patrole raised their muskets, the rebels fired off three pistols, the signal for their companions in the neighbouring streets and lurking places to join the fray.

"It is said that the news of the intended conspiracy, received or discovered on Saturday, and in consequence of which the Carnival was suddenly suspended, had been transmitted from the Nuncio at Paris, and arrived on that day. It is likely, however, that the design was concurrently discovered or betrayed in the city. The streets were quite deserted this evening, except by the military who were concentrated in the Piazza Colonna, and a few other positions. Every door and window was closed, so that there was no light but that of the few lamps in the streets.

"14*th.*—The Treasury stopped payment to-day.

"16*th.*—I learned this morning that the Roman princes, and persons of property, yesterday offered very generous support to the Government, so that the Treasury is again open this morning. The Pope asked assistance from the various Superiors of the religious orders. The Jesuits gave him fifty thousand crowns: others say even more. It was all they had *in cassa.*

"17*th.*—The deputation of loyalty and congratulation, arrived from Viterbo last evening, was most graciously received by the Pope. 18*th.*—Second edict of Gregory XVI. on the present crisis published to-day. It admonishes the rebels still in a friendly tone, but if the Father's voice be not heeded, the powers derived from above will not remain unemployed in his hands.

"21*st.*—The Pope to-day was drawn in triumph from the Vatican to the Chiesa Nuova. He intended to visit S. Maria del Popolo. The Montigiani, hearing of this design, went in a body to the Vatican to draw him. When his carriage entered the Piazza of St. Peter's they insisted on loosing the horses, and drew him as far as the Banco di Santo Spirito, where the crowd, the confusion, and several accidents that had occurred from the pressure of the throng, made the holy Father beg of them, and he prevailed with great difficulty, to turn round, and draw him back to the Vatican. When he arrived, he gave them his solemn blessing, and they then quietly dispersed. The crowd amounted to several thousands before leaving St. Peter's, and it rapidly increased as the procession advanced. Many—and the Pope was among the number—shed tears plentifully. Several were greatly alarmed, and among them were many of the military—not knowing what was the object or meaning of the immense throng. It was a most moving spectacle. The Evvivas and professions of being ready to die for the defence of his Holiness, must have touched any heart.—

"Proclamation calling on all the inhabitants of the city, from 20 years to 60, to enrol themselves to do duty in the absence of the regular troops (they are all gone towards the provinces). This call is quite in accord with the general feelings and wishes, and will be cheerfully obeyed. Ecclesiastics, and those who live

dalla mercede giornaliere—on their earnings from day to day—are alone excepted. But as to the active duty, mounting guard, &c. there is every facility for finding substitutes. News of the first successes of Col. Lazzarini. Otricoli and other towns have already submitted. *The great bulk of the population everywhere rejoice in the approach of the troops and long to declare themselves.*

"*23rd.*—Ancona has fallen with one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and very considerable military stores of all kinds, into the hands of the insurgents. The town was starved into a surrender. It was not provisioned for a single day, and was of course easily reduced to extremities. The garrison was not numerous enough to go forth to attack the beleaguers.

"The military stores will render the rebels truly formidable.

"There is now no obstacle in their way to Rome, save the army under General Lazzarini at Civita Castellana. Its force is not exactly known, and its courage has not been as yet sufficiently proved to inspire much confidence.—

"*24th.*—The Austrians are in march on the revolted towns and provinces. Parma has risen, and the Grand Duchess escaped with difficulty to Piacenza. Her first attempt at flight failed. Austria will not surely suffer the progress of this insurrection. Every one says they are coming with a powerful force to assist the Pope. A third edict from the Pope to-day, denouncing the crime of the rebels in seizing Cardinal Benvenuti, Bishop of Osimo. He was, besides, legate from his Holiness, for pacifying the provinces. This edict contains the third admonition before fulminating the menaced censures.

"*26th.*—Very contradictory news to-day. The Pope himself, it is strongly hinted, intends to retire to Civita Vecchia, to avoid falling into the hands of the insurgents, should they seize the city by a *coup-de-main.*

"*27th.*—I saw about two hundred and fifty volunteers passing this evening through the Piazza del Popolo, on their way to join General Lazzarini. They were the contingent of Marino. Several of them were well made, and large men, but the greater part were small—some of them mere boys.—

"*28th.*—The Congregation (a committee composed of Cardinals) at the Propaganda was put off to-day by a consistory. The Pope named six bishops to different sees in Mexico. This is a very decided step. Pius VIII. had not courage to do it; as it was, and has continued to be vehemently opposed by Spain.

"*March 2nd.*—The commander of the insurgent troops has published a proclamation deprecating the threatened menace of excommunication. He promises to be soon in Rome; and whilst he will respect the quiet citizens, threatens to shoot on the spot every one who will be found with arms in his hands. Loretto has been sacked by the insurgents. Several other churches have also been stripped of their plate and valuables. They have sent four deputies to France.

"*10th.*—The Notizie del Giorno mentions the attack by the rebels on Rieti on Tuesday."—The particulars of this affray we are enabled to state from auother source. The present Cardinal Gabriele Ferretti was at that moment bishop of Rieti, while his cousin, Monsignor Mastai Ferretti, now Pius IX.—whom may heaven long preserve!—was bishop of Spoleti. 'Against his city of Rieti came the armed force of the insurgents, several thousands strong.—[Rieti once carried, the way was open for them to Rome.] The courageous bishop armed the citizens, disposed them to the best advantage, gave the wisest directions, encouraged them to vigorous defence, and then took his post at the foot of the altar, praying, during the engagement, to the God of battles, but consulted, when need was, by those who presided over the more active measures of the war. The result proved successful—the day was won; and the bishop of Rieti was the hero of Italy.'* Spoleti, of which his present Holiness was bishop at that time, was also attacked by a body of 2,000

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* Vid. Dub. Review, June, 1849, p. 475. This article is supposed to be Dr. Wiseman's. After the passage above quoted, the next sentence adds:—"It was not long after the occurrence, that being his guest, we walked together over the scene of his victory."

insurgents. 'They breathed fury and vengeance [after the repulse of Rieti], they threatened to set fire to the town, and to murder the clergy. The bishop was advised to fly, as particularly obnoxious to the rebels, who were, in fact, under no control, and were little better than a horde of banditti. But not only did he refuse, hireling-like, to abandon his flock because the wolf was coming, but he replied, that no doubt the poor creatures who were advancing were in distress, and needed relief. He accordingly went forth to meet them, told them who he was, and spoke to them kindly. They laid down their arms: he assisted them with food and money, and they returned home.'*

"11*th*.—Sig^r^ Klitche, resident here of the Duke of Saxe-Coethen, who was once an officer in the Prussian army, and who lately went as a volunteer to join the Pope's troops at Civita Castellana, returned last night, and departed again this morning. He got the command of the few dragoons who remain faithful from General Lazzarini. He described the spirit of the soldiery, and of the volunteers, as the best possible. They are kept in with difficulty from attacking the enemy; but they are not sufficiently numerous to move beyond the town, which is a very important one, and which it is their chief object to protect. He came to demand reinforcements, declaring that all the neighbouring towns would be speedily reduced to submission, were the army numerous enough to advance on them.—

"13*th*.—The arrest of the Avocato Galli was well concerted. The police remained quietly within till the other conspirators arrived, and arrested them in succession as they entered. One of the police, to prevent all suspicion, put on the livery of the lawyer's servant, and stationed himself near the door, to introduce the company as they should arrive.—Great surprise that there should be no news from Bologna. The reduction of Ferrara was the work of a few minutes. A gun was fired, the Pope's banner hoisted in the castle, a column or two of troops

* Ibid.

made the round of the city, shut the gates, disarmed and changed the sentinels, and returned to their quarters before many were aware of what had occurred. The people shouted 'Viva il santo Padre;' and thus the affair ended.

"17*th*.—The French post did not arrive to-day. Some ruffians of the seditious party made, it seems, a movement on Orvieto, from which place having been repulsed, they advanced on San Lorenzo, beyond Bolsena, where they stopped and rifled the mail, opened the letters and despatches, and seized all that it contained either money or news.—

"21*st*.—St. Aulaire, the new French ambassador, arrived in the course of yesterday evening, and is to have his first audience on Thursday.

"*April* 2*nd*.—To-day it appears that every part of the States of the Church has returned to the allegiance of the holy Father. Ancona was entered by the Austrians on last Tuesday, the 29th. The rebels endeavoured to make a capitulation with Cardinal Benvenuti, who had been dragged thither as a prisoner from Bologna. One of the conditions was, not only that a complete and entire pardon should be given, but that even those who held civil or military appointments before the revolution should be fully restored to them. Copies of this surrender were forwarded to the Pope and the Austrian commander, but neither paid the least regard to them. The Cardinal was forced to write to the Germans to arrest their march on the city. They did not heed the order, but advanced, and took possession of it in the name of Gregory XVI.

"The chiefs all fled in a shalloup, which fell in with an Austrian cruizer, who carried them to Venice. The soldiers who had joined the rebels put away the tricolor cockade, and resumed that of the Pope, but it was too late. The Austrians drove them into the lazaretto and took away all their military appointments, after which they confined them as prisoners till the pleasure of the holy Father should be known. It was reported here during the week, that he had consented to the conditions forced from Cardinal Benvenuti, at which the Romans were so enraged, that

when he appeared at the balcony of the Quirinal to give his blessing last Thursday, there was not a single evviva. By Sunday, however, they were undeceived, and the plaudits were as numerous and loud as ever, when he appeared at the Loggia to give the usual benediction.

"*May 2nd.*—The amnesty I saw to-day. It is dated April 30th. It is very comprehensive—none excepted, save officers of and above the rank of captain, those who signed the acts of the soi-disant provisional government of Bologna, and writers of impious and seditious journals. This is great clemency; the runaways are to remain in exile.—

"*22nd.*—The tribunals appointed to adjudge the guilt of those concerned in the recent *vicende*, have tried all the prisoners confined in the Castel Sant' Angelo. Their sentence is mild indeed. The punishment is limited to confinement, varying from eight years, which is the longest, to six months, according to the different degrees of guilt."——

But the tranquillity—thus succeeding to the storms that were raging when Gregory XVI. was summoned to the helm—did it continue, or was it to be trusted? It was quite the reverse. Looking to the banner hoisted at Ancona by the King of the French, and aware that the British Cabinet were acting in the same direction, the Carbonari became more rampant than ever. The diary just quoted shews, that the panic was greater at Rome during the summer and ensuing winter, than when the revolt was at its height. Gregory XVI., it was stated, had made the same dispositions as Pius VII., when going to Paris in 1805,—the security of his person and liberty being seriously doubted of. "The system of covert warfare by means of secret

societies, of periodical plots and unceasing disquietudes, continued. On the other side, distrust and eternal misgivings prevailed."* From this system there was little or no respite throughout the pontificate of sixteen years; towards its close, the sect, on more than one occasion, flew to arms. A lay gentleman, thoroughly conversant with the Papal States in every point of view, and who resided for a long time in Romagna, thus describes the posture of affairs, at the opening of the present reign.

"*Rome, 29th Oct.* 1846.—At the death of Pope Gregory XVI. a wide-spread conspiracy, affiliated with the secret societies, whose head-quarters were in Switzerland, existed in every town in the Roman States. The inhabitants of the country, or rural districts, were then, as now, most attached to the Pontifical government. It is not for me to inquire into the immediate causes of such a state of things, but I can safely hazard the assertion, that the germ of revolution dated from the first occupation of the French. Pope Gregory knew full well the extent of the evil that menaced. He has been represented as cruel and sanguinary. This is far from the truth; but a very great blunder was that of crowding the prisons with vast numbers of political prisoners. The hardened and old offenders could at their leisure corrupt the young and comparatively inexperienced, and initiate them deeper and deeper in their detestable doctrines. Had he been the tyrant which hostile writers represent him, he would have acted as a better politician. The leaders, under any other government than a Papal government, would have forfeited their lives, and such salutary lessons of severity would have kept less bold aspirants in check. No party was executed under Gregory's reign, who was not proved (in addition to rebellion) principal or

* Dublin Review, ubi supr.

accomplice in one or more assassinations. Hence, from motives of humanity, the prisons became crowded with the worst class of delinquents, and were little better than Communist lodges for the propagandism of those doctrines of socialism which were the basis of the late revolt."

To resume: from the so-called treaty of Tolentino to the demise of Pope Gregory, there has elapsed exactly half a century. The Papal dominions and their capital, at the zenith of prosperity, devotedly loyal, contented, and happy, when the cycle commences, were brought down, during the first twenty years of it, by the Directory and the Empire, to an extremity of ruin, bankruptcy, and demoralization, of which the foregoing sketch can give but a very imperfect idea,—an idea that falls miserably short of the reality. Hardly could the venerable Pius VII., after his final restoration, look round him from his throne to examine the desolate plight of the patrimony of the Apostle, in order, if possible, to rescue it from its ruined state, and to restore its inhabitants to that height of prosperity, contentment and happiness, in which (by the confession of the French themselves) their invading hosts had found them, when the daggers of the Carbonari, unsheathed, pointed at the very heart of the Papal dominion, and prepared on the first opportunity to strike, were one of the first objects that met his view. The French had plunged

the States in debt; the Carbonari conspiracy not only frustrated the endeavours of Cardinal Consalvi, of Cardinal Albani, of Cardinal Bernetti, and the other ministers, to rid the State of debt; it forced them, in a thousand ways, to increase it. The attempts to establish a hideous reign of terror, from the first inauguration of the sect by Maghella, down to the close of the fifty years, having been incessantly renewed, and acting on society like repeated shocks of an earthquake, which no foresight can anticipate, and which frustrate all precautions,—not only entailed enormous expense on the Government, and forced it to remain under arms, and as if in a state of siege; they kept the populations in never-ending, and oftentimes most agonizing alarm. The scene of carrying away deposits from the banks, described in the Diary, occurred more than once. The whole world knows—if fathomed that abyss can be—the extremity to which Ireland, for instance, has been brought by a tithe of a fifty years' cycle of adversity; the whole world knows the shock sustained by France, from a few months of insecurity; even in this mighty empire, did not credit and commerce suffer from convulsions, of which little, except the echoes, reached its shores? Should it, then, excite surprise, much less be a warrant for indignation and invective against the temporal sway of the Papacy, even *should it be proved* that the States, after an ordeal such as has been described, were not in the most forward or

encouraging condition at the expiry of these fifty years?

We saw the Pontiffs, on various occasions, effecting wonders for the States in former centuries; but if Pius VII. and the succeeding Pontiffs (seeing that they began from bankruptcy and ruin and anarchy, were in presence, from the outset, of a conspiracy such as that of the Carbonari) were not as successful as Hadrian I., for example, who founded a hundred years of peace and prosperity; or as Nicholas V., who inaugurated the progress, and almost unbroken peace, of four successive centuries; are they to be precipitately censured, or is their government to be condemned, as incorrigibly incapable? Is it a thing unheard of in Europe, or even in England, that under circumstances the most adverse that could be well imagined, and which might well have perplexed the ablest statesmen, that a government should have failed in its endeavours to retrieve the destinies of a ruined State, or to raise a plundered and broken-hearted people, to the same eminence in prosperity as their neighbours?

But has any such failure, on the part of the Papal administration, been fairly established? That Fame has trumpeted that failure in every dialect in which a lie can be set up in type, is not to be denied; and that thousands have concurred in the condemnation for the one who has cared to inquire into the evidence of the case, is equally to be conceded; but persons who ground their judgment, not on the

slanders and self-refuting invectives of partizans, but on thorough acquaintance with the condition of the Papal States at the close of the late pontificate, what do *they* say on the subject. *Their* words are something else than empty sound. As a zealous member,—we have heard it said,—of the Kirk of Scotland, Mr. MacFarlane must be above suspicion of being prejudiced in favour of Papal government; his residence in Italy from 1816 to 1827, and his travels through the entire peninsula in 1848, entitle his opinions to be regarded in a light very different from that in which we view the strictures of the ordinary run of tourists. After a progress through the States on both sides of the Apennines, in 1848, this gentleman says of Gregory XVI.,—"HE LEFT THE COUNTRY IN AN UNEXAMPLED CONDITION OF PROSPERITY."* In that sentence, we have embodied the result of his personal observation of the States. Contrasting the plight in which he saw that country, after it had returned from the French regime under the sway of the Papacy, with the condition in which Gregory XVI. had left it, Mr. MacFarlane tells us,

* "A Glance at Revolutionized Italy, a Visit to Messina, and a Tour through the kingdom of Naples, the Abruzzi, the Marches of Ancona, Rome, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Genoa, Piedmont, &c. &c. in the Summer of 1848. By Charles MacFarlane, author of the 'Romance of Italian History;' 'History of the French Revolution;' 'Sports, Pastimes, and Recollections of the South of Italy;' 'Constantinople in 1828,' &c. &c. London, 1849," vol. 1. p. 287.

that that condition was one of "UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY." He enters from the Abruzzi, by the frontier of the Tronto; he leaves by the Tuscan frontier, after having traversed the length and breadth of the States,—we regret we can find room for an extract only here and there, from the record of what he saw and heard—the *data* on which the above opinion is solidly grounded.

"The road," he says, "in the Marches of Ancona was but a continuation of the smooth, macadamized, well-kept, beautiful route which we had left behind us in the Abruzzi; but, as we advanced, it was flanked by more continuous and neater hedge-rows than any we had seen in the Neapolitan kingdom.

"The aspect of all things was bright and cheerful: the Adriatic, close at our right hand, was as smooth as a deep-lying mountain tarn, and the hills on our left were as green and fresh as if there had been no scorching summer. The whole of the line of coast, from San Benedetto to the pleasant shores below Loreto, merits the commendation of old Biondo da Forlì, who surveyed it three hundred years ago. 'Except those of Sarrento and Gaieta, this is the pleasantest coast, and the most delightful in all Italy, the most full of oranges, vines, olives, and other most beautiful fruit-bearing-trees.'*

"As we advanced, the groves became less frequent; nicely enclosed fields spread along the narrow plain, and up the sides of the nearest gentle hills, in the rear of which were seen, afar off, the rugged tops of the Abruzzi mountains. The detached farm houses, shewing their white faces for the most part on the sides of the hills, were remarkably neat, and had all the signs of rural prosperity about them. They were backed and flanked by good corn-ricks and hay-ricks—some of a pretty bell shape, tall, and tapering, and others in the form of bee-hives. These were the

* Italia illustrata.

first real hay-ricks we had seen since leaving England. In Turkey they have none. These hay-ricks of the Marches looked to us like dear, old, familiar friends; and the morning sun, shining on their sides, and evaporating the rain which had fallen upon them in the night, brought out a sweet English odour, which was like the breath of home. The villages through which we passed were all improved; the villagers were all well dressed. We did not see a man, woman, or child in rags; nor did we meet with a single beggar until we came to Loreto. The central administration, the financial management, were very defective; and altogether, the vices of the old Roman were greater than the vices of the old Neapolitan government; yet, surely, what we saw here, and what we continued to see in the Papal States, must be taken as evidence that the predecessors of Pius IX. were neither the rogues nor the idiots that they are now described as having been, and that his immediate predecessor, Gregory XVI., who left the country in *an unexampled condition of prosperity*, could not have been a destructive tyrant. WE DID NOT SEE THINGS AT THEIR BEST; ALTHOUGH I SAW THEM BETTER THAN THEY WERE IN 1826, AND FAR, FAR BETTER THAN THEY WERE IN 1816. The prosperity had been on the ebb for two years, or nearly ever since the accession of the present Pope. But for the failure in the potato crops nearly every where, and the famine in Ireland, and our importations of wheat, Indian corn, and other Italian produce, the ebb of tide would have been more rapid, *the decline from that high state of prosperity more apparent.*"

Of another district, through which he had to travel at a snail's pace, he says :—

"I should have been sorry to go much faster, for the country through which we passed was most beautiful, and cultivated like a garden. Here were extensive vineyards, with the vines cut low, as they ought to be. The villages and old picturesque towns on neighbouring heights were frequent; the farm houses, with their extensive granaries and barns, and ricks and stacks,

and the detached villas, with their orchards and little parks, and avenues of ornamental trees, were exceedingly numerous. Many of these villas, and not a few of the farm houses, were truly elegant buildings."

The effects of Gregory's policy, and that of the revolution, then only beginning, are contrasted in the aspect of things at Ancona:—

"We rowed round the harbour, which was greatly improved since my last visit, but which was now almost empty. For some years the Papal government—under more than one Pope, had been spending considerable sums on the improvements of the port, and its dependencies: they had nearly finished a new arsenal and dockyard for ship building; but all had come to the money-lock, the deadest of all dead-locks. The workmen were discharged; there was nothing doing. The poor boatmen, who had been gaining good livelihoods, the shipping porters, the unemployed sailors, were loitering about the quays in despondent attitudes, or were stretched along the hard stones, and sleeping in strips of shade. WITHIN THE CITY WE SAW MANY SIGNS OF PRESENT POVERTY, AND MANY OF RECENT IMPROVEMENTS."

This observation applies to every one of the cities and towns through which the traveller proceeds upon his way. Palace-like hotels without a guest, with their owners in despair at the prospect of utter ruin, brought on by the regenerators of Italy. Merchants and commercial travellers, equally disheartened, are grouped on one side of the picture, the Carbonari, under the name of "Young Italy," in all their glory, on the other:

"On the following morning we left Macerata at too early an hour to see anything, except that the streets were well paved

and clean, and that some of the old palazzi had been tastefully improved. Between Macerata and Tolentino, in the deep hollow between the hills, the road used to be almost impassable at certain seasons, and detestable in all times of the once stuck fast down there, and though the carriage was light, it took, not a pair, but three pair of oxen to drag us out of the slough, and pull us up the hill. The road was now admirably macadamized. Before taking an early breakfast at Tolentino, we walked about the town, and visited the house, or palazzo, in which Napoleon Bonaparte resided three or four days previously to signing his memorable Tolentino treaty of peace with Pope Pius VI., on the 11th of March, 1797.

Of Spoleto, he says:—

"I found the town enlarged and amazingly improved, and the waste neighbourhood beautifully cultivated. The entrance by the Ancona and Tuscany road, over a bridge, and under a noble archway, is majestic. The people of the town were clean and well dressed, and had been tranquil and very prosperous. But the tranquillity was now sadly disturbed, and consequently the prosperity was on the decline."

Again of Terni:—

"Some time before sunset we were in the populous town and crowded streets of Terni, where some noticeable improvement met me at nearly every step. We stopped at a vast house on the Piazza, which had been converted from the foul Albergo that it was, into a most comfortable and even splendid hotel, with all those appliances and means to boot, which most English travellers require, and which, in fact, they had been the first to introduce in Italy. The house had been made by English money, and by the English taste, for the clean and the comfortable. The host had spent a large sum only two years ago to complete the hotel. 'And now,' said he, 'nobody comes, and I shall soon be a ruined man. Until your arrival, I had not had a party of travellers or a single foreigner in my house for more than three months; and for the last twelve months I have not

been taking enough to pay rent. I wish those who began these revolutions were in the devil's house—*in casa del diavolo !'* He was very disconsolate, and the servants were all out of heart."—"The Abruzzese had groaned now and then; but this man (a trader) was all a groan. He had been to the fair of Sinigaglia, he had travelled many miles, he had spent a great deal of money, and he had done no business at the fair—none ! Nobody had done any business ! Trade was ruined—he was ruined—his friends were ruined—the Pope would be ruined, and would have to thank his reforms and the *liberali* for it. There had been nobody at the fair of Sinigaglia, but a few Dalmatians and Greeks. The Papal Government had been accustomed to derive a net annual revenue of two or three hundred thousand scudi from the fair; this year they had not received in all two thousand scudi, and they must have spent eight thousand in preparations.—The neighbourhood of Terni is now as verdant, rich, and well cultivated as can well be imagined. I should be glad if all our peasantry at home were as well dressed, as those we saw here, or as well fed, or half as cheerful as these men, women, and children appeared to be.—Beyond Narni, this fine road which I have praised so often, becomes truly magnificent.—We had light enough to see the fine bridge which spans the Tiber, and which was first built in the line of the Flaminian way, by Cæsar Augustus, and, after it had long been a ruin, repaired by Pope Sixtus V. For some few years past small steam boats from Rome ascend the Tiber as far as this bridge, producing a benefit to the country of which the people were fully sensible, and the more so, as these communications, if not interrupted, had become very irregular, like other things, since the 'friends of the people' have been in the ascendancy. We rolled over the bridge, entered the Sabine(?) country, passed a low rocky defile covered with underwood, and once famous for robbers, and continued our journey by moonlight to the strongly walled, and not ill-fortified town of Civita Castellana.—We left Civita Castellana at an early hour the next morning, as the country people were singing along the road, and bringing into market their fruit,

vegetables, and other produce. The road continued to be admirably kept all the way to Rome, and to shame the Via Flaminia, if ancient roads and rough stone blocks could be sensible of shame. The country was well cultivated as far as Nepi, and the peasants, to all appearance, cheerful and healthy. The entrance to the hill town of Nepi, with the morning sun shining on its old massy walls, is a sight to be seen; and every traveller ought to stop and descend into the picturesque ravine in front of the town. The people of Nepi were all highly excited, not by the danger of the country, but by the near approach of the festa of their patron saint. An old man at the coffee-house said that Nepi meant to distinguish herself this time; that it would be a festa—'*come vene son' poche*'—and he persuaded us to stay and see. The Piazza was all in confusion, and the streets were rather close and dirty; but, even here, the blessed peace, and the progress made in every part and parcel of Italy, during the last quarter of a century, had not been without their effects. Let the climate be hot or cold, window-sashes and panes of glass are signs of civilization and comfort. It was not so before, but now I found these consolatory signs in nearly every house in Nepi, as we had done all along the road from the Marches.—Beyond Nepi the hill country ceased, and no heights were in view except those of Horace's own Soracte; but the country continued for some way farther to be undulated, partially wooded, and very neatly enclosed. It looked like many parts of England, wherein agriculture is less attended to than pasturage and pastoral affairs. Instead of appearing ghastly and dismal, as it has been described by so many of our tourists, who could not, or would not use their eyes, and who were hood-winked by stale theories and conventional repetitions, the Campagna of Rome looks bright and smiling; and its wide, open expanses, and the buffaloes and other cattle, the mounted herdsmen with their droves, and the shepherds with their flocks of sheep, seen here and there, afford a pleasing variety to those who have traversed the mountains, defiles, and woods of Umbria. Hardly any where is the Campagna a dead level, or barren-looking waste: it is undulated, and

is verdant at all seasons. Nearly the same may be said of the Pontine Marshes. The country is essentially a pastoral country, with all the roughness and simplicity, and with nearly all the charms of such districts. It is to be questioned whether the land could be employed to better purpose. It is unhealthy—sadly unhealthy—but, so it was in the days of the Commonwealth and under the Empire. From the left bank of the Tiber to Terracina, it was unsuited to permanent habitation, as it is now. Sylla would not have found room so near to Rome for his military colonists if the country had been otherwise; and Sylla's veterans died off."

Nothing can be more erroneous than the notions generally entertained as to the neglected state of the Campagna, and the deficiency of the proprietors or farmers in agricultural knowledge. Those who, like De Tournon, have mastered a subject, of which the ordinary run of travellers know nothing, have come to the very opposite conclusion. The immense country extending from the Tuscan to the Neapolitan frontier, a territory of more than 100 miles by 30, is rented from the head landlords by about 100 farmers.* The yearly rent of the *Campo-morto* farm—and it is nothing extraordinary—is 4,800*l.* *per ann.*† The description of one of these monster farms is like a chapter in a romance. Of those by whom that economy is carried out, some are perpetually resident in the *Casale*, an immense establishment, fortified and presenting the appearance we elsewhere described. The resident staff is commanded by the *ministro*. He has a handsome yearly

* De Tournon, ubi supr. l. 2. p. 278. † Ib. p. 276.

salary, is hardly ever to be seen but on horseback, and issuing his orders to some thirty or forty subalterns, all well mounted and well paid. Thus the Capo-vergaro, or Captain of the Shepherds is usually worth 2,000 fr. or £80. a year. To a flock of 2,500 sheep they allow 29 shepherds, and twice as many dogs. On some farms, there will be upwards of 4,000 sheep. In migrating twice every year from the plains to the mountains and *vice versa*, the shepherds carry their camp furniture on horses. The department of the *Capo-vaccaro*, the herds being more numerous on the Campagna than the flocks, is still more important. The oxen used for the plough alone, on this tract, amount to 18,700: the horses either employed or running loose and nearly wild, number from thirty-five to forty thousand. The sheep are about 710,000, of which 10,000 are merinos. The number of buffaloes is not specified in this return, but there are vast herds of them on the marshes and in the neighbourhood of Ostia. They are chiefly used for drawing the lumber-boats on the Tiber. The boatmen give each buffalo a name, to which he responds by curvetting and pressing forward more cheerily; so that the men from the boat are constantly making appeals to each buffalo by name, and thus it is they manage a team of thirty or forty, by solely appealing to each individual's sense of self-esteem, and his determination not to be outdone by Beppo, Briccone, &c. The catching of young steers for the plough is a scene

worthy of the Pampas of South America. It is a mistake to suppose that *pasturage* was not as much preferred to *tillage* in ancient as in modern times. Thus when Cato the Censor was asked, what was the best way to derive profit from land? "To let it into pasturage, even though it be bad," was his reply.

It is not unusual to see forty or fifty ploughs, each drawn by four oxen, at work in the same piece of tillage, the overseers riding from rank to rank, and directing the various bands of labourers. "Enfin, cette scène rurale," says De Tournon, "si vaste dans ses proportions, encadrée dans les longues lignes d'aqueducs brisées, et limitée par des tombes ruinées, inspire le plus vif intérêt."* Agricultural science has not been yet carried as high in Scotland as it was carried more than two thousand years ago by the Romans, as any one who has ever *studied* the *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ* will readily admit. The mounted stewards have these authors on their fingers' ends. Besides the resident farm-servants, drovers, shepherds, ploughmen, dairy-men, foresters and so forth, reinforcements of 20,000 labourers in seed time, and 30,000 in harvest, are employed by the farmers. These auxiliaries are recruited for by men called *caporales*, who raise them in the mountain towns, lead them to the farm, and head them during the harvest campaign. It is not uncommon to see 800, or even as many as 1,000 reapers cutting the same piece of wheat on the Campagna. The ranks

* Ib. p. 301.

of these heroes of a noble and useful labour are sometimes as fearfully decimated as if they had taken the field, not against the invisible malaria, but against charging columns and grape shot. Nothing that kindness and care can do to mitigate this trial is neglected; but despite of all, these inoffensive harvest labourers get no more quarter than Sylla's myrmidons from the malaria pestilence.

The views recorded by Mr. MacFarlane as to the prosperity of the Papal States, are fully borne out by the letters of the gentleman who writes so ably for the "Times," from Italy. In quoting his matter-of-fact statements, however, we take leave very emphatically, but respectfully, to dissent from his speculations regarding the present position and future prospects of the Papacy, as a temporal power.* In

* Thus, when he writes from Florence that the Austrians are isolated, shunned, not even saluted by the Tuscans, he warns us not to conclude that this arises from any dislike, either of the Archduke's government, or of the repressive force. No, it is the reverse. By all the Tuscans (a factious and miserable minority excepted), the Tedeschi are looked upon as deliverers. The immense majority dread nothing more than a change of government. They stand aloof from the Austrians, not from aversion for them, but from fear of the secret societies. He crosses the Apennine to Bologna, and—marvellous influence of locality on logic!—though the *premises* are the same—identically the same—as at Florence, the *conclusion* is *toto cœlo* different. At Florence, the isolation of the Austrians proves nothing but that a mysterious terrorism is at work; at Bologna it is conclusive proof that the sway of the Papacy is doomed. We are not told that the Tedeschi are *more* shunned at Bologna than at Florence; we are

the letter from Bologna, published in the "Times" of the 2nd of January, 1850, he says, with regard

told that more shunned they could not be than they are in both places; we are not told that *Bologna is free* from the terrorism that is felt at Florence; we are not told that the majority of the rural populations in the Papal States are discontented, any more than they are in Tuscany. We are expressly told that they are *not* discontented, but that they are untouched by the revolutionary mania, which is confined to the town mobs; and that, moreover, they are *contented and prosperous*. Will it surprise the reader, after this, that we regard this writer's *reasonings* and his *facts* in a very different light?

But does the self-contradiction end at Bologna? Far from it; we find that the air of the lagoons has a still more singular influence on logic than the air of the Apennines. Thus, to lift the Austrians at Bologna or Ferrara from the abyss of odium to the summit of popularity, this very accomplished writer assures us, it would be only necessary to tell these cities that they were to continue *in æternum* under the *direct* rule of the Austrians; for it is only the tyranny of Pio Nono and the like of him, that is detested; at bottom, the Austrians being well liked. But, alas! for this theory (long ago refuted by the normal state of feeling prevalent throughout Lombardy), the gentleman travels to Venice, where there is no tiara at all to cast its invidious shadow; and what does he find there? After enumerating all the artifices and efforts to bring about a reconciliation, and get the Austrians out of Coventry, the gentleman goes on to say:—"All, however, is in vain; if the government order, the Venetians will obey, but neither menaces nor bribes procure the least public sympathy. I have no doubt myself that this state of things is the result of orders issued by the revolutionary Italian society which exists in Switzerland, and by which a secret organization is arranged in every city of the Peninsula. The influence of that society is felt by all, and its power seems to extend in proportion to the

to the Papal States at large:—"We must also bear in mind that the agricultural part of the population take no interest in revolutionary proceedings, and that the spirit of revolt exists almost exclusively in the towns. The people are blessed with a grateful soil, AND ARE WELL FED AND PROSPEROUS; but the lower classes in the cities are never to be pleased, and they afford plenty of combustible materials to the advocates who take the lead on all occasions."

Again, in a letter from Ferrara, published on the third, we read as follows:—"The country about Ferrara is very little elevated above the level of the Po, and when the water rises to a certain height much mischief occurs. Generally speaking, the land is fertile in the highest degree, and production of every kind abounds. A winter tone is not at the best inviting, and your Italian sky must be seen at any other period of the year; but the material prospect was encouraging in every direction, and I saw from the comfortable houses of the peasantry that they had nothing to complain of. The first principle of all Italian agricultural districts is, that those who cultivate the soil shall be comfortably fed before the landlord's rights commence. I know a country where a similar rule would produce similar results;

mystery with which its operations are conducted." From all which, according to the old-fashioned rules of reasoning, the conclusion is, that *the Pope is in no worse predicament than his neighbours*, that he is only a partner in the common risk: and this is not alone a proof but a guarantee, that his dominion is not in such great danger after all.

but plain and simple remedies are never used until the constitution is ruined by blue pills and black draughts."*

The sovereigns, who, in the face of so many disadvantages and obstacles, have succeeded in raising the States of Central Italy, from the lowest abyss of ruin to "A CONDITION OF UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY" —to a condition, in which "some evidence of improvement is to be met at every step;" a condition in which "the people are well fed and prosperous," and in every way so well off as to draw from an English traveller who loves his country, the wish, that "our peasantry at home were as well dressed, as well fed, or HALF AS HAPPY as they appear to be"—the sovereigns who have secured the COMMONWEAL in such an eminent degree as this, and that, too, in the teeth of the unceasing and baleful resistance they had to contend against, (albeit, their diurnal habiliments are not cut in conformity with the latest *bulletin* of fashion, either from London or from Paris, but rather resemble those worn by dictators and censors during the pristine ages of the Roman Republic)—even on the ground of superior capacity and efficiency, have nobly vindicated their right to that sceptre, which—placed in their hands by Providence —their dynasty has wielded, to the incalculable

* It is hardly necessary to say, it is to maltreated Ireland the closing sentence refers.

advantage of religion, of liberty, of the arts, of letters, and of whatever else is most essential to Christian-civilization, for now considerably more than 1,000 years.

"But is Italy," exclaims the Carbonaro-Mazzini patriot, "to be bribed even by 'UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY,' into the base relinquishment of her immemorial, her inspired aspirations after 'UNITY AND INDEPENDENCE?'" In addition to what has reference to this question in the foregoing pages, we shall only add the testimony of the two witnesses whom we have heard depose as to the condition of the States and of the people subject to the Popes. Mr. MacFarlane, in speaking of a discussion he had with an intelligent citizen of Perugia on the state and prospects of Italy, writes as follows:—

"He treated the union and independence of all Italy as a vision. He did not speak of Upper Italy, but only of Central and Lower Italy. 'How will you have this union brought about by the people, when you find the inhabitants of two neighbouring towns, in the same state, and living for centuries under the same government, continuing to envy and hate one another, as if they were still Guelphs or Ghibellines?'" The "Times" correspondent, writing under date of Venice, Dec. 26th, 1849, and of the North of Italy, re-echoes the same sentiment.

"M. Manin, he says, next sent deputies to Padua, Vicenza and Treviso, from all of which towns the Austrian troops had been withdrawn by Field-marshal Radetsky, and concentrated at Verona, and reminding them of their having formed part of the glorious ancient republic of Venice, and calling on them now to co-operate, or rather to submit to it again. All these were as full of vanity and the glory of recent triumph as 'the city of the waters' herself, and, with one accord, they decidedly refused, and each set up its own provisional government. I remember, when at Milan, about the same period, it was with the greatest difficulty that Brescia, Bergamo, Como, and other Lombard towns could be made to understand the necessity of obeying a central government, and that each was as fond of its own special independence as its ancestors were in the olden days. The cities of Venetia followed the same impulse, AND THUS THE CHIMERA OF ITALIAN UNION ABOUT WHICH PEOPLE THEN TALKED, AND DO NOW TALK, WAS SHEWN TO BE IMPOSSIBLE; and thus the Italians proved that their object was to get rid of the foreign cement which bound them together, in order that they might break up the more readily into numerous independent factions. When, about two years since, all the world was enthusiastic about the formation of an Italian league, I remember writing to you from Turin that the thing was impossible, and that the local interests of Tuscany, the Papal States, and of Naples would ever prevent them from

uniting in any common bond, whether political or commercial. I little thought at that time, that the inherent repulsion of the Italian character was so much more powerful, and that not only would the different nations composing the Peninsula not unite, but that every separate city, town, borough or village wanted to have its own independence proclaimed, and its separate government established." This shews the wisdom of the policy adopted by Pio Nono, in giving enlarged franchises to the municipalities. Through her municipalities *alone* has Italy *ever* prospered or progressed. The centralization *forced* on her by Rome was a dire calamity.

So much for the Mazzini scheme. But, then, there are the *juste-milieu* reformers, the progressistas of the Azelio school. They, particularly M. Azelio himself, have loaded the memory of Gregory XVI., just as much as the Mazzinians, with every species of libellous invective; how do we answer *them?* Our first answer is,—that, had M. Azelio been as much of a statesman as the Pope or his prime minister, whom he assailed in his ignorance of what to them was no secret—the real posture of affairs in Italy—he would not, now that he has had a few months experience of the difference between carrying on an administration and indicting a diatribe, have to repent of having slandered the illustrious dead. In the next place, we observe, that the Azelio

school of critics have their answer in recent events, as loud as the cannon's roar that battered and raked the dwelling of the Pontiff who proclaimed the amnesty, as sharp and decisive as the assassin's knife that cut the throat of 'reform' in the person of Count Rossi, amidst thunders of applause. Where were Azelio and his moderate progressive constitutionalists, in that crisis of Italian liberty? On this side the mountains, we have not heard of Azelio or one of his party having lifted an arm in its defence, when it was thus foully made away with. Surely they, as brave men, did not shrink into hiding-places, through base terror. Did they even so much as lift their voices in indignant protest, against the atrocity which an English nobleman who was on the spot describes as follows. We allude to Earl Mount-Edgcumbe's statement as given by the "Times."

"Lord Mount-Edgcumbe arrived at Rome on the 4th of April, 1848, when the quarrel between the Pope and his subjects, on the question of the Austrian war, had just broken out, and the people were inflamed by preposterous exaggerations of the success of Charles Albert. The elections for the Chambers took place; only a small fraction of the electors (in some provinces not a twentieth part) could be induced to vote. The Parliament loudly clamoured to be allowed to rush against the barbarians; but when these enthusiasts were called upon to enrol themselves as volunteers, not enough came forward to form a sergeant's guard. Nothing

was done by this assembly to improve the administration of justice, or correct any of the evils of the old system; but the price of bread was raised. When Vicenza was lost and the Piedmontese army destroyed, all the bells of Rome were rung for a great victory. The legion returned, took forcible possession of the Jesuits' college, and maintained itself there for three months, compelling the Government to give it double or triple the pay of the army, being all the time a danger, not a defence, to the Pope and his ministers. Under these circumstances Rossi took office, held it three months, and was then murdered on the steps of the Senate-house. The Chamber refused to suspend its proceedings, the Prince de Canino observing, "Why, he was not the King of Rome!" The foreign ministers retired in disgust. That night a mob assembled round the house of the murdered man's widow to insult her with cries of exultation.*

* The following strophes are some of those chanted by way of *serenata* on that occasion. The impious parody is headed:

MISERERE AL MINISTRO ROSSI.

Con Gregorio e i suoi clienti,
Ordia Rossi i tradimenti—
Miserere Domine.
E tal mostro da Pio Nono,
Fu chiamato appresso il trono
Miserere Domine.
Con la più vile canaglia,
Tentò alfin crollar l'Italia—
Miserere Domine.

"The next day not a word was heard in disapproval of the crime. The *Epoca* neswspaper defended it as a dispensation of PROVIDENCE, though, says Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, "that writer and all others knew that it was a deliberately planned and most deliberately and coldly executed murder, and while many avow their conviction, none deny their suspicion, that several of those who forced themselves into office over the dead body of the victim, were at least cognizant of, if not parties to, the conspiracy formed for its perpetration."

Già, alla Patria tutti i mali,
Tesi avea coi Cardinali—
Miserere Domine.
Quando UN BRACCIO INVITTO E FORTE,
Con pugnal' gli die la morte—
Miserere Domine.
BENEDETTO IL TERZO BRUTO!
CHE LO DIEDE IN MANO A PLUTO!
Miserere Domine.
OR, CHE ROSSI È NELL' INFERNO,
Canti Italia in sempiterno—
*Laus tibi Domine.**

* "Nous avons reçu," says the *Univers*, 24 Janvier, 1849, "la pièce que chantai la canaille de cette ville en allant jeter dans les égoûts et dans le Tibre des exemplaires du dernier acte de Pie IX. Il est impossible d'en donner un idée autrement que par des citations. Voici le titre et les dernières strophes : la personne qui nous écrit ajoute qu'on n'a pas osé imprimer certaines strophes où l'on menace les cardinaux et Pie IX. lui-même du poignard des nouveaux Brutus, mais qu'on les chante avec les autres." This confirms MacFarlane's view.

Against all this there was not so much as a round-robbin protest from the Azelio party. Nor in Rome nor in Florence, did they give any manly support to the cause of enlightened reform. Without a whisper even of opposition, they abandoned their country to its horrible fate, leaving it to foreigners to save it. They are, therefore, far more culpable than the "Young Italy" party in their attacks on Gregory XVI. "Young Italy" acted up to its professions; M. Azelio and his party, in the hour of trial, ignobly shrunk from theirs. Let them vindicate their own honour, before they assail that of the Pontiff.

The charges of tyranny brought against Gregory XVI. are simply false. To those who knew that great, devout, and most benign-minded Pontiff, they are utterly preposterous; and, as to the charges brought against his government, hardly a hundredth part is true. We had hoped to say something of what we knew of his reign, from two years of travel and residence in almost every part of the States, and from intercourse with every grade of society: as it is, we can only appeal with confidence to the many still moving in the highest circles in this country (and with the views of some of whom, on this subject, we happen to be well acquainted); we ask, did not Rome and the Papal States, from the October of 1833 to 1835, present a spectacle of happiness and prosperity on the part of the people, of activity in improvement on the part of the admi-

nistration, and of a popularity on the part of the Sovereign, that caused him to be looked upon, particularly by the needy and unprotected, as, in act and truth, the Pater Patriæ? A long chapter of matter-of-fact proof of this, we are obliged to set aside. They refer, not to the things worthy of the brightest ages of the Church, effected during his reign for the foreign missions, for internal reforms in institutions, studies, discipline; they refer to such great public works as those executed at Tivoli, and worthy of a Sixtus V.; to the arts encouraged, to the excavations completed, to the beautifying of Rome, to the encouragement of agricultural science, to his formation of the unrivalled Etruscan and Egyptian museums. If acts of repression were resorted to, and an active police system maintained, that was not the fault of the ruler, but of the Carbonari conspiracy, that never ceased to carry on a siege against Rome of the Popes, from beginning to end of his reign,—resorting to mining operations when defeated in their attempts to carry it by storm. "It is hard, nay, it is unjust," says a distinguished writer already quoted, "to cast censure upon the late Papal Government, supposing it possessed of the instinct of self-preservation, for the system into which it was driven. It cannot easily be expected, that the beleaguered will diminish their exertions, in hope the enemy will abandon his underground operations."* Gregory continued to be loved by the Romans up

* Dublin Review, ubi supr. p. 476.

to his demise. It was not until the infidels set their engines to work, that the cry was raised against his memory.

It is the privilege of great statesmen and generals to feel instinctively, and to seize, the critical moment to adopt a plan or a policy, the reverse of that which, up to that exact crisis, was wise and indispensable. Thus it was with the glorious successor of Gregory XVI. By giving a free stage to those whom his predecessor held in check, Pius IX. has gone far towards destroying the great conspiracy. Its concoctors have been the architects of their own ruin. The rebound of their own deeds has struck them with an anathema, like a thunderbolt from on high. A man must become a renegade, not to religion alone, but to honour, and all pretension to that courage that scorns and execrates the policy that resorts to the stiletto in the sacred name of liberty, before he can express sympathy with those who frustrated the beneficent policy of Pius IX. And no matter what his creed or shade of politics may be,—every European Statesman, who in the high and proper sense deserves the name, who knows how to set their just value on social blessings and understands on what foundations they depend, must in heart and mind be anxious for the return of Pope Pius to his throne, and for its stability; whereas,

had he continued in the course, which for his predecessor was the wise one, it may be fairly doubted, if at this day his relation to the power supreme in Rome, would not have been the same as that of the Patriarchs of Constantinople to the emperors, while the Byzantine empire continued, or as that of the Popes of the 10th century towards tbe Alberics and the Cenci. If liberty were not immortal, she must have died from the wounds they inflicted on her; as it is, it will be many a year ere she is herself again.* But one great service they have

* M. de Montalembert thus addresses the Mazzini party in his famous speech: "I now would fain have before me here, all those disturbers of the peace, of whom I have spoken just now, that I might once for all tell them one great truth. If I could address myself to one and all, I should say: know you now what in the eyes of the world, is the greatest of all your crimes? The greatest, is not alone that you have shed innocent blood till it has cried to heaven for vengeance against you; not alone that you have scattered ruin far and wide among the nations of Europe, although it might well stand as the most formidable argument against your doctrines. No—your great and fearful crime is, that you have put the world, as it were, out of conceit with liberty! That the prestige of liberty has been, through your means, lost to the world! Your crime is, that you have weakened, or shaken, or totally annihilated in every honest heart the noble faith in liberty—that you have rolled back towards its source the torrent of human destinies."

In referring to the testimony of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and of its own correspondents, from whom we have been quoting, the "Times" arrives at this conclusion:—

"Now that the details of these transactions are more accurately known, the men and the events, which were dignified by some

rendered to mankind by their recent acts; they stand unmasked, and that is enough to save the most stupid from ever being misled by them again.

The Mazzini faction throughout have been their

of our contemporaries with all the honours due to patriotism and heroism, are sinking, when seen in their true light, to the lowest depths of imposture and incapacity. It is the transient reign of these adventurers and enthusiasts which has left the cities and States of Italy in the condition in which they have lately been found by our own intelligent correspondent. The whole movement towards a more enlightened and united government, which pervaded Italy in 1847, has been arrested. Everywhere the revolution was tyranny in its most odious form—the tyranny of a band of conspirators and foreigners over the timid, terrified, and enervated mass of the people. The Assemblies which laid claim to supreme power derived from universal suffrage, were packed by the revolutionary faction; the timid were driven to the poll by menaces, the ignorant by misrepresentations, the military by word of command, and he was reckoned the best citizen who had by fraud voted most often."

Again, the "Times" Correspondent, writing under date of Constantinople, December 19, 1849, says: "The greater number of the Italians, who took refuge here after the occupation of Rome by the French, have become renegades. These miserable apostates are a portion of those who, a short time ago, railed against despotism and priestcraft—who drove Pius IX. into exile—who filled Rome with wailing and sorrow—who polluted the churches and plundered the treasures of the capital of the Christian world—who tried to disguise their recreant limbs under the lion-hide of an antique liberty, and to cover with a classic varnish every sanguinary and sensual horror. These regenerators of Italy—these enlightened opponents of superstition—have now become the subjects of an absolute monarch, and have embraced a religion which inculcates a blind obedience to the head of the State."—*Times*, Jan. 7, 1850.

own destroyers. Had they not assassinated Count Rossi, the game was in their hands; again, had they, instead of preparing an ambuscade, thrown open their gates to General Oudinot, they might have been at the top of the wheel, instead of being where they are to-day. From what came out in the great debate on the Roman question, this is no longer a matter of conjecture. By revolutionizing Tuscany, they made it so plain, that the greatest dolts could not help seeing, that the *amelioration of the condition of the country* was the farthest thing from their thoughts. With an outstretched hand, and by that Providence which has never forsaken the successors of Peter, from the hour it upheld himself amidst the angry billows, Pius IX. was withdrawn, possibly from martyrdom, to behold from a distance, like the Lawgiver of old, the terrible chastisement of the rebellious Israel, for whom he ceased not to implore forgiveness.* The Romans, allowing

* Such an enormity (worthy of the admirers and copyists of Pagan times, when so many Popes were beheaded), is, on two several occasions alluded to by Mr. MacFarlane as a thing contemplated by the Italian infidel party. In vol. 1. p. 17, after stating the words in which he first heard the idea started, he adds, "I have softened his language, and have taken out certain expletives which would not well bear repeating. This old white-bearded adventurer was no doubt an exaggerated specimen of the class to which he belonged; *but I know that sentiments similar to his were and are entertained very generally by men of his (the Voltaire) school.*" Again, in vol. 2, p. 49, after fully investigating the character of the infidel faction, at that time, (August,

themselves to be misled, are chastised by those hordes, without mercy or principle, to whom they had passed over from their Pontiffs, or whom they culpably suffered to dispose of their destinies. They are pillaged, they are subjected to a reign of terror. Their city, Rome,—the renowned, the peerless, the holy,—with its Eden-like environs of villas and gardens, they see reduced to one vast scene of desolation, without and within the walls. Then came the siege, with all its terrors for them; but the havoc it inflicted fell almost exclusively on the misguided men who were, throughout, the architects of their own destruction.

We do not presume to touch the transactions of the present Pontificate; as yet they hardly belong to the domain of history; and if, even incidentally, we have glanced at them, it was because we could not otherwise have pursued our Carbonari chapter to its close. We, therefore, merely subjoin the scene when the siege of Rome was formed, as described by an eye-witness; a glimpse of the assault; the occupation of the city by the victorious army; the concluding words of Count Montalembert's memorable oration; and, appropriately, leave the

1848,) domineering in Rome, he repeats his conviction thus: "'And what will be the end?' I asked the sergeant of the guard. 'They will murder him, or drive him away.' Such was the opinion of the honest Swiss, which agreed with that I had formed myself, upon the observations I had made."—*A Glance at Revolutionized Italy, &c.*

chapter broken; for the history of that dynasty of which we have been treating, is destined not to close but with Time itself.

The following is from the "Times," 22nd June, 1849.

"*Villa Pamphili, near Rome, June* 12.

"I date my correspondence of to-day from this place, as it is the nearest point to the bastions of Rome, where I am perfectly secure from the bullets of the defenders of the Eternal City, and at the same time able to observe all that is going on in the camp of the attacking army or on the walls. The villa is the property of the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; and, beautified as it has been by her taste, and the princely liberality of her husband, the head of the house of Doria, it is a sad thing to find it now in the hands of a mass of French soldiers, after having been, I may say, devastated by the partisans who, in the name of freedom, have taken the liberty to convert an earthly paradise into a perfect waste. I must, at the same time, observe, for the honour of the French officers and their men, that the work of destruction finished with the expulsion of the Mellara bands, and that, though the mischief done by the latter cannot be easily repaired, the present occupiers are most careful in preventing further outrage.

"The head-quarters of the Commander-in-Chief are at the Villa Santucci, the summer residence of a Monsignor of that name, now with Pio Nono at Gaeta. The situation is beautiful, and particularly appropriate for its present use, as it commands the whole of the surrounding country and the bastions of Rome so well, that every man appearing on them can be distinctly seen. A spiral staircase leads to a turret, from the top of which the view is, indeed, splendid. In the clear air Albano appears not more than three miles distant, and the ground where Gari-

baldi the other day attacked the King of Naples is laid down as if on a large map. From this tower I counted the guns on the bastions, and the new made battery on the exposed platform of the Monte Testacio, and, when the grand attack takes place, I hope from it to see the fight, and give you the particulars. The positions now occupied by the French troops are tracked distinctly from this point. You see the force of 25,00 men distributed in so artful a manner that every separate camp is concealed by the inequalities of the ground from the look-out at Rome. A person standing on the bastions cannot see an enemy, yet in the valleys between the several little hills that limit his view there are horse, and foot, and artillery, without number, all engaged in hostile preparations, who in a few days will spring like tigers from their lairs. On my first arrival I had no idea of the number of men concentrated at this point, and it was only on visiting the several camps in detail, each nestled between two hills, that I became sensible of the total force. Some of their encampments are pushed within musket shot of the town, protected by rising ground in front from cannon balls. If the Romans were provided with shells in any quantity, neither could these tents be pitched so close, nor could the work in the trenches be so freely continued as it is; but it is evident that no provision of that destructive implement has been made, and the French operations are greatly facilitated by that neglect. The Villa Santucci is distinguished from all others in the same neighbourhood by two immense palm trees, indicative, I hope, of the triumph of General Oudinot. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* You see them from a great distance, and all inquiries for the villa on the part of the stranger are cut short by a reference to these verdant landmarks.

"The church of St. Pancrazzio remained in the hands of the French, and it is at that point, or rather within 100 yards in advance of it, that the trenches have been opened. The first parallel was made at 300 yards from the bastions, and the whole line of trenches was marked out to the extent of 1,000 yards in one night under the direction of a very able engineer, General

Vaillant. From the night of the 5th to this day the men have been working incessantly in the trenches, and with such good effect, that three batteries are already established—one having six 24-pounders in place, and another four large mortars. The last battery is not yet established, and it will be three or four days before it is in position. All this has been done without the Romans having the least idea of the actual locality of the batteries; and, though they fire from the bastions on all occasions, very little loss of life has occurred, and the activity in the works has not for a moment been interrupted. The French have not answered the fire from the walls by the discharge of a single piece, and this silence has had, I am told, a most ominous effect within the town. During the early part of the week the play of the Roman cannon was incessant; but for the last two days their firing has likewise nearly ceased, and it is only now and then that a sudden smoke seen on the bastions shews that the gunners are ever on the watch. The French riflemen were employed to mark these occasions, and as their fire is deadly, it often happens that the man is knocked over at the very instant of applying the match to his piece. I could almost fancy, as I watched their operations from the gardens of the church of St. Pancrazzio, that I could touch the gate bearing that name, so close to each other are the belligerent parties. In making his attack at this point, the Commander-in-Chief is aware that he is assaulting the strongest part of the city; and the place where he will meet such impediments as a multitude of narrow streets, and the crossing of a river, must give, before his troops can be said to have possession of the town. But I believe he is influenced by the laudable motive of sparing the historical part of Rome, and in the hope that, when a lodgment is once effected within the gates, the Triumvirate will not persist in their present absurd pretensions. If his attack succeeds, he will win his way to the commanding altitude of St. Pietro in Montorio. Thence he hopes to be able to dictate terms, particularly if a simultaneous attack on the right bank of the river be equally fortunate, as, thus acting on parallel lines on each side of the Tiber, he will

be saved the necessity of crossing a broad stream in presence of an enemy who line the houses and quays on the left bank. The attack on these two points will be supported by the whole force of the French army, though a false demonstration will be directed from the Monte Mario, or on the Porta Cavallegieri, at the extremity of the line near St. Peter's, and that which proves most successful will be converted into the real attack, to which the other will be considered as subsidiary. The French have established a bridge of boats near St. Paolo, below the city, and they are so perfectly masters of both banks, that I made a long excursion myself on the left side, and saw a column, composed of two battalions of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, pass in the direction of the high grounds towards Tivoli and Albano, for the purpose of closing the aqueducts which convey water from them within the walls. I believe that this last harsh measure of cutting off the water from Rome has been done more with a view of shewing the people that the French General is in earnest, than for the purpose of persevering in so cruel an act for any continued length of time. The blind confidence of the Triumvirate is so great, that a strong warning becomes more necessary every day; and, though I cannot approve of this act, I cannot help admitting that General Oudinot has much difficulty in making his power felt within the walls without resorting to the usual remedy in such cases—namely, a vigorous bombardment. The General has the difficult problem to resolve of conducting savage war on principles of childish tenderness, and of dislodging armed men from the cover of ancient monuments without touching a single work of art. He must 'roar like a sucking dove,' and 'play the lion as if he were a very lamb.' It remains to be seen whether the wells of Rome will afford a sufficient supply; and, if the inhabitants are deprived of the most exquisite water in the world given by their fountains, they will, from mere thirst, be compelled to surrender. The bridge to which I allude had a narrow escape last night, for the Romans sent a fire-boat against it, the approach of which was only discovered at the last moment. Five minutes more, and the communication

would have been again cut off, but the guards kept a good look out. The fire-boat was brought to, and as soon as the powder which she contained was landed, a torch was applied, and she burned harmlessly on the water's edge. The approach to the bridge on the right bank is strongly guarded, and a *tête-de-pont* is now being made on the left side, which will be an admirable piece of work. The Ponte Molle above the city has likewise been repaired by the French, so that, whether above or below the town, the communications of General Oudinot with both banks is perfectly free and undisturbed.

"From what I have said, you will clearly understand that the French army is master of all the country up to the very gates of Rome, from the Monte Mario on the north to St. Paolo on the south, and that its communication is freely established on both banks of the Tiber, above and below the city. You will also understand that the Romans have withdrawn altogether within the walls on this side of the city, and that not the slightest communication exists for them outside. I wish you also to know that the breaching batteries are nearly completed up to 150 yards of the bastions, and that the whole work of the trenches is carried on without a shot being fired on the part of the French, and with only an occasional discharge from the bastions by the Romans. Further, you will see that the plan of General Oudinot, after the trenches are made, is to establish himself on the hill of San Pietro in Montorio, within the city, whilst another column of attack moves on a parallel line on the left bank of the Tiber, and keeps up the communication between the two great divisions of the army. Time only can decide what the Commander-in-Chief will do when that position is gained; but I think we may take it for granted, that after intrenching himself on San Pietro in Montorio, and on a correspondent height at the other side of the Tiber, he will avoid the error of engaging the troops in the narrow streets of the Trastevere, or on the opposite bank, and from those commanding altitudes again offer fair terms to the Triumvirate."

From the "*Times*," July 14th, 1849.

"*Civita Vecchia, July*, 1849.

"So far as I can collect from the gentlemen above alluded to, who formed part of the Lombard contingent within the city, I believe it was the determined attack on the bastion No. 8 which decided the affair, and induced the National Assembly to come to a resolution, 'that all further resistance was impossible.' The bastion was resolutely defended, the loss of life on both sides was awful, and if a stand could still have been made from behind cover, the besieged would have maintained their ground. But the moment the bulwarks which protected them were destroyed by the French artillery, brought instantly to bear against them, the stoutest lost heart, and the troops absolutely refused to expose themselves, as they said, to certain death. Superstition had something to do with this determination, for the French success having occurred on the night between St. Peter's and St. Paul's feasts, the 29th and 30th of June, the soldiers maintained that the hand of heaven was against them, and that the French were favoured with the protection of the patron saints of the Eternal City. An appeal was successively made to the different corps, but each excused itself on various grounds; and as the Roman people sullenly looked on and said nothing, the chiefs of the movement felt that nothing remained but a *sauve qui peut*, Mellara was wounded, Manara was killed, Garibaldi was willing to fight, but he could not do the whole work with his battalion; and, as I am informed by the same persons, Mazzini having procured an English and Avezzana an American passport, and provided for their own safety, the other persons compromised thought it full time to think of themselves."

Mazzini was not left trusting to a Freeborne passport. His was provided, it is said, by the solicitude of Lord Palmerston himself. Altogether, Sigr. Mazzini had less reason than Guerrazzi to

complain of his employers or abettors, whichever we are to call them.

"*Paris, Monday, July* 9, 5 *p. m.*

"The Minister of War has communicated to the Legislative Assembly the following despatch:—

"'*Rome, July* 5.

"'GENERAL OUDINOT TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

"'Immediately after the entrance of our troops into Rome, I took the necessary measures to ensure order and tranquillity. I have appointed General Rostolan, Governor, and General Sauvan Commandant of the city. The Castle of St. Angelo was delivered into our hands this morning at seven o'clock."—*Times, July* 14.

The *Assemblee Nationale* says:—

"The Pope must enter Rome without conditions. It is the only prudent course, the most worthy of France and of Christendom."

Thus from the first the policy that finally triumphed was announced with decision, and distinctly.

"The following is our correspondent's letter, dated Thursday, 5 P.M.:—

"Accounts were received here this day by a person in a high official situation from Rome. These accounts are dated the 6th inst. They state, in substance, that it would be difficult to give an idea of the state of terror in which the Romans were on the entrance of the French troops into the city—a terror occasioned by the government of the Triumvirate, and the events for some weeks previous to the 3rd instant, and which, even on the 6th, had not disappeared with its cause. Several acts of assassination had been perpetrated on the persons of the French soldiers."—*Times, July* 14.

These scenes, the ambuscade, the siege, with all that followed, might have been avoided by adhering strictly to the plan of a blockade, by the four

Catholic powers. Rome, in a week, must have surrendered without the shedding of one drop of blood, or the firing of a shot. To that plan alone did Pius IX. give his approval: as to the other, he was passive.

M. Le Comte Montalembert thus concludes his memorable speech, which was followed by the division that decided the Roman question.

"History will prove, he said, that, a thousand years after Charlemagne had gained immortal glory, by restoring the pontifical power, and fifty years after Napoleon at the summit of his omnipotence had fallen, endeavouring to undo the work of his immortal predecessor, history will announce France faithful to her traditions, and deaf to odious provocations. It will tell of 30,000 men, commanded by the worthy son of one of the giants of our great imperial glories; they quitted country, in order to restore at Rome, in the Pope's person, right, equity, French and European interest. It will repeat what Pius IX., in his letter of thanks to General Oudinot, says:—'The French arms have triumphed over the enemies of human society.' Yes, so will history decide, and it will be one of the greatest of the glories collected by France, and of the 19th century. This glory you would not wish to lessen, to tarnish, or eclipse by a tissue of inextricable contradictions and inconsistencies. Do you know that which would eternally sully the French flag? If you were to oppose the Banner of the Cross, or the tiara which it has just delivered, it would be sullied indeed, if French soldiers were to be the oppressors of the Pope, instead of his protectors. This would be exchanging the glorious part of Charlemagne, for the pitiable counterfeit of Garibaldi."

"This speech, says the *Journal des Debats*, was followed by a burst of applause, such as we never recollect to have heard in deliberative assemblies."

The victory that followed this speech, within the walls of the Senate, is worthy to be ranked with the greatest feats of arms ever achieved by the Franks in upholding the Cross against the Crescent, or in defending the See of St. Peter against its assailants. It was a great day for the Papacy. What days of triumph has not that mysterious Dynasty beheld! Yet, but seldom, if ever, has it seen a day of triumph, more sublime, more unsullied, more memorable, or more decisive. How fearful its position, had the majority inclined the other way? And yet, portentous to relate, to the other side it must infallibly have leant, had not the veteran antagonists of the Papacy become its champions. How can one help exclaiming—"*mutatio hæc est dexteræ excelsi?*" But for the majority so composed, it had been to little or no purpose that Oudinot had conquered.* That august declaration of the sovereign will of the heirs of Charlemagne, left Pius IX, in complete and sovereign mastery of the position. Respected and revered even by a-catholic nations; sustained with a spirit on the part of the old Catholic realms, worthy the times of Dorylæum or Lepanto; with the Church under the highest discipline, and its clergy presenting such an array

* This is not said in reference to the President's celebrated Letter, for, by those who have looked behind the scenes, it is confidently asserted, that, independently of the *exoteric* import, that document contained an *esoteric* meaning, which was perfectly comprehended in the proper quarter.

from the rising to the setting of the sun as hardly any by-gone age has witnessed, his power, though without parade, was such, at that moment, as not to lose in comparison with that of his predecessors, in the palmiest days of the Crusades. His ungrateful persecutors, on the other hand, already defeated on the bastions, and overwhelmed by this achievement of the Senate, had now but one bramble of hope to cling to,—that of inducing Pius IX. himself, either by cajolery, or menace, to throw away the victory which Providence had thus placed in his hands.

It was a singular spectacle the world beheld in that conjecture,—the foes of the Pope vociferous for his return to the throne, from which they had sought to banish him for ever; and all those most devoted to the Papacy, who had "eyes to see," imploring the Almighty to prevent the Pope's return! Though volumes of diplomacy fill that momentous interval, the entire policy of Pius IX. is expressed in that saying of the Redeemer, when, from earthly motives, they were urging him to hasten up to Jerusalem:—"MY TIME," HE SAID, "IS NOT YET COME: BUT YOUR TIME IS ALWAYS READY."—John ch. vii. 6.

The foregoing series of events are seen to group themselves round certain points that rise like landmarks along the immense tract of ages we have traversed, in tracing the history of this singular

power, to its source, through the successive stages of its development, and amidst the startling vicissitudes with which the web of its annals is found to be so richly and curiously embroidered. Not only as anchors for memory, but as charts for speculation, we note, briefly, the few that follow,—the formidable bulk of this volume deterring us from registering the rest.

I. The roots of this dominion strike deep into the catacombs and the ruins to which the Pagan empire was reduced by the Barbarians. They attach themselves to the shattered throne of the Cæsars as well as to the tombs of the Apostles, and derive the sap of power from both. In the law that governs its growth, this realm of the Pontiffs is like no other realm. Rising up out of utter insignificance and obscurity, and never ceasing to develope itself with a uniformity that knows neither irregularity nor interruption, it is seen to increase in strength and greatness as if by some inherent principle, analogous to that by which the acorn becomes a lordly tree, by which a rivulet—during its course from some unnoticed spring—swells out into a majestic river. Hence what has actually occurred was naturally enough to be expected, *viz.*, that the greatest discord should reign amongst those most profoundly versed in history, *as to the exact date at which the Pontiffs ceased to be subjects and commenced to be sovereigns;* and that all should be of one accord in stating, that, greatly to their own ho-

nour and the benefit of the common-weal, the functions of sovereignty were fully exercised by the Popes, for a very long period before its style or titles were assumed—for far more than a century, *at the lowest calculation.*

II. The States of the Church are in their nature a votive offering. They were such in the intention of the populations and the princes by whom they were offered and dedicated, and of the Pontiffs by whom they were accepted and consecrated, at the shrine of St. Peter. Like a donary, selected from the spoils of some glorious victory to be suspended before the altar of the Lord of Hosts: like a lamp for the sanctuary, or a chalice for the sacrifice—this chosen region of that earth, the entire of which, in its plenitude, belongs to Christ by right of conquest, was spontaneously and solemnly devoted in this sense by the people,—owners of the soil by divine investiture, and by the princes, who, through heaven-befriended valour, rescued it from the grasp of rapacious invaders. As the impersonation of the sovereign will of Christendom, the mighty Charlemagne, surrounded by his paladins and sages, signed, sealed, and, amidst the plaudits and acclamations of Roman and Barbarian, deposited on the altar of God that rises above the tomb of his Apostle, the charter by which Pius IX. still wields the sceptre. This grand, this most wise, devout, and solemnly authenticated pact, will be found at the bottom of all order and right, whether social or po-

litical, in Europe. In vain shall jurists attempt to go behind it, in establishing any right or claim whatever belonging to the international system of the civilized world. The right by which the sovereignty of the Popes is guaranteed is the corner-stone of the *jus gentium*,—with that, the law of nations, in Christian Europe, begins.

The FACTS are to be found in superabundance in the preceding pages that establish this position beyond all dispute. Believing the Popes to be the successors and representatives of the Prince of the Apostles to whom Christ had delegated supreme authority over his kingdom, to the Popes, the people of the States and the representatives of Christendom at large, confided this donary from the spoils of the Pagan world, that, by them, this pre-ordained and memorable region might be held, governed, and administered, on behalf of St. Peter,—not for their own advantage but for that of the "Kingdom of God"—the one, holy, apostolic, catholic Church. Hence the Pontiffs have never pretended to reign over the States of the Church, or to hold them, or to be legally competent to dispose of them, but as vicars and trustees of St. Peter. To those who would either terrify or beguile them into a surrender of this dominion, their answer has been always the same,—"*non possumus!*—it is not in our power so to do." We saw with what magnanimity the command which was notified to him,—we may say under the edge of the battle-axe, was met by Pius

VII., when he returned this answer: "*non possumus, non volumus, non debemus!*" When the compromise of restoring the States as far as Perugia—a scheme which it seems is on the tapis again—though he was then a captive at Fontainbleau, his reply was not less sublime, or less firmly based on the principles of the *jus gentium* and the facts of history. "The Pope replied," says the historian Alison, "that the restitution of his dominions was an act of justice which providence would work out for itself, and which could not be the fit subject of treaty while he was detained to the scandal of Christendom in a state of captivity." He added, "Possibly our faults render us unworthy to behold again the Eternal City; but our successors will recover the dominions which appertain to them. You may assure the Emperor that we feel no hostility towards him—religion does not permit it; and when we are at Rome, he will see that we shall do what is suitable."

Hence it follows that the theory upheld with such cheering and portentous unanimity by the representatives of the Catholic nations during the debates arising out of the late revolutionary attempts, is an obvious consectary from the Papal States' history. It holds that the question of the Papal Sovereignty over the States of the Church, *in their uncurtailed integrity*, is not a local, nor a European, but a Catholic, question. It is a question in the adjust-

* Alison Hist. of Europe, vol. 10. p. 43. quoting from Artaud.

ment of which one hundred and fifty millions of Catholics, at the least, have a direct vote, and a right of intervention, as incontrovertible as it is beyond the capacity of any power hostile to the Papacy, to set it at nought or abrogate it. And hence such feelers as have been recently thrown out by the Earl Mount-Edgcumbe in his brochure, without being intended as such, are simply an uncalled-for affront, either to the understanding, the honour, or the chivalry of one hundred and fifty million Christians. With an indisputable right on their part to intervention, as has been proved, and with the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of Rome and of the States, despite of all machinations and efforts to the contrary, still religiously and firmly attached to the sway of the Pontiffs, it is not easy to divine by what means Earl Mount-Edgcumbe or his party propose to dethrone the most ancient monarchy in Europe, ignominiously to cancel and tear in pieces the charter of the mighty Charlemagne, to pluck out the corner-stone on which Christian society was built, and reduce the successors of the greatest dynasty that ever yet appeared, to live on board-wages in the Vatican—and all this for no earthly advantage but that of afflicting eight millions of the population of these islands, and of gratifying a faction, of whose alliance, past or present, neither the noble Earl, nor his prompters or colleagues have the slightest reason to be proud.

IV. As if between the well-being of the temporal realm of the Popes, and that of their spiritual charge—the Church—there existed a sympathy, instead of an antagonism, it has happened that both are constantly seen to move *pari passu* in prosperity, and that the Popes who have immortalized themselves by their government of the Church, have been also the greatest benefactors and most efficient rulers of the temporal States. The proofs of this abound in the preceding pages; but it will suffice to refer to the Pontiffs, Gregory the Great, Gregory II., Zachary I., Hadrian I., Leo III., Nicholas the Great, Leo IV., Gregory VII., Innocent III., Gregory X., Nicholas III., Nicholas V., Pius V., Sixtus V., Pius VI. To more modern instances we need not again refer.

V. Often as this Sovereignty has been overthrown, it has never failed, in ways the most singular and unforeseen by the wisest statesmen, to be restored again; and the most deadly strokes of its assailants have in the most signal manner invariably recoiled upon themselves. The Lombard nation, the Hohenstauffen dynasty, the counts of Tusculum, the House of Valois, the Colonna and the Cenci—all signal instances of this, are enough to notice, as those of a more modern date are known to every one. And, on this account alone, without reference to others, one may be tempted to apprehend, that, in the interpretations of prophecy so much in vogue, there is possibly

some mistake; and that, perhaps, after all, it was to this singular realm, so weak and instable, to all appearance, so incessantly assailed during a thousand years, and yet surviving, the Prophet pointed, when he said : " *But in the days of these kingdoms, the God of Heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people.*"*

* Daniel, ch. ii. 44. See also, ch. vii. 17, 18.

THE END.

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